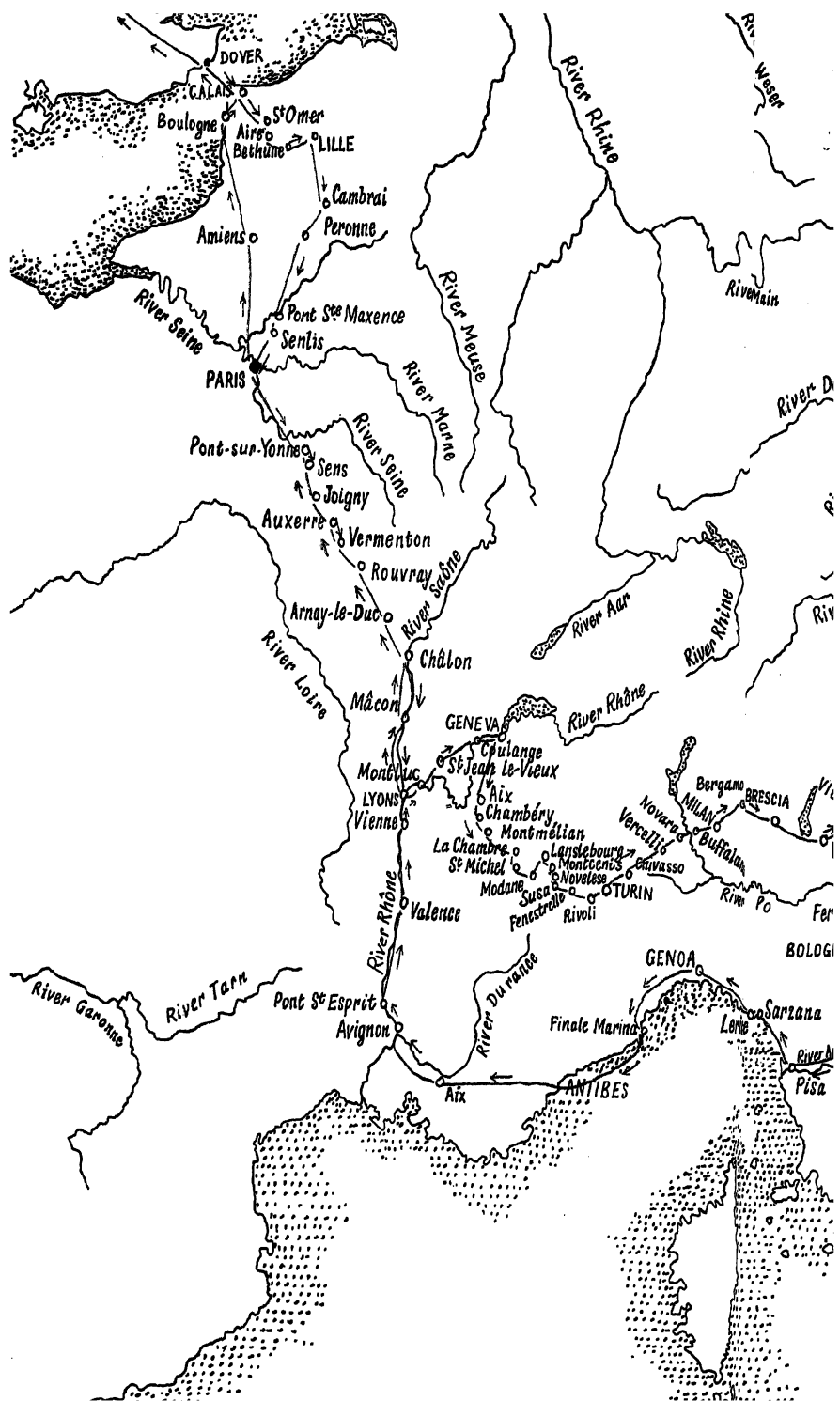


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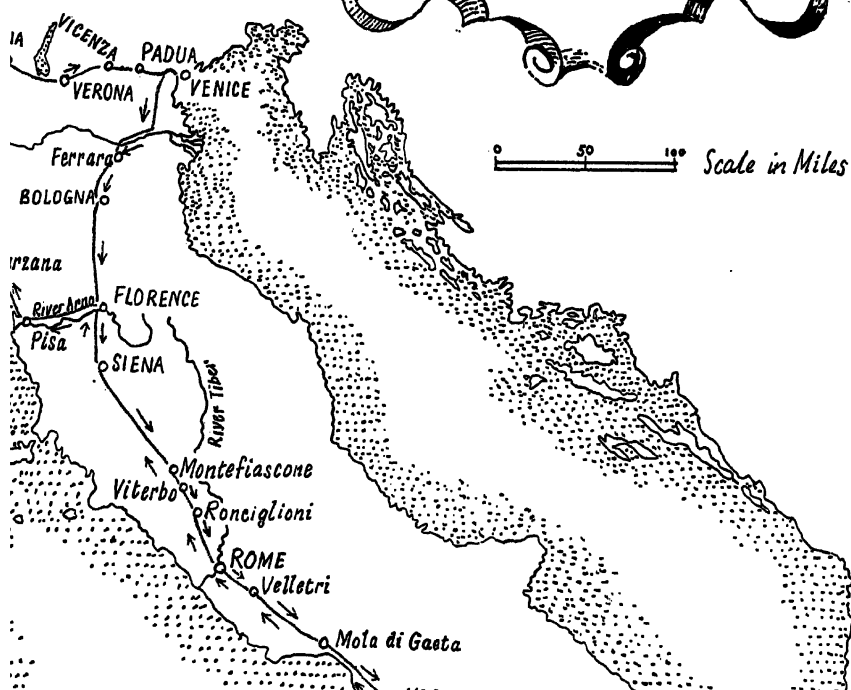
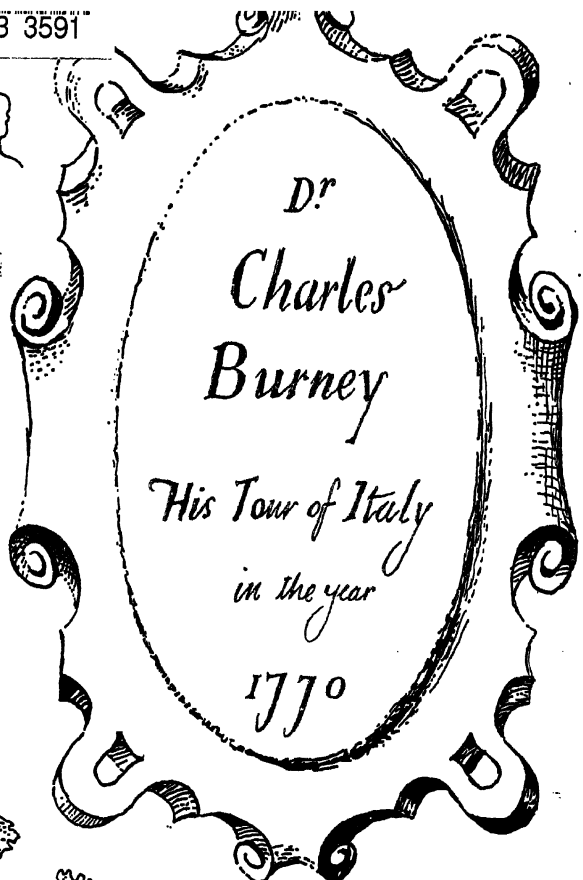
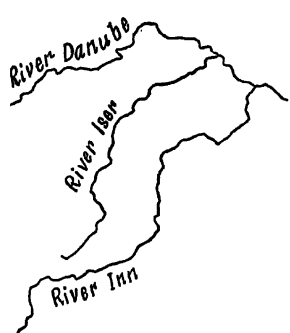
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BURNEY

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Dr. Burney's Musical Tours in Europe

VOLUME II

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY
MUSICAL TOUR
IN CENTRAL EUROPE
AND THE NETHERLANDS

BEING DR. CHARLES BURNEY'S ACCOUNT
OF HIS MUSICAL EXPERIENCES

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LONDON

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

NEW YORK TORONTO

1959

Oxford University Press, Amen House, London E.C.4

GLASGOW NEW YORK TORONTO MELBOURNE WELLINGTON
BOMBAY CALCUTTA MADRAS KARACHI KUALA LUMPUR
CAPE TOWN IBADAN NAIROBI ACCRA

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PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, OXFORD
BY VIVIAN RIDLER
PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

THE
PRESENT STATE
OF
MUSIC
IN
GERMANY,
THE NETHERLANDS,
AND
UNITED PROVINCES.

OR,
The JOURNAL of a TOUR through those
Countries, undertaken to collect Materials for
A GENERAL HISTORY OF MUSIC.

By CHARLES BURNEY, Mus. D. F.R.S.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

*Auf Virtuosen sey stolz, Germanien, die du gezeuget;
In Frankreich und Welschland sind grössere nicht.*

Zachariaß.

THE SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED.

L O N D O N,

Printed for T. BECKET, Strand; J. ROBSON, New Bond-
Street; and G. ROBINSON, Paternoster-Row. 1775.

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The frontispiece to this volume is the bust by Nollekens exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1802.

The Introduction

It is well known that such merchandize as is capable of adulteration, is seldom genuine after passing through many hands; and this principle is still more generally allowed with respect to intelligence, which is, perhaps, never pure but at the source.

Music has, through life, been the favourite object of my pursuit, not only with respect to the practice of it as a profession, but the history of it as an art; and that my knowledge might be free from such falshood and error as the plainest and simplest facts are known to gather up in successive relations, I have made a second tour on the continent, taking nothing upon report, of which I could procure better testimony, and, accumulating the most authentic memorials of the times that are past; and as I have, in a late publication, endeavoured to do justice to the talents and attainments of the present musicians of France and Italy, I shall now make the same attempt with respect to those of Germany, hoping that the testimony of one who has himself been witness of the particulars he relates, will have a weight which integrity itself cannot give to hear-say evidence, and that the mind of the reader will be more entertained, in proportion as it is more satisfied of the truth of what is written. For if *knowledge be medicine for the soul*, according to the famous inscription on the Egyptian Library,¹ it seems as much to concern us to obtain it genuine, as to procure unadulterated medicine for the body.

Travelling for information concerning the transactions of remote countries, was much more practised by the writers of antiquity than it has been by those of later times, who have found it more convenient to compile books at their own fire-side, from books which have been compiled before, than to cross seas, mountains, and deserts, in foreign countries, to seek for new and authentic materials. But Homer, Herodotus, Plato, Plutarch, and Pausanias, who were great travellers, either lived in times when there were few books to consult, or, if they were not possessed of more wealth than modern authors, must have met with more than modern hospitality; for long voyages, however necessary, would otherwise have been scarcely practicable.

For my part, who have travelled without these advantages, and who pretend not to the character of *sage*, if it be said, that the object of my pursuit is by no means equivalent to my labour and expence; I can only answer, that though I am unwilling to allow the knowledge of a science which diffuses so much blameless pleasure, through a circle of such vast extent, to be of small importance, yet I most sincerely wish that I could have procured it upon easier terms, and have visited remote countries after the deliberate and parsimonious manner of Asclepiades,² who, according to Tertullian, made the tour of the world on a cow's back, and lived upon her milk.

It is however certain, that whatever will justify my rambling through

¹ *Ψυχῆς ἰατρειὸν.*

² *Asclepiades.* Greek physician of high repute in the early first century B.C.

France and Italy after the *materia musica*, or apologize for it, may with the same force and propriety be pleaded for my having visited Germany; for though Italy has carried *vocal* music to a perfection unknown in any other country, much of the present excellence of *instrumental* is certainly owing to the natives of Germany, as wind and keyed instruments have never, perhaps, in any age or country, been brought to a greater degree of refinement, either in construction or use, than by the modern Germans.

The notice and assistance with which I was honoured by several persons of distinction on the continent, are acknowledged in the course of my narrative; but to avoid repetitions in my book, and to follow an impulse of gratitude, perhaps not unmixed with vanity, I must here declare, that for these and many other advantages which my journey produced, I am principally indebted to the patronage of the Earl of Sandwich,¹ who, to assist me in calling the attention of the public to the history of his favourite art, and in recording the talents of its most illustrious professors in remote countries, was pleased to honour me with recommendatory letters, in his own hand, to every English nobleman and gentleman who resided in a public character in the several cities through which I passed; the influence of which was so powerful as to gain me easy access to those who were not only the most able, but whom I was so fortunate as to find the most willing to forward my undertaking.

¹ *John Montagu* (1718–92), fourth Earl of Sandwich. First Lord of the Admiralty, a very keen amateur musician, and a staunch friend of Burney and his son James, the naval officer. The favour with which Burney was everywhere received throughout his tour will be noted as the narrative proceeds. His own geniality and tact largely accounted for this, but undoubtedly the earl's introductions were a big factor and to say the least saved him a great deal of time by putting him, on arrival in any city, in immediate touch with the leading British officials. For Sandwich's infamous reputation see GDB i. 195 n.

St. Omer to Alost

(6-14 JULY)

St. Omers

<Monday 6 July 1772> I must confess, that my appetite for French music was not very keen when I now landed on the continent. However, being detained at St. Omers a day longer than I expected, I visited some of the churches there, as well as the theatre; but heard nothing in either which inclined me to change my sentiments concerning the national taste of France, for music.

A company of strolling players, from Dunkirk, acted, on the night of my arrival, a tragedy and a comedy. I went to the playhouse, which I found small and dirty; and though the tragedy was half over when I arrived, there was no other company in the boxes, than two or three English families, and a few of the officers of the garrison. It is impossible for Englishmen to judge, accurately, of French acting, and declamation; but these performers seemed much more at their ease, and appeared more like the characters they were to represent, than those on the English stage, who, except a few of the principal actors, are generally so awkward and unnatural, as to destroy all illusion.

At the cathedral of St. Omer there is a very fine sixteen feet organ,¹ which is played in a masterly, but old style, by a priest, father Thomas, who teaches the harpsichord to many English people, as well as other inhabitants of that city. But the most considerable instrument there, in figure and grandeur, is the organ at the abbey of St. Bertin: it was built but five years ago, by a country mechanic, who could neither write, read, nor play on his instrument when it was made. I had, as yet, seen nothing so elegant and magnificent as the case and ornaments of this organ; the stops are numerous, and the movements light and tolerably quiet; there are pedals but there is no swell,² or

¹ *Sixteen feet organ.* The normal length of the pipe of the lowest manual note in an organ today is 8 feet, but an organ of any size at all will have (as this one did) one or more sets of pipes of which the lowest is of 16 feet (so giving 'body' to the tone), and others of which the lowest is of 4 feet (giving brightness), and so on.

² *Pedals but no swell.* English organs in Burney's day (with a few possible exceptions) possessed no pedals, in this matter falling three centuries behind the organs of the Continent. As late as 1844 the London papers announced, 'The organ in the Hanover Square Rooms being found by Dr. Mendelssohn not to have the German pedals he is prevented from giving the Organ performance as previously announced.' (This organ appears to have had a few pedals but not the complete set.)

As for the swell device, it was an English invention, the first occurrence of it being in the organ of St. Magnus the Martyr, London Bridge, built by Jordan in 1712. We shall find that Burney in his whole tour met with only one continental organ with a swell (see p. 221)

great variety in the solo stops, nor do I think the tone so sweet as that of the cathedral. But the best organ in this part of the world, for sweetness of tone, is an old one at the monastery of Clairmarais, about a league from St. Omers. The organist there is a friar; and that of the abbey of St. Bertin is a nephew and scholar of father Thomas.

There is a little buffet-organ, called a *positif*,¹ consisting of four stops only, in the chancel of the abbey, which is used on common occasions; it is nearly such a one as I remember to have seen and heard Colista play upon, to accompany the voices, at the church of St. John Lateran, at Rome, in 1770.

At mounting guard in the *Grande Place* of St. Omer, I observed that the *serpent*² was used in the military band, as a double base to a great number of bassoons, horns, and hautboys, and had a very good effect.

Lisle [Lille]

To persons who stay but a short time in French garrisoned towns, military parade affords considerable amusement; there are, at present, only four battalions, or two thousand men, quartered in the city; though it is usual for the garrison to consist of ten thousand. The mounting guard upon the *Grande Place*, or square, is, in itself, a gay and entertaining sight; yet it always gives me a melancholy, and painful sensation, to see the people outnumbered by the soldiery. The depriving the plough, and manufactures of so many stout and robust fellows, and rendering them totally useless, in time of peace, to anything but ambitious and oppressive views, must be a great injury to the community.

Having visited this city, in quest of musical information, so lately as the year 1770,³ I expected to find nothing new, that was very interesting; however, I attended to the military music, which is much changed here since I was last in France. The marches, as well as musicians, are chiefly German. The *crotole*⁴ is used here as I had seen it at Florence; it serves very well to mark the time in marching, though it has only one tone, like that of a side drum: it is the same instrument as that which the ancients called the *cymbalum*. The Turks were the first among the moderns who used it in their troops; the form is that of a bason, or the cover to a dish; there is one for each hand. It is made of brass, but the vibration is so stopt by its being in contact with the hand, that it cannot be called sonorous, it is rather a clashing than a sounding instrument of percussion; however, its effect in marking the time is so powerful as to be distinctly heard through the stunning noise of forty drums.

In speaking of military music, it seems not unworthy of remark, that drums, *monotonous* as they are, frequently play in *two parts*. I observed to-day, at mounting guard, that, of forty drums which began to beat together

¹ *Positif*. This is the French name for what we call the 'choir organ'—nowadays a normal part of any organ with as many as three manuals.

² *Serpent*. See *Italian Tour*, p. 6 n.

⁴ *Crotole*. The cymbals (cf. p. 6).

³ See *Italian Tour*, pp. 4 ff.

isochronous, or in equal time, one half continued to beat the march, and the other half accompanied them with a continual roll for several bars: the effect of this is admirable, as it contributes to animate the troops, without destroying or altering the division of time, by which they are to measure their steps. In other music, during a long note, which is either simply sustained in a swell, or *diminuendo*, or has a continued shake, the time is wholly unmarked, unless its accents and proportions are pointed out and regulated by some other part; a single drum, while one hand rolls, has frequently the time marked by the single strokes of the other, given at stated periods. The use of music, in marching, as well as in dancing, is more to mark the steps than delight the ear; and the best instruments, perhaps, for both purposes, are the drums and tabor,¹ neither of which has more than one sound.

An opera of Gretry's

After Moliere's *Ecole des Maris*, I heard here *l'Amitié à l'Epreuve*, taken from one of the *Contes Moraux* of Marmontel, by Favart, with *ariettes* by Gretry:² the music is full of pretty things, and it is an honour to the French to admire the compositions of this ingenious composer, who seems, in gratitude, to conform, as much as he can, to the national taste; though his melodies are more frequently Italian than French, and his modulation and accompaniments are new and pleasing. To criticise the execution of this pretty opera would be firing at carrion crows, not worth powder and shot. But in this severe censure I must distinguish the actors from the singers, and the voices from the corruption and abuse of them.

Both the pieces were well acted; but, as to *singing*, nothing could be more offensive; and yet there was not one bad voice among the performers: one of the young actresses had, indeed, a voice that was sweetly toned, and of great compass; but the songs were too difficult for her execution, and she joined to the national false direction of voice, to forcing, screaming, and bad taste, that incurable and insufferable expression, which is equally disgusting to the learned and the ignorant of other countries.

In travelling through French Flanders, I could not help observing that the singing of the common people is strongly tinged with the *plain-chant*, which they hear so frequently at church. All the labouring people and *bourgeois* go to matins as soon as it is light on common days, and on Sundays and festivals two or three times in the course of the day; so that by their constantly hearing the priests, and singing with them, they acquire that kind of melody and expression which is used in the church, and apply it to their songs, in their work-shops and in the street.

¹ *Tabor*. A small drum (commonly played with one hand, whilst the other held to the mouth a small pipe).

² *Grétry, André Ernest Modeste* (1741-1813). Though dismissed as a choirboy for his lack of ability and handicapped during his whole career by deficient technical foundation, he composed over fifty operas, all remarkable in varying degrees for tunefulness and apt treatment of the words. Burney had met him in Paris (see *Italian Tour*, p. 31).

Though I omitted no opportunity of hearing all the instruments and performers I could, in my way through French Flanders, yet they furnished no new ideas or reflections concerning either the taste or style, of French musicians. To describe them, therefore, would be only to repeat what I have already said on the subject, in my former musical tour through this country. I must, however, allow, and it would discover a total want of candour to be silent on the subject, that upon keyed-instruments, particularly the harpsichord, the French, in point of neatness, precision, and brilliancy of execution, are not excelled by the people of any other country in Europe; and it is but just to observe likewise, that the French military music is now not only much better in itself, but better performed than it was a few years ago: and a very intelligent English officer, who was with me on the parade, remarked the same improvement in the discipline, dress, and appearance of the French troops in the same space of time. The men are now select, the manœuvres shortened, and there is some appearance both of the gentleman and the soldier, even in the common men.

Courtray

When I arrived at this place, which is the first considerable town in the Austrian Netherlands, I found a remarkable change in the language, manners, and music of the people. It is very embarrassing to a stranger to find within the compass of a hundred English miles, four languages very different from each other: French, Flemish, Walloon,¹ and Low Dutch. At Courtray, the common people speak the Walloon language; I accosted several in the streets, in French, but they did not understand me; so that the Abbé du Bos' assertion, and the consequence he draws from it, that French is the universal language of the Flemings, fall to the ground, for it is a common thing, even at Lisle, for two people to converse in two different languages; the inhabitant of Lisle asks the country-man, who comes to market, the price of his commodities in French, and is answered in Flemish; and both understand each other's dialect, though unable to speak it.

An unusual organ. Carillons

In the town of Courtray, the organ, at the collegiate church of *Notre Dame*, is disposed of in a very singular manner; it is placed in a gallery at the west end of the building; but, in order to preserve the window, which was necessary to light the body of the church, the organ is divided into two parts, one of which is fixed on one side of the window, and one on the other; the bellows run under the window, and communicate with both parts of the instrument, which is a large one of sixteen feet, with pedals, and seems to have been but lately erected. The keys are in the middle, under the window, but not to be seen below; the choir is accompanied, even when the organ

¹ *Flemish, Walloon.* The Flemish tongue is a German dialect, the Walloon tongue a French one.

does not play, with a *serpent*, as at Paris, and a double base, as at Rome. It was in this town that I first perceived the passion for *carillons*, or chimes, which is so prevalent throughout the Netherlands. I happened to arrive at eleven o'clock, and half an hour after the chimes played a great number of chearful tunes, in different keys, which awakened my curiosity for this species of music so much, that when I came to

Ghent

I determined to inform myself, in a particular manner, concerning the *carillon* science. For this purpose, I mounted the town belfrey, from whence I had a full view, of the city of Ghent, which is reckoned one of the largest in Europe; and here I had not only an opportunity of examining the mechanism of the chimes, as far as they are played by clock-work, but could likewise see the *Carillonneur* perform with a kind of keys communicating with bells, as those of the harpsichord and organ do with strings and pipes.

I soon found that the chimes in these countries had a greater number of bells than those of the largest peal in England; but, when I mounted the belfrey, I was astonished at the great quantity of bells I saw; in short, there is a complete series or scale of tones and semitones, like those on the harpsichord and organ. The *Carillonneur* was literally *at work*, and *hard* work indeed it must be; he was in his shirt with the collar unbuttoned, and in a violent sweat. There are pedals communicating with the great bells, upon which, with his feet, he played the base to several sprightly and difficult airs, performed with the two hands upon the upper species of keys. These keys are projecting sticks, wide enough asunder to be struck with violence and velocity by either of the two hands edge ways, without the danger of hitting the neighbouring keys. The player has a thick leather covering for the little finger of each hand, otherwise it would be impossible for him to support the pain which the violence of the stroke necessary to be given to each key, in order to its being distinctly heard throughout a very large town, requires.

The *carillons* are said to be originally of Alost, in this country, and are still here, and in Holland, in their greatest perfection. It is certainly a Gothic invention, and perhaps a barbarous taste, which neither the French, the English, nor the Italians have imitated or encouraged. The *Carillonneur*, at my request, played several pieces very dexterously, in three parts, the first and second treble with the two hands on the upper set of keys, and the base with the feet on the pedals.

The *Carillonneur* plays four times a week, Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from half an hour past eleven till twelve o'clock: it is constant employment for a watch or clock-maker to attend the works of the common chimes; here he has an apartment under the belfrey, and it is by him that the *Carillonneur* is paid. This place and Antwerp are, according to the inhabitants, the most celebrated cities in the Netherlands, and perhaps in the world, for carillons and chimes.

The great convenience of this kind of music is, that it entertains the inhabitants of a whole town, without giving them the trouble of going to any particular spot to hear it; but the want of something to stop the vibration of each bell, at the pleasure of the player, like the valves of an organ, and the red cloth in the jacks of a harpsichord, is an intolerable defect to a cultivated ear: for by the notes of one passage perpetually running into another, every thing is rendered so inarticulate and confused, as to occasion a very disagreeable jargon. As to the clock-work chimes, or those worked by a barrel, nothing, to my thinking, can be more tiresome; for, night and day, to hear the same tune played every hour, during six months, in such a stiff and unalterable manner, requires that kind of patience, which nothing but a total absence of taste can produce.

As Ghent was the first town which I had been in, that had a German garrison in it, or, rather, troops in the pay, and under the discipline of Germany, I was curious to hear the military music. I found two Walloon regiments here; and though no general officer was on the spot, yet there were two bands attending every morning and evening, on the *Place d'Armes*, or parade. The one was an extra-band of professed musicians, consisting of two hautbois, two clarinets, two bassoons, and two French horns; the other were enlisted men and boys, belonging to the regiments; the number of these amounted to twenty. There were four trumpets, three fifes, two hautbois, two clarinets, two *tambours de basque*,¹ two French horns, one *crotolo*, or cymbal, three side-drums, and one great kettle-drum. All these sonorous instruments, in the open air, have a very animating and pleasing effect.

I soon found, in visiting the churches of this country, that splitting an organ in twain, in order to preserve a window, was no uncommon thing. At the Jesuit's church, for Jesuits have still an existence here, there is a small organ, for this country, placed in a gallery at the west window, divided in that manner. I found but one set of keys, from C, to G, no pedals, and but few stops, the tone was coarse and noisy when heard near, but by the size and construction of the building, it was so softened and meliorated, as to sound very agreeably, at a distance.

At the great church of St. Bavo, two *serpents* and a double base accompany the chant, when sung in parts, even when the organ is not played. The organ here is placed under the arch of the left-side aisle, at the entrance to the choir, in order to preserve the centre, or broad aisle, from being intersected with an organ-loft, which frequently destroys all the symmetry and proportions of a building; as an organ, when placed over the west door, frequently darkens the whole church, by shutting up a principal window, originally intended for other purposes, by the architect, than mere external ornament.

I did not quit Ghent without visiting the principal libraries there, in hopes of meeting with ancient manuscript music, which might ascertain the asser-

¹ *Tambour de basque*. The French name for the tambourine (in Italian *tamburo basco*; in German *baskische Trommel*).

tion of Lodovico Guicciardini,¹ that counter-point took its rise, and was first cultivated in Flanders; but I neither found at the abbey of St. Peter (the oldest and richest in Flanders) nor at the Augustines, or Dominicans, where the libraries are very considerable, any thing to my purpose.

Alost

Here I found, in the church of St. Martin, a noble organ, built by Van Petigham,² and son, of Ghent, but five years since, which fills the whole west end of the church; its form is elegant, and the ornaments are in a good taste. It has fifty-three stops, three sets of keys, great organ, choir organ, and echo, down to F, on the fourth line in the base.³ The touch is not so heavy as might be expected from the great resistance of such a column of air as is necessary for so considerable a number of stops. The reed stops are well toned, the diapasons well voiced, and the effect of the whole chorus rich and noble: I was the more particular in my observations upon this instrument, in order to enable myself to compare its contents with those of the large organs which I expected to see hereafter in Holland and Germany. The French organ builders are much esteemed by the Germans themselves, for the simplicity of their movements, and the mechanism of the whole; but the variety which these stops afford is not proportioned to their number; we have frequently more solo stops in an English organ of half the size and price; however, Silbermann, the most celebrated organ-builder in Germany, who died not long ago, resided and worked many years in France, from whence he brought several improvements in the construction of organs, that he afterwards applied to those which he erected in his own country.

The voices in the church at Alost are accompanied with six or eight instruments every day, besides the organ, and on festivals by a great band; and the musical taste here, as far as I could judge by the performance of the organist and his son, is more Italianized, or at least Germanized, than in any of the churches of France.

¹ *Guicciardini*. Presumably Luigi (1523-89), nephew of the historian, and whom Burney in his *History* calls a 'renegade Italian'. He took refuge in the Low Countries and wrote a *Descrizione di tutti i paesi bassi*, which includes lists of Flemish and French musicians.

² *Van Peteghem*. A Flemish family of organ builders active and popular almost throughout the eighteenth century and at the beginning of the nineteenth. It is not certain which members of the family are in question here—possibly its founder, Pierre (c. 1690-1787) and his eldest son Égide François (c. 1730-96).

³ *The organ compass*. The pedals went down two octaves lower (B).

Brussels and Antwerp

(15-26 JULY)

Brussels

The theatre in this city is one of the most elegant I ever saw, on this side the Alps; it is constructed in the Italian manner; there are five rows of boxes, nineteen in each, which, severally, contain six persons in front. There are seats in the pit, five or six of which are railed off for the accommodation of strangers, who otherwise, would be in danger of obtaining no good places, as the boxes are usually let to subscribers, and there are no galleries.

The orchestra of this theatre is celebrated all over Europe. It is, at present, under the direction of M. Fitzthumb, a very active and intelligent *maestro di capella*, who beats the time, and is indefatigable in preserving good discipline, and M. Vanmaldere,¹ brother of the composer of that name, whose symphonies are well known in England. M. Vanmaldere, since the death of his brother, plays the principal violin, though the violoncello is his instrument.

The piece that was performed to night <Wednesday> July 15th, 1772, was *Zémire and Azor*,² a species of *Comédie larmoyante*, written by M. Marmontel, and set by M. Gretry; it is interspersed with airs and dances. This Drama being French, and performed after the French manner, was, consequently, subject to much criticism.

As an opera, it might be divided into the following constituent parts: *Poetry, Music, Singing, Acting, Dancing, Orchestra, Theatre, Scenes, and Decorations*; and it is but justice to say, that, most of these were admirable; however, let us discriminate, for to judge a performance of this kind in the gross, by saying that the whole was very good, bad, or indifferent would be unjust as well as tasteless.

The subject of the *Poetry* is a fairy tale, which, with great art, taste, and genius, is wrought into an interesting drama that is wholly worthy of its elegant and refined author. If it were, however, permitted to doubt of the perfection of particular parts of the production of so able a writer, it might

¹ *Van Maldere*, the brothers *Pierre* (1729-68) and *Guillaume* (b. 1727). Both had long terms of service as string players at the court of the Governor of the Low Countries, Charles of Lorraine. Pierre was well known as composer in France, Germany, and England; his works included symphonies, sonatas, string quartets, and operas.

² *Zémire and Azor*. Burney heard this same opera in German at Mannheim (see p. 30). In modern times the work has been given at Bath in 1955 under the direction of Sir Thomas Beecham.

perhaps be said that some of the songs contain too many words and ideas for a simplicity of air, if compared with those of Metastasio,¹ the true model of perfection in this particular; it also struck me, as an impropriety, for the daughter of a great Persian merchant to sing two or three duets with her father's slave. Several parts of the piece too are made to be sung, which should, in this kind of drama, be declaimed, particularly in the last scene of the first act.

The *Music* of this opera, is, in general, admirable; the overture is spirited, and full of effects; the ritornels,² and other pieces of symphony, are full of new ideas and imagery; now and then, indeed, with the assistance of the singing, the airs bordered too much on the old style of French music. However, the melody is more frequently Italian than French, and the accompaniments are both rich, ingenious, and transparent, if I may be allowed the expression, by which I mean, that the air is not suffocated, but can be distinctly heard through them.

The *Singing* may be pronounced to have been but indifferent: there were three male and three female voices employed, no one of which was good, and out of the whole number, not one had either a shake,³ or the faculty of singing in tune; at best, they would have been called in England, only pretty ballad-singers. One of the females, Defoix, who performed the part of *Zemire*, had something like execution, and a compass of voice; yet, with these advantages, her performance was unsteady and unfinished.

The *Acting* was, in general, charming, full of propriety and grace.

The *Dancing* was below criticism.

The *Orchestra* was admirably conducted; and the band, taken as a whole, was numerous, powerful, correct, and attentive: but, in its separate parts, the horns were bad, and out of tune; which was too discoverable in the capital song of the piece, when they were placed at different distances from the audience, to imitate an echo, occasioned by the rocks, in a wild and desert scene. The first clarinet, which served as a hautboy, was, though a very good one, too sharp the whole night; and the bases, which were all placed at one end of the orchestra, played so violently, that it was more like the rumbling reverberation of thunder, than musical sound. The four double bases, employed in this band, were too powerful for the rest of the instruments. There was no harpsichord, which, as there were but two pieces of recitative, and those accompanied, was, perhaps, not wanted.

The *Theatre* has been described above; and I have only to add, that it is lofty and noble; but, though constructed much after the Italian model, it is far inferior in size to most of the theatres of Italy. The *Scenes* and *Decorations* were rich, ingenious, and elegant.

July 16. This evening, after a pretty comedy, by Boissy, called *Le*

¹ *Metastasio*. For Burney's account of Metastasio, whom he met in Vienna, see pp. 79-81, 101-7, &c. Over twenty years later (1796) he published, in three volumes, *Metastasio's Life and Letters*.

² *Ritornel*. This word is variously used. Here it probably means the repetitions of the instrumental introduction of a song.

³ *Shake*. Cf. p. 115.

Mercuré Galant, the *Huron*¹ was very well acted, though poorly sung. However, the little Defoix, who did the part of Zemire last night, was much more at her ease now, as all her songs were such as suited her powers. She is rather less French in her manner of singing than the rest; but she is ignorant of music, and a *Frenchwoman*, no trivial objections to her singing well.

The method of playing the march in this piece had a very fine effect, by the judicious use of the *Crescendo* and *Diminuendo*. It was begun behind the scenes, at the end of the stage, so soft as to be scarcely heard; and after the band had gradually approached the audience, and were arrived at the greatest degree of force, they retired in the same slow manner, insensibly diminishing the sound to the last audible degree of *Piano*.

Antwerp

It was in this city, that I expected to meet with materials the most important to the history of counter-point, or music in different parts, as it was here, according to Lodovico Guicciardini, and, after him, several others, who took the fact upon trust, that most of the great Flemish musicians, who swarmed all over Europe in the sixteenth century, were bred. I arrived here Friday evening, July 17th: it is a city that fills the mind with more melancholy reflections concerning the vicissitudes of human affairs, and the transient state of worldly glory, than any other in modern times:² the exchange, which served as a model to Sir Th. Gresham,³ when he built that of London, and which, though still intire, is as useless to the inhabitants as the *Coloseo* at Rome: the Town-house, constructed as a tribunal, for the magistrates, at the head of two hundred thousand inhabitants, which are now reduced to less than twenty thousand: the churches, the palaces, the squares, and whole streets, which, not two hundred years ago, were scarce sufficient to contain the people for whom they were designed, and which are now almost abandoned: the spacious and commodious quays, the numerous canals, cut with such labour and expence; the noble river Schelde, wider than the Thames at Chelsea-reach, which used to be covered with ships from all quarters of the world, and on which now, scarce a fishing boat can be discovered: all contribute to point out the instability of fortune, and to remind us that, what Babylon, Carthage, Athens, and Palmyra now are, the most flourishing cities of the present period, must, in course of time, inevitably become!

As Antwerp suffered extremely, by fire, in the year 1533, when the

¹ *Le Huron*. Opera by Grétry (Paris 1768). Libretto by Marmontel, founded on Voltaire's *Ingénu*. Burney had heard it previously in Paris (see *Italian Tour*, p. 32).

² *Antwerp*. The Treaty of Westphalia (1648) gave the Dutch control of the mouths of the Scheldt. They blocked the entrance to Antwerp harbour and succeeded in diverting trade from that port to Amsterdam.

Burney possibly felt his British sympathies enlisted for the 'underdog': see, further, his comments on the Dutch, pp. 225, 233.

³ *Sir Thomas Gresham* (1519-79). His father had been the king's agent in Antwerp. Under a successor a decline occurred, and Sir Thomas was sent over to restore the successful activity, which he did. In 1570 he founded in London the Royal Exchange and, by his will, Gresham College, which included a Professorship of Music. This still functions, periodical gratuitous public lectures being given by the professor.

cathedral of *Notre Dame* was reduced to ashes, it is very difficult to find music of anterior times in that city.

The cathedral was rebuilt the year following, more beautifully than ever, and is esteemed superior to all the Gothic buildings of this country, especially the steeple, which is extremely light and elegant. The church was, however, pillaged and much defaced in 1560 by the *Iconoclasts*, or image breakers, as the Dutch rebels, or heretics, were then called; but ever since the year 1584, when it was taken by the Duke of Parma, it has continued to be enriched with superb altars and monuments, together with paintings by the first masters; it is five hundred feet long, two hundred and forty wide, and three hundred and sixty high, and is supported by a hundred and twenty-five pillars; it was first built in the thirteenth century. The emperor Charles V laid the first stone of the present choir. In 1521 the chapter of canons, was instituted by Godfrey of Boulogne, king of Jerusalem; their number at first was only twelve, but it is now twenty-four; there are eight minor canons, with a number of chaplains, &c. which, altogether, form an assembly in the choir, to the amount of seventy beneficed clergy. There are three organs in this church, one very large, on the right hand side, at the west end of the choir, and a small one in a chapel on each side of the broad aisle.

The organist at present is M. Vanden Bosch, he is a spirited and masterly player. The chanting here, as in other churches of this country, is accompanied by the double base and *serpent*; an excellent service was sung on Saturday afternoon, July 18th, out of a printed book, which had for title, *Octo Cantica Divae Mariae Virginis, secundum Octo Modos, Auctore Arturo Aux-Couteaux*, Parisiis, 1641.¹

At the Jesuit's College I was treated with great politeness, and assisted in my researches by the learned father Gesquiere, together with father Newton and brother Blithe, two Englishmen, of that college. The former shewed me a manuscript treatise on music, which, from the kind of writing, is judged to be nine hundred years old; and a fine ancient manuscript of our famous *Magna Charta*; both of which seem to have come from England, or at least to have been in the possession of an Englishman, as there is the signature of *John Cotton*² in both.

At the Dominicans church, there are two organs, which are esteemed the best in the town; the one is very large, with pedals, fifty-four stops, and three entire sets of keys, from C to c; it was built in 1654. I found the pipes of these instruments well toned, but so miserably out of tune, as to give more pain than pleasure to the hearer. One of the four monkish organists who attended me in a very obliging manner, pleaded poverty upon this occasion,

¹ *Arthur Aux-Couteaux* (died 1656). He was a singer in the church at Noyon, then held a position at St. Quentin, and finally became a member of the choir of the Royal Chapel in Paris. As a composer he confined himself to church music (see list in Eitner).

² *John Cotton* (late twelfth and early thirteenth century). Of this treatise on music six copies are known to exist, including the one at Antwerp. It seems to have enjoyed great celebrity, since the other copies are widely dispersed (Leipzig, Paris, Rome, and Vienna—two copies at the last). Cotton's date is given in Grove as '11th and 12th century', but if he possessed a copy of *Magna Charta* (1215) this must be too early.

and said, they could afford to have their instruments put in order but seldom, on account of the expence.

As no picture worth looking at here, is shewn to a stranger, without a *Schelling* or two, a curtain being placed before each, which only *Simony* can draw, I asked, not indeed with much expectation that it would be taken, whether I might venture to tender any thing to the venerable person above-mentioned; and, upon an answer in the affirmative, I made my humble offering, which was, as elsewhere, received with great good nature and condescension.

Sunday, 19th [July]. I this morning at seven o'clock attended the first mass. There were a few violins, two bassoons, and a double base placed with the voices in the organ-loft, over the west door of the choir; but before these were employed, a considerable part of the service was chanted in *Canto Fermo*,¹ with only a *serpent*, and two bassoons in accompaniment; and, afterwards, the voices and instruments in the organ-loft performed the usual services in three or four parts, I mean voice parts, with instruments. However, the small number of violins, in so large a building, and those not of the first class, had but a mean effect.

At nine o'clock high mass began, and continued upwards of two hours. I attended this in the choir, in different parts of the church, and in the organ-loft, to hear the music, and its effects, at different distances, and in different situations; but I found none which pleased me. The performances to which I had been accustomed in Italy, and, indeed, in the choirs of London, were greatly superior to this. Whatever merit the Antwerpians may have had, in surpassing the rest of Europe, in arts, sciences, and commerce, two hundred years ago, they certainly have no claim to pre-eminence now; no part of their ancient grandeur is visible at present, but in the church; there, indeed, riches, splendor, and expence are still as conspicuous as ever, though but a small part of this expence is appropriated to music. The church revenues are applied to the maintenance of the several orders of the clergy, to that almost innumerable quantity of wax-lights, for ever burning, and to those sumptuous vestments, and tawdry ornaments, with which they dazzle the eyes of the multitude; but as for music, they have been so long accustomed to inaccurate and slovenly execution, that they seem to have lost all distinction. I did not meet with one single organ in the whole town that was in tune; and as to the few violins employed in the church, they are mere scrapers. The bassoon players in common use, are worse than those nocturnal performers, who, in London, walk the streets during winter, under the denomination of *Waits*;² and for the *serpent*, it is not only over-blown, and

¹ *Canto fermo*. Plainsong.

² *Waits*. These were the watchmen of a city, patrolling the streets at night. They also formed a uniformed city band, appearing prominently on ceremonial occasions. Their chief instruments for outdoor playing were the oboe and bassoon. It is clear from Burney's remarks here that by his time the English standard had greatly declined from that of the period when Sir Francis Drake obtained permission from the Norwich Corporation to take with him on one of his expeditions (1589) the six waits of that city.

detestably out of tune, but exactly resembling in tone, that of a great hungry, or rather angry, Essex calf.

Before the service in the choir began with the organ, the canons and boys marched in procession round the church, with each a lighted taper in his hand, chanting the psalms, in four parts, with the two bassoons, and *serpent* above-mentioned; but all was so dissonant and false, that notwithstanding the building is immense, and very favourable to sound, which it not only augments, but meliorates, and in spite of two or three sweet and powerful voices among the boys, the whole was intolerable to me, who remained in the choir, from whence I expected to enjoy the natural *Diminuendo* and *Crescendo*, of a large body of sound retreating and advancing by such slow degrees.

While that part of the service, which succeeded this procession, was performing, I went up into the organ-loft, and was very politely treated by the organist, M. Vanden Bosch,¹ who is a man of considerable merit in his profession; his style of playing is modern, and he is very dexterous in the use of the pedals.² This instrument of *Notre Dame*, contains upwards of fifty stops, and has a full compass; it has been built about a hundred and fifty years, and would be well toned, if it were in tune.

After church, I went home with M. Vanden Bosch, who was so obliging as to shew me his instruments and books. Several compositions for the harpsichord of this master, have been engraved at Paris; he has a very good taste, and great fire, both in writing and playing.

An ignorant cleric

In my researches after old music in this place, I was directed to Mons.—the singing master of St. James's church, a Frenchman. Indeed, I was obligingly conducted to his house, by one of the canons, and upon my acquainting him with my errand, and asking him the question I had before put to all the musicians, and men of learning that I had met with in France and Italy, without obtaining much satisfaction, '*where, and when did counter-point, or modern harmony begin?*' the Abbé's answer was quick, and firm. 'O Sir, counter-point was certainly invented in France.' 'But,' said I, 'L. Guicciardini, and the Abbé du Bos, give it to the Flamands.' This made no kind of impression on my valiant Abbé, who still referred me to France for materials to ascertain the fact. 'But, Sir,' said I, 'What part of France must I go to; I have already made all possible enquiry in that kingdom, and had

¹ *Bosch, Pieter Joseph van den* (c. 1736–1803). At this time he had been organist of Antwerp Cathedral for some years. He published some instrumental compositions, and Burney's name appears on the list of subscribers to his op. 5, a set of four harpsichord sonatas.

² When I use the epithets *old* and *new*, I mean neither as a term of reproach, or stigma, but merely to tell the reader in what style a piece is conceived, or written; and he will suppose it to be better or worse, as he pleases. Though an old opera in Italy is as useless and neglected as an almanac of last year, yet I shall speak of every *old composition*, that appears to have been one of the best of the time in which it was made, with a proper degree of respect; but as to *Performance*, an old-fashioned manner, whether the consequence of ignorance or obstinacy, will not, perhaps, be treated with equal indulgence (B).

the honour of being every day permitted to search in the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, at Paris, for more than a month together, in hopes of finding something to my purpose, but in vain; and as you are in possession of the old manuscript music belonging to your church, I was inclined to believe it possible, that you could have pointed out to me some composition, which if not the *first* that were made in counter-point, would at least, be more ancient than those which I had found elsewhere.' '*Mais, Mons. soyez sure que tout cela étoit inventé en France.*' This was all the answer I could get; and upon my pressing him to tell me where I might be furnished with proofs of this assertion, *Ah, ma foi, je n'en sais rien*, was his whole reply. I had been for some time preparing for a retreat from this ignorant coxcomb, by shuffling towards the door, but after this I flew to it as fast as I could, first making my bow, and assuring him sincerely, that I was extremely sorry to have given him so much trouble.

In the afternoon I attended vespers in the church of our Lady; there were rather more instrumental performers than in the morning, but all of the same kind, as to excellence. The responses in the cathedral here, and indeed in all the other churches of Flanders, where instruments are employed, are made in four vocal parts; but the instrumental performers flourish and scrape with as much violence as at our theatre, when Richard the Third enters, or the King of Denmark carouses; which, in my opinion, betrays a barbarous taste, and total want of decency. The only entertainment I received from the whole music, was that which the long voluntary afforded me, which M. Vanden Bosch was so obliging as to play, at my request, in which he displayed great abilities.

A chest of recorders

After this I went to a very large building on a quay, at the side branch of the Scheld, which is called the Oosters Huys,¹ or Easterlings house; it was formerly used as a ware-house by the merchants trading to Lubec, Hamburg, and the Hanseatic towns; it is a very handsome structure, and has served, in time of war as a barrack for two thousand men. I should not have mentioned my visiting this building, if I had not found in it a large quantity of musical instruments of a peculiar construction. There are between thirty and forty of the common-flute kind, but different in some particulars; having, as they increase in length, keys and crooks, like hautbois and bassoons; they were made at Hamburg, and all of one sort of wood, and by one maker; CASPER RAUCHS SCRATENBACH, was engraved on a brass ring, or plate, which encircled most of these instruments; the large ones have brass plates pierced, and some with human figures well engraved on them; these last are longer than a bassoon would be, if unfolded;² The inhabitants say, that it is more

¹ *Oosters Huys and its instruments.* The instruments described seem to have been recorders—the equipment of a large and complete town band of them.

² The long trumpet, played lately in London, seems only to have been an ordinary trumpet straitened (B).

than a hundred years since these instruments were used, and that there is no musician, at present, in the town who knows how to play on any one of them, as they are quite different from those now in common use. In times when commerce flourished in this city these instruments used to be played on every day, by a band of musicians who attended the merchants, trading to the Hans towns, in procession to the exchange; they now hang on pegs in a closet, or rather press, with folding doors, made on purpose for their reception; though in the great hall there still lies on the floor, by them, a large single case, made of a heavy and solid dark kind of wood, so contrived, as to be capable of receiving them all; but which, when filled with these instruments, requires eight men to lift it from the ground; it was of so uncommon a shape, that I was unable to divine its use, till I was told it.

At six o'clock this evening a splendid procession passed through the streets, in honour of some legendary saint; consisting of a prodigious number of priests, who sung psalms in *Canto Fermo*, and sometimes in counter-point, all the way to the church, with wax tapers in their hands accompanied by French horns, and *Serpents*; a large silver crucifix, and a *Madonna* and child, as big as the life, of the same metal, decorated this solemnity.

The Spaniards have left this good people a large portion of pride and superstition; the former is shewn by the dress and inactivity of the nobles, and the latter by the bigotry and lively faith of the rest; there are more crucifixes and virgins, in and out of the churches here, than I ever met in any other Roman Catholic town in Europe.

The procession above-mentioned seemed to have been as much the occasion of riot and debauchery among the common people, as the *beer* and *liberty* with which an English mob is usually intoxicated on a rejoicing night in London; there were bonfires all over the town, and the huzzas, rockets, squibs, and crackers, were so frequent, and so loud, all night, in the *Place de Mer*, where I lodged, that it was impossible to sleep; and at two o'clock in the morning the mob was so vociferous and violent, that I thought all the inhabitants of the town had fallen together by the ears; and yet, on other nights, no one of the citizens is allowed to walk in the streets later than half an hour after ten, without a particular permission from the governor.

The search for early counterpoint

This morning, at seven o'clock, I attended the singing master of St. Andrew's church, M. Blaviere, a Liegeois, in whose possession I expected in old manuscript music, to meet with examples of the early progress made in counter-point by the Flamands. I found him to be very rational, intelligent, and well read in musical authors, of which he shewed me several; but there was only one among them which I had not seen before, and that was a treatise in Italian, by Francesco Penna,¹ Bolognese, printed at Antwerp, in

¹ *Francesco Penna*. Probably Lorenzo Penna (1613-93). His treatise on counterpoint and figured bass had been pirated by an Antwerp publisher.

1688. He likewise shewed me several of his own compositions, for the church, which convinced me that he had studied hard, and was an able contra-puntist.

I spent the rest of the morning in the Jesuit's library, with father Newton, and father Gesquiere, who were indefatigable in looking out books and manuscripts for my perusal that were likely to furnish any thing necessary to my work; the latter is one of several Jesuits who have been long employed in writing the lives of the saints, as they are placed in the Romish calendar of each month of the year; it is the intention of those authors to purge the lives they are writing, of all the fables which have crept into the legendary accounts of saints: upwards of fifty volumes in folio are already printed, and more than twenty are still behind. The work is written in Latin, and has for title, *Acta Sanctorum a Johanne Bollando, S.I. Collegi felicitæ cepta a Godfredo Henschenio, et Daniele Pabebrochio, aucta, digesta, & illustrata*. Antwerpiae, 1768. I consulted several articles in the volumes already printed, for information concerning the first establishment of chanting in the church, its reformation by pope Gregory the Great, with other particulars relative to the history of church music; in some of these I obtained more satisfaction than other books, which I had frequently read on the subject, had afforded me.

Harpsichord-makers

The famous harpsichord-makers, of the name of Ruckers, whose instruments have been so much, and so long admired all over Europe, lived in this city: there were three, the first, and the father of the other two, was *John Ruckers*,¹ who flourished at the beginning of the last century. His instruments were the most esteemed, and are remarkable for the sweetness and fulness of their tone. On the left hand of the sound-hole, in the bellies of these instruments, may be seen a large H, the initial of Hans, which, in the Flemish language, means John. *André*, the eldest of John's sons, distinguished his work, by an A, in the sound-hole. His large harpsichords are less esteemed than those made by any one of that name; but his small instruments, such as spinets, and virginals, are excellent. *Jean*, the youngest son's harpsichords, though not so good as those of the father, are very much esteemed for the delicacy of their tone; his instruments may be known by the letter I, in the sound-hole. The harpsichord-maker of the greatest eminence, after them, was J. Dan. Dulcken; he was a Hessian. At present there is a good workman at Antwerp, of the name of Bull,² who was Dulcken's apprentice, and who sells his double harpsichords for a hundred ducats each, with only

¹ *Ruckers*. The famous family firm was active in Antwerp from about 1580 to about 1670. Grove has a very full account of the family and a descriptive catalogue of the instruments made by them, so far as these still exist.

² *Bull*. The great English harpsichordist and harpsichord composer, Dr. John Bull (c. 1562-1628), spent his last eleven years as organist of Antwerp Cathedral, and it is to be regretted that Burney did not seek out the Antwerp Bull of his day and inquire as to his descent and as to possible local traditions concerning him.

plain painted cases, and without swell or pedals; the work too of Vanden Elsche, a Flamand, has a considerable share of merit; but, in general, the present harpsichords, made here after the Rucker model, are thin, feeble in tone, and much inferior to those of our best makers in England.

I cannot quit this city, without mentioning a particular mark of attention, with which I was honoured by father Gesquiere, the night before my departure. In the morning he had communicated to me a very ancient Latin manuscript upon music; but though the writing proved it to be of great antiquity, we could not exactly fix the date of it; there were likewise some letters of the alphabet, used as musical characters in it, which were not easy to determine, as it was difficult to distinguish an A from an O, or a D, on account of the great resemblance of these letters in the manuscript; but by a note written in elegant Latin, with which he favoured me at night, I found that these difficulties had occupied his mind the whole day; indeed he seemed entirely to have spent it in trying to clear up the first, and offered his future service in removing the last.

Brussels

At my return hither, from Antwerp, I employed myself in visiting churches, as I had before only been at the theatre. On the day after my second arrival, there was a mass, in music, performed in the little, but neat and elegant, church of Mary Magdalen; here are a few good pictures, with some excellent sculpture in wood; and the portraits of the Apostles are boldly represented in relief, or medallions, at the sides of the church. The band of musicians, on occasion of the festival, to day, was but small; however, the organ was played in a masterly manner, by M. Straze, who is esteemed the best performer upon keyed instruments in Brussels; and several symphonies were well executed by the whole band, during the course of the service. Some pieces of Italian church music were sung, not indeed so well as they would have been in their own country; but the voices here were far from contemptible. Two boys, in particular, sung a duet very agreeably: but there is generally a want of steadiness in such young musicians, which makes it to be wished that females were permitted in the church, to take the *soprano* part, which is generally the principal, as the voices of females are more permanent than those of boys, who are almost always deprived of theirs before they know well how to use them.

From this little church I went to the cathedral of St. Gudula, where high mass was likewise performing, by a considerable band of voices and instruments. This is the largest church in Brussels, the pillars are too massive, but, upon the whole, it is a neat and noble building; all the best pictures, and some very fine tapestry, which, on common days, cannot be seen, were exposed, as in the case of most of the Brabant churches, which the inhabitants think they can never make fine enough.

There is some admirable old painting upon glass, in this church, with

figures, as large as the life, well preserved; these paintings were by Rogiers,¹ cotemporary with Holbens; they were presents from several princes of those times, particularly John, king of Portugal, Mary, queen of Hungary, Francis the first, of France, Ferdinand, brother to the Emperor Charles the fifth, and by Charles the fifth himself.

The *maestro di capella*, who directed the band here, was M. Van Helmont. The music had not great effect, as the instruments were too few for so large a building; but there was a performer with a tenor voice, who sung several Latin *motets*, composed by Italian masters, reasonably well; his voice was good, and he sung in tune. The singing in the churches here is less French than at the theatre, as the words are always Latin, and less likely to corrupt the voice, and the taste of the performer, than French words and French music.

In the evening I heard two musical pieces, at the theatre, in the Flemish language; both were translated from the French; the one was *le Tonnelier*, originally set to music by M. Duni,² and the other, *Toinon et Toinette*, set by M. Gossec;³ the natives seemed highly diverted by these performances, which, as dramas, have great merit, in the original. The music of messrs. Duni and Gossec, was preserved entire, except in a very few places, which had been altered for the accommodation of the Flemish poetry, by M. Fitzthumb.

In hearing this performance, I could not help reflecting how easy it was to adapt Italian music to any language, however rough and barbarous: that of the pieces in question, is, for the most part, certainly composed of passages taken from Italian songs and symphonies, though grafted on French words; all the present composers of French comic operas imitate the Italian style, and many of them pillage the *buffe* operas of Italy without the least scruple of conscience, though they afterwards set their names to the plunder, and pass it on the world as their own property. I wish this may not, sometimes, happen in England; but, however that may be, it is certainly an irrefragable proof of the superiority of that melody which is become the common musical language of all Europe: not like the French tongue, by conquest, or policy, but received everywhere, by the common consent of all who have ears susceptible of pleasure from sound, and who give way to their own feelings.

Indeed, the French seem now the only people in Europe, except the Italians, who, in their dramas, have a music of their own. The serious opera of Paris is still in the trammels of Lulli and Rameau, through which every one who goes thither, either yawns or laughs, except when roused, or amused, by the dances and decorations. As a *Spectacle*, this opera is often superior to

¹ *Rogiers*. Probably Rogier van der Weyden (1399-1464), though he was scarcely a 'cotemporary with Holbens'—either Holbein the older (c. 1460-1524) or the younger (1497-1543).

² *Duni* (or *Duny*), *Egidio Romoaldo* (1709-75). His operas had great success in Paris and there he settled. He ranks with Monsigny, Philidor, and Grétry as one of the important eighteenth-century group of French comic-opera composers.

³ *Gossec*, *François Joseph* (1734-1829). Cowherd, then chorister at Antwerp Cathedral, then protégé of Rameau in Paris. Active as conductor and concert manager and composer (France's earliest symphonist).

any other in Europe; but, as *Music*, it is below our country psalmody, being without time, tune, or expression, that any but French ears can bear: indeed the point is so much given up, by the French themselves, that nothing but a kind of national pride, in a few individuals, keeps the dispute alive; the rest frankly confess themselves ashamed of their own music; and those who defend it, must soon give way to the stream of fashion, which runs with too much rapidity and violence to be long stemmed.

July 23d. Prince Charles, and the principal personages of his court, were at the play to-night. The *Gageur*, a French comedy, written by Sedaine, was admirably played, in which Mad. Verteil, an excellent actress, did the principal part; after which, I heard, for the first time, *Les deux Miliciens*, a comic opera, set by Gretry; the music was worthy of that fertile and ingenious composer.¹ The instrumental parts were extremely well executed; great effects were produced in the ritornels, and the poetry was much heightened by the rich and varied colouring of the orchestra. In a musical drama, it frequently happens that a numerous and well disciplined band, has the power of imagery, of awakening ideas, and describing the passions, more than a single voice, or even a chorus of many voices can attempt, with propriety; indeed the little opera of to-night nearly approached perfection in all its parts, as it was well written, well set, well spoken, well acted; and, with respect to the instrumental parts, was well played: how sorry I am that truth will not allow me to add, that it was *well sung*!

The Burgundy Library

During my residence in Brussels, I had the pleasure of being made acquainted with M. Girard, secretary to the literary society in this place. He is now employed in arranging and cataloguing the books and manuscripts of the Burgundy library, which had been more than two centuries in this city; but they have so long remained in obscurity and disorder, that it is not yet known, what they all contain. It was by the zeal and good offices of prince Starhemberg, that these books had a new room built for their reception, and that they will soon form a public library.

The manuscripts are the best, and the most beautiful, in point of illuminations, which I ever saw: most of them were brought to Brussels from Burgundy, and are very ancient. It is even wonderful, to what a degree of perfection miniature painting has been carried in some of them, particularly in one transcribed and illuminated at Florence, in 1485: it was a present from Matthias Corvinus,² king of Hungary, to the duke of Burgundy.

¹ This author, in his scores, is however sometimes negligent of the most common rules of counter-point, which may proceed from writing with too much rapidity; as it is hardly to be conceived that a man of such acknowledged genius should have studied seven or eight years, in a Conservatorio at Naples, without acquiring a competent knowledge of musical grammar, and the mechanism of his art (B).

² *Corvinus, Matthias* (1440–90). A very great man and a very great monarch. He took a keen interest in all the arts.

The arms of Burgundy are pasted in all these ancient manuscripts, which are divided into three classes; theology, history and arts, poetry and romances. In the two first, I found several curious and interesting particulars, relative to my work.

In 1745, at which time the French were in possession of Brussels, the commissaries, and even some of the officers, took away books and manuscripts from the Burgundy library, notwithstanding the cartel; some of them were, indeed, returned, after the peace, upon being claimed, particularly, such as had been carried to the king's library, at Paris; but many others, of great value, are now in the Sorbonne, and in private hands, from whence they cannot be recovered.

I was very politely treated by M. Girard, who attended me at the library at six o'clock every morning, and afforded me all possible assistance, even to the helping me to make extracts. He likewise favoured me with a visit at my lodgings, and gave me a letter to the elector Palatine's librarian at Manheim, and all from a very slight acquaintance, brought about by means of a note, written by M. Needham,¹ celebrated for his microscopic discoveries, and his difference with M. de Voltaire.

At Brussels I heard some pretty pieces, composed by Godecharle,² a German, performed extremely well on the harp, with pedals, by a young lady, his scholar. She was accompanied by the composer of these pieces with the violin, which instrument he plays very well. The harp is very much practised by the ladies here, as well as at Paris: it is a sweet and becoming instrument, and, by means of the pedals for the half notes, is less cumbrous and unwieldly than our double Welsh harp. The compass is from double Bb to f in *altissimo*; it is capable of great expression, and of executing whatever can be played on the harpsichord; there are but thirty-three strings upon it, which, except the last, are the mere natural notes of the diatonic scale; the rest are made by the feet.³

In attending high mass at the collegiate church of St. Gudula, on Sunday 26, I again heard the performance of a considerable band of voices and instruments; and I was glad to find among the former two or three women, who, though they did not sing well, yet their being employed, proved that female voices might have admission in the church, without giving offence or scandal to piety, or even bigotry. If the practice were to become general, of admitting

¹ *Needham, John Turberville* (1713–81). Roman Catholic priest and natural philosopher. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society of London; died Rector of the Brussels Academy of Sciences. Amongst his works is *New Enquiries upon Microscopical Discoveries and the Generation of Organized Bodies*.

² *Godecharle, Eugene Charles Jean* (1742–c. 1814). He was not, as Burney says, a German, being a native of Brussels and a member of a prominent musical family of that city. He was a composer, harpist, and violinist. In some books of reference he is called Godchalk or Gottschalk. Prince Charles of Lorraine, recognizing his ability, sent him to Paris for training.

³ 'This method of producing the half-tones on the harp, by pedals, was invented at Brussels, about fifteen years ago, by M. Simon, who still resides in that city. It is an ingenious and useful contrivance, in more respects than one: for, by reducing the number of strings, the tone of those that remain, is improved; as it is well known, that the less an instrument is loaded, the more freely it vibrates' (B).

The single-action pedal harp is usually credited to the Bavarian maker Hochbrucker of Donauwerth (1720) and the double-action pedal harp to Erard (c. 1810).

women to sing the *soprano* part in the cathedrals, it would, in Italy, be a service to mankind, and in the rest of Europe render church-music infinitely more pleasing and perfect; in general, the want of treble voices, at least of such as have had sufficient time to be polished, and rendered steady, destroys the effect of the best compositions, in which, if the principal melody be feeble, nothing but the subordinate parts, meant only as attendants, and to enrich the harmony of the *whole*, can be heard.

Louvain to Darmstadt

(27 JULY-5 AUGUST)

Lovain [Louvain]

This is the last considerable city of the Netherlands, in the empress queen's dominions, east of Brussels; it has a university, in which the youth of the ten catholic provinces are educated, as Leyden has for the other seven. It was founded by John the Fourth, duke of Brabant, in 1425; at present the number of students is said to amount to upwards of two thousand. I remained but a short time in this place, as I was informed, that the library, which is said to be very rich in manuscripts, was in such disorder, that it would be difficult to find any one to my purpose, without a longer residence than the work which I had allotted myself in Germany would allow. I therefore contented myself, with gaining what information I could, relative to the state of modern music in that city; and I found, that M. Kennis¹ is the most remarkable performer on the violin in point of execution, not only of Lovain, but of all this part of the world. The solos he writes for his own instrument and hand, are so difficult, that no one hereabouts attempts them but himself, except M. Scheppen, the *Carillonneur*, who lately, piqued by the high reputation of M. Kennis, laid a wager, that he would execute upon the bells one of his most difficult solos, to the satisfaction of judges, appointed to determine the matter in dispute; and he gained not only his wager, but great honour by his success, in so difficult an enterprize. This circumstance is mentioned in order to convey some idea to my English readers, of the high cultivation of this species of music in the Netherlands. For there the inhabitants of every city think it an indispensable point of honour, to tell every stranger, that their *carillons* are better than all others. At Lovain, M. Vandengheim, the organist, has the care of the chimes, and M. Scheppen plays them by his appointment.

Liege

Though this city has lately produced several good musicians, whom I had met with in the Low Countries; yet, I found in it but little worthy of remark, relative to my subject. The organ in the cathedral is small, and divided into two parts, placed on each side the choir. There is a theatre here for Flemish plays, and sometimes for comic operas; but it was not open while I continued

¹ Kennis, Guillaume-Gommaire (1717-89). Church musician and violinist. He left, especially, much chamber music.

at Liege. The organist of the cathedral is likewise *Carillonneur*, as is often the case in the Netherlands; but here the passion for chimes begins to diminish.

Maestrick [Maastricht]

Here I visited the collegiate church, belonging to the catholics, and found in it a very large organ, but it was out of tune; and the organist, M. Houghbrach, who is likewise *Carillonneur*, is no conjurer. There was a Hessian regiment, in the Dutch service, quartered in this city, which had an excellent band of music, consisting of hautbois, clarinets, *cymbala*, or *bassins*, great drum, side drums, and triangles; and at the time of beating *la retraite*, I heard them play a considerable time on the *Place d'Armes*; at the inn too, where I lodged, I was entertained on the *dulcimer*, by a strolling boy, who seemed to have a musical genius, far superiour to his instrument and station.

Aix la Chapelle

It was here that I first remarked the High Dutch, or German language, to be spoken by the common people, and Gothic letters to be used by printers.

Where the English acquired their pronunciation of *th*, is not certain: it was natural to suppose that they had it from their Saxon ancestors, and to expect to find it in Germany; but it is as much a *Shibboleth* to the inhabitants of that country, as to those of all the rest of Europe. For in German words where this combination of letters is used in orthography, it has no other effect in pronunciation, than if the words were written without the *h*. *Werth*, which signifies *worth*, in English, is pronounced *wert*; *Thron*, a *throne*, *trone*; and *Theologus*, a *theologist*, *teologus*.

It seems, therefore, as if the pronunciation of *th* was of much higher antiquity in the island of Great Britain than the invasion of the Saxons; since the Welsh, in their own language, not only pronounce *th*, but *dd* as the English do *th* in *this*, *that*, and *then*. However, though these letters have no such power among the modern Saxons, yet the Anglo-Saxons had two characters that were equivalent to *th*: as *ð*, *p*, both different from the hard *t*; and Ben Johnson observes, in his English Grammar, 'that the greatest difficulty of the English alphabet and pronunciation consists in the double and doubtful sound of the letter *th*, since the Saxon characters *ð* and *p* are lost, that distinguished *thee*, *thou*, *thine*, from *thick*, *thin*, and *thrive*; the first three of these words were written *ðee*, *ðou*, *ðine*, the last *pick*, *pin*, *prive*.'

At present the English seem to be the only people in Europe who do not confound the Greek *theta* with the *tau*. They give likewise a sound to the vowel *i*, in some words, as *time*, *prime*, *climb*, which is wholly peculiar to themselves; but they have relinquished the guttural pronunciation of *ch*, and *g*, which is so difficult to describe, and to learn, and which the Germans still retain, throughout the empire, regarding it as an indubitable proof of the high antiquity of the Teutonic dialect. The modern Tuscans, in like manner,

imagine the guttural roughness they give to *c* and *ch*, in such words as *cavallo* and *chiesa* is the same as that which the ancient Etruscans gave to those letters before the Romans subdued their country.

As to music, in Aix la Chapelle, my expectations were by no means fulfilled; for I could find neither books nor musicians worthy of much attention. M. Kuckelkorn, organist of the famous cathedral where Charlemagne and several succeeding emperors, were crowned, accompanies the church service very judiciously, but has no hand for extemporaneous playing. M. Wenzlaer [Wenzel] has, however, a great hand on the violin; but he is a wild, half-mad character, and not a deep theorist.

The passion for *carillons*, and chimes, seems here at an end; however, in the streets, through which a procession had lately passed, there were hung, to festoons and garlands, a great number of oblong pieces of glass, cut and tuned in such a manner, as to form little peals of four and five bells, all in the same key, which were played on by the wind. In walking under them, I was some time unable to discover from whence the sounds I heard proceeded; they were hung so near each other, as to be put in contact by the most gentle breeze, which might truly be called the *Carillonneur*.

Juliers [??*Jülich*]

In my way through this town, to Cologne, I was entertained at the post-house while I changed horses, by two vagabonds, who, in opposite corners of the room, imitated, in dialogue, all kinds of wind instruments, with a card and the corner of their hats, so exactly, that if I had been out of their sight, I should not have been able to distinguish the copy from the original; particularly in the clarinet, French horn, and bassoon, which were excellent. After this they *took off* the bellowing noise of the Romish priests, in chanting, so well, that I was quite frightened; for being in a catholic town, where the inhabitants are very zealous for the honour of their religion, I thought it might be imagined that this *ludere sacris*, was at the instigation of the English heretic.

Cologne

I have but little to say concerning the music of this place. There was no public exhibition during the time I remained in it; however I visited the great church, or cathedral, which is built upon the model of the *Duomo* at Milan, but of common stone; whereas, that at Milan is of white marble. There is a similarity likewise in the fate of these two famous churches, as both have remained many ages unfinished.¹ The plan of that at Cologne is not above half completed; perhaps it is owing to this, that the choir appears

¹ The construction of Cologne Cathedral was first undertaken in the early years of the thirteenth century. The work, with continual interruptions, dragged on for nearly 300 years, until in 1508 the unfinished structure was roofed over. During the nineteenth century building operations were begun again, the original designs having fortunately been preserved, and the cathedral was finally opened in 1880 (compare *Italian Tour*, p. 70). Owing to its proximity to the railway station, the fabric received severe damage from aerial bombardment during the Second World War.

much more lofty than that at Milan. What was intended as the approach to the choir is very low, and arched over with bricks.

In a very small chapel, behind the altar, I was shewn the famous shrine, in which, it is affirmed, are the entire skulls of the three kings, who came with offerings to our Saviour, immediately after his birth; it has been said that every great town had a *lion* to shew to strangers, and this *shrine* is the *lion* of *Cologn*: it is immensely rich in gold, sculpture, jewels, antique gems, intaglios, and cameos.

The organ in this cathedral is of the most noble and beautiful form I ever saw; its front is flat, and spreads from pillar to pillar, over the nave of the church; it has three columns, or rather compartments, of great pipes on each side; in the middle are three ranks of small pipes over each other, which form three complete and elegant buffets, and which, separately, would be regarded as complete fronts to small organs; the choir organ is placed below all these, at the back of the player.

Mr. Westmann is at present the organist. I only heard him accompany the choir in the first service, which was begun when I entered the church; the second was chanted in *canto fermo*, without instruments. It is very difficult in Roman catholic countries, to hit upon a proper time for trying an organ, or hearing an organist, as the several services continue from five o'clock in the morning, till twelve at noon; and, afterwards, from two, till near night; and even during the small recess from duty, the servants of the church are either at dinner, or from home upon their own concerns; so that, except during the time of divine service, I could hardly ever get an opportunity of hearing an organist or an organ.

In the church of St. Cecilia, I heard a nun play the organ, to the coarse singing of her sisters; her interludes would have been thought too light for the church in England: I soon discovered that they were not extemporary; however, they were pleasing, and well executed.

Bonn

The elector of Cologn was not here, so that I heard no music in this city; however, during the winter, his highness has a comic opera, at his own expence, performed in his palace. Most of his musicians were now at Spa, they are all Italians, and the *maestro di capella* is Signor Lucchese,¹ who is a very pleasing composer; when I was in Italy, I heard Mansoli² sing a *Motet* of his composition, in a church near Florence, which was admirable.

I had the honour of being very well received by Mr. Cressener,³ his

¹ *Lucchese (Lucchesi)*. Born near Venice in 1741 and died somewhere in Italy c. 1800. In charge of an Italian opera troupe at Bonn; composer of operas, symphonies, choral music, &c. At the date of Burney's visit to Bonn there was in the city an eighteen-month-old infant, soon to display musical powers and to come under the influence of Lucchesi.

² *Mansoli* (Giovanni Manzuoli, 1725–c. 1780). Italian male soprano of the highest reputation. See *Italian Tour*, pp. 94, 183.

³ *Mr. Cressener*. George Cressener lived in Bonn for the last twenty-five years of his life until he died in 1781, aged eighty. There is a story that the young Beethoven's first composition was a funeral cantata in his memory (Thayer, *Beethoven*, i. 65).

majesty's minister plenipotentiary at this court, who, not only countenanced me during my short stay at Bonn, but kindly furnished me with recommendatory letters to several persons of distinction in my route.

Coblentz

Italian operas are frequently performed at this court. The elector has a good band, in which M. Ponta [*Panta*], the celebrated French horn from Bohemia, whose taste and astonishing execution were lately so much applauded in London, is a performer.

The princess Cunegonde, sister to the elector of Treves, and youngest daughter of Augustus, king of Poland, is a very great harpsichord player. There is likewise a most extraordinary performer on the double bass at this court, who plays solos on it, even worth hearing. The *maestro di capella* of this court is Signor Sales,¹ of Brescia.

Frankfort upon the Main

In travelling on the banks of the Rhine, from Cologne to Coblentz, I must own, that I was astonished and disappointed, at finding no proofs of that passion for music, which the Germans are said to possess, particularly along the Rhine; but even at Coblentz, though it was Sunday when I arrived there, and the streets and neighbourhood were crowded with people walking about for their recreation, I heard not a single voice or instrument, as is usual in most other Roman catholic countries; I had therefore a mind to try another part of Germany, and crossing the Rhine, and the terrible mountains of Wetteravia² arrived at Frankfort on the Main, much more fatigued than I was formerly after passing mount Cenis. Here, indeed, I found a little of that disposition for music which I expected; and though I met no great performer vocal or instrumental, music, such as it was, might be heard in all parts of the town.

The great church of St. Bartholomew, famous for being the place where the emperors are crowned, was not furnished with singers of great talents, but yet there were a number of girls, who, though the service was that of the Roman catholics, were many of them Lutherans or Calvinists, that chanted with the priests and canons, without the organ.³

In the streets, at noon, there was likewise a number of young students singing Hymns in three or four parts, attended by a chaplain; these are poor

¹ Sales, *Pietro Pompeo* (born at Brescia in 1718 and died at Hanau in 1797). He lost all his relatives in an earthquake and migrated to Germany. Amongst his many compositions were operas produced in Munich, Dresden, &c., and also in Paris and in London, from which last city he had returned about four years before the date of Burney's visit to Coblenz.

² *The Mountains of Wetteravia*. The Taunus Mountains.

³ Though the catholics have the great church here, yet the Lutherans are in possession of the steeple, upon which they constantly keep a guard. A precaution, which, in peaceable times, *is said* to be used in order to give the alarm, in case of fire; but, in war, they make no scruple to confess, that it is to watch the motions of the catholics, by whom they are in fear of being massacred (B).

scholars designed for the church, who in this manner excite the benevolence of passengers, to contribute towards their cloathing.

Though the German inns, between town and town, are in general, few and miserable, yet, now and then, an uncommonly good and magnificent one is to be found in the principal cities; and indeed at Frankfort there are several such, particularly those called the *Roman Emperor*, and the *King of England*, which are more like royal palaces, than houses of entertainment for travellers.

At the Roman Emperor, where I lodged, after dinner there was a band of street musicians, who played several symphonies reasonably well, in four parts. All this happened on a day which was not a festival, and therefore it is natural to believe, that the practice is common.

The organist of the cathedral is one of the vicars, and much in years; the instrument is not ill-toned, but like most of the others which I had heard in my route, miserably out of tune, and the touch so heavy, that the keys, like those of a *carillon*, severally required the weight of the whole hand, to put them down.

The labels of some stops in this instrument excited my curiosity; such as the *Posaun*, *Solicional*, *Cymbel*, *Suavial*, *Violon*, &c. in the great organ; and in the choir organ, the *Grosgeduct*, *Kleingedukt*, *Violdgamba*, &c. but, from being out of order, they were totally unfit to be played, as solo stops. I could just discover that the *suavial* was meant for that sweet stop in Mr. Snetzler's organs, which he calls the *Dulcian*; and the *Violon*, for the *Violone*, or double base; it is a half stop, which goes no higher than the middle C.¹

There *has* been a contrivance in this organ for transposing half a note, a whole note, or a flat third, higher, but it is now useless: the instrument was built many years ago by Meyer, and repaired, with an addition of new stops, six or seven years ago, by Grosswald, of Hanau. But an organ whose foundation is not good, is generally rendered worse by attempts at mending it; and I remember M. Snetzler² upon being asked, by some church-wardens, what he thought an old organ, which they wanted to have repaired, was worth, and what would be the expence of mending it; honestly telling them, after he had appraised the instrument at one hundred pounds, that, if they would lay out another hundred upon it, perhaps it would then be worth fifty.

The first instrument I heard during my stay at Frankfort, was the organ, at the Dominicans church; it was better toned, and more in tune than the rest, but it was not so good as many I have heard in England, nor was the *Vox humana* remarkably sweet, or like the human voice, though it is much admired here.³

¹ *Organ stops.* *Posaun* = Trombone; for *Solicional* read 'Salicional'; *Cymbel*, a loud 'Mixture', *Suavial* = Dulciana; *Grosgeduct*, *Kleingedukt*, perhaps read 'Gedact' (large and small).

² *Snetzler, John* (born in Passau c. 1710 and died in London about ninety years later). He settled in England in 1740. He built Handel's organ for the first performances of *Messiah* (Dublin, 1742). Burney's organ at King's Lynn was built by him in 1754. (See *GDB*, i. 77, 78-79, 216, 295; ii. 153 n.)

³ *Vox humana.* Cf. Burney's remarks on p. 231.

This organ has an arch cut through it, to let the light into the church from the west window; it is in a handsome case, the ornaments over the arch are in good taste, and the side columns are well disposed. The keys are on the right hand *side* of the instrument, over which there is a small front; the compass is from C to C, the pedals have an Octave below double C.

The principal musicians in this city are, at present, M. Sarrazin on the violin, M. Pfeil, a gentleman performer on the harpsichord, and M. Hauelsen,¹ organist to the Calvinists of Frankfort, at their church at Berkenheim, a little distance from the city, in which they are not allowed a place of public worship.

Darmstadt

In passing through this place to Manheim, I was so fortunate, as to alight from my chaise just as the landgrave's guards were coming on parade. I never heard military music that pleased me more; the instruments were, four hautboys, four clarinets, six trumpets, three on each side the hautboys and clarinets, and these were flanked by two bassoons on each side; so that the line consisted of eighteen musicians; in the rear of these were cornets and clarions.

The whole had an admirable effect, it was extremely animating, and though trumpets and clarions are usually too shrill and piercing, when heard in a small place, yet here, the parade or square where they mounted guard is so spacious that the sound has room to expand in all directions, which prevents the ear from being hurt by too violent a shock.

Before I proceed further in my musical narrative, I must make two or three memorandums concerning the villainous and rascally behaviour of postmasters and postilions, in this part of the world; the effects of which it is impossible to escape. In going over the mountains of Wetteravia, under the pretence of bad roads, *three* horses were tied to the hurdle, called a post-chaise; and after I had once submitted to this imposition, I never was allowed to stir with less. At Frankfort I tried hard, but in vain, though the inn-keeper and his guests, who were natives, all assured me, that they were never obliged to have more than two horses to a chaise when they travelled *extra post*; yet here, though no mountains were to be crossed, the sands were made a plea, notwithstanding the roads from Frankfurt to Manheim are, in every particular, the least bad of any that I had yet travelled in Germany.

The women, among the common people in the country, are miserably ugly, not, perhaps, so much in feature, as from dress, and a total neglect of complexion. They entirely hide their hair, by a kind of skull-cap, usually made of tawdry linen or cotton; and they are hardly ever seen with shoes and stockings, though the men are furnished with both, such as they are.

I could wish to speak of these people with candour and <good> temper, in

¹ *Hauelsen, W. N.* (b. 1744). He composed harpsichord concertos and chamber music and was also a music publisher and music seller.

despight of the bile which every stranger, travelling among them, must feel at work within him; but, as I neither mean to abuse nor flatter them, I must say, that the numberless beggars, clamorously importunate, though often young, fat, robust, and fit for any labour; the embarrassments of perpetual change and loss of money; the extortion, sullenness, and indolence of post-masters and postilions, are intollerably vexatious.

Mannheim, Schwetzingen, and Ludwigsburg

(6-14 AUGUST)

Manheim [Mannheim]

The first music I heard here was military. I lodged on the *Place d'Armes*, or parade; the *retraite* had only drums and fifes; and in the morning there was nothing worth listening to. If I had had an inclination to describe, in a pompous manner, merely the effects of wind instruments in martial music, there had been no occasion to quit London, for at St. James's, and in the Park, every morning, we have now an excellent band; and hitherto, as I had not seen more soldier-like men in any service than our own, so the music and musicians, of other places, exceeded ours in nothing but the number and variety of the instruments; our military music, at present, must seem to have made great and hasty strides towards perfection, to all such as, like myself, remember, for upwards of twenty years, no other composition made use of in our footguards, than the march in Scipio,¹ and in our marching regiments, nothing but side-drums.

The expence and magnificence of the court of this little city are prodigious; the palaces and offices extend over almost half the town; and one half of the inhabitants, who are in office, prey on the other, who seem to be in the utmost indigence.

The Jesuits house, built by the present Elector, close to the palace, has thirty windows in front, apart from the church, which is the most superb in the city; the front of the theatre, which is only a small wing of the palace, has likewise thirty windows.

The town itself is more neat, beautiful, and regular, than any which I had yet seen; its form is oval; the streets, like those of Lisle, are *tirées au cordeau*, running in strait lines from one end to the other. It has a great number of squares; contains about 1548 houses; and, in the year 1766, its inhabitants amounted to 24190.

Herr Grétry's 'Zemire und Azor'

Thursday, August 6th. In the evening I went to the public theatre in this town, where *Zemire and Azor*, translated into German, and accommodated

¹ *March in Scipio*. Handel's opera *Scipione* dates from 1726. The march mentioned here is a simple but stirring composition and very suitable for the use to which the British footguards put it.

to the pretty music of M. Gretry, was performed; it was the first dramatic exhibition at which I was present in Germany.¹

In summer the Elector Palatine resides at Schwetzingen, three leagues from Mannheim; and during that time a strolling company is allowed to entertain the citizens. The performance was in a temporary booth, erected in the square of the great market-place. Yet, though nothing better than deal boards appear without, the stage was well decorated, and the scenes and dresses were not without taste or elegance.

I was curious to hear a German play, but still more curious to hear German singing; and I must own, that I was astonished to find, that the German language, in spite of all its clashing consonants, and gutturals, is better calculated for music than the French.² I am sorry to return again to the charge; but I must say, that the great number of nasal sounds and mute syllables in the French language, seem to corrupt and vitiate the voice, in its passage, more than the defects of any other language, of which I have the least knowledge.

The girl who played the part of *Zemire* had not a great voice, but her manner of singing was natural and pleasing. She had a good shake, and never forced her voice, or sung out of tune; there were two of the men who had reasonable good voices, and whose portamento³ and expression would not have offended such as had been long conversant with the best singing of Italy.

Upon the whole, I was more pleased with this singing, than with any which I had heard since my arrival on the continent: indeed the Germans are now so forward in music, and have so many excellent composers of their own country, that it is a matter of astonishment to me, that they do not get original dramas for music written in their own language, and set by the natives: or, if they must have translations, why they do not get those translations new set.⁴

The orchestra here was far inferior to that at Brussels, in number and

¹ *Zemire and Azor*. Grétry's opera was originally, of course, in French (libretto by Marmontel). Its first performance was at Fontainebleau in 1771 and it then had performances in many countries in French, German, Italian, English, and even Russian. Burney had heard it in French at Brussels (see p. 8).

² *The German language*. Burney's remarks on this subject stir the translator responsible for the German edition of the book to a severe Note: 'This whole page shows quite clearly what kind of idea the English must have of Germans from a musical point of view. A Doctor of the art, who has long been engaged in preparations for a history of music, is surprised that the German language is suited for music! . . . The author acknowledges on the very same page astonishment incomprehensible in a historian of music. We have for so long had composers of comic opera that Mr Burney might have heard about them in London, instead of learning only in Germany that Hiller in Germany, like Dr Arne in London, had composed comic operas. In England, too, Mr Burney might have heard the names of Hiller, Fleischer, Schweizer, Neefe, Reichard, and Wolf.—If this musically learned Englishman is typical of his fellow-countrymen we can certainly assume that they consider a German musician to be of little account who does not find his way to the queen of cities, London!'

³ *Portamento*. See *Italian Tour*, pp. 72, 244.

⁴ 'When I advanced further into Germany, I found that M. Hiller, of Leipsick, had furnished his countrymen with a great number of comic operas, in which the music was so natural and pleasing, that the favourite airs, like those of Dr. Arne in England, were sung by all degrees of people; and the more easy ones had the honour of being sung in the streets' (B).

Burney was to meet Hiller at Leipzig and to have much help from him (see p. 154).

discipline; for all the great performers of this place were now with the elector at Schwetzingen, so that the singers had no support but their own merit.

August 7. I spent in the public library, which is a very fine room, with fine books, but none very ancient, and few manuscripts, these being all taken away by the Bavarians in the war of 1622, and given to the Pope: they are well known in the Vatican library, by the name of the Heidelberg or Palatine Collection. The present library is said to consist of forty thousand volumes; but though the pompous account in the *Etrennes Palatines*, speaks of manuscripts, and says, that they are kept in a chamber apart, M. Lamey, the librarian, to whom I was favoured with a letter by Mr. Girard, of Brussels, confessed to me, that the collection had been too short a time in forming to be yet very rich in manuscripts, and that it contained but few of any consequence.

Schwetzingen

A list only of the performers in the service of his electoral highness, would convey a very favourable idea of the excellence of his band; it consists of near a hundred hands and voices. I shall only mention here, however, some of the principal musicians employed in this orchestra, whose names are already known in England. M. Holtzbauer,¹ is one of the chapel masters. M. Christian Cannabich,² and Charles Toeschi,³ are the principal violins; the former leads in the Italian operas, and the latter in the French and German. These three masters are authors of several excellent *symphonies*, some of which have been printed in England. M. J. Baptist Wendling,⁴ is the principal flute here, and among the violins are John Toeschi,⁵ Frenzel, Fr. and Charles Wendling, and Cramer.⁶ This last is reckoned one of the best solo players in Europe; however, I shall say but little about him here, as he is now in England, and my countrymen have an opportunity of judging his talents for themselves. There are twenty-three vocal performers in this band, several of whom deserve to be distinguished, particularly Mademoiselle Wendling, Mademoiselle Danzy, and Madame Cramer. Signori Roncaglio, Pesarini, and Saporosi.

Many of the performers on the court list, are either superannuated or

¹ *Holtzbauer, Ignaz Jacob* (1711–83). He held successively music directorships at several cities, settling in Mannheim in 1753, when its orchestra was at the height of its fame. Mozart was to praise his compositions.

² *Cannabich, Christian* (1731–98). His father was a flautist in the Mannheim orchestra and he himself its leading violinist and then (two years after Burney's visit) conductor. Mozart said he was the best conductor ever met with. He was an active composer.

³ *Toeschi, Carlo Giuseppe* (1724–88). He was a violinist in the Mannheim orchestra from 1759 and later its conductor. His many works were largely published in Paris.

⁴ *Wendling, Johann Baptist* (c. 1720–97). Famous flautist and composer for his instrument and for strings. As for 'Mademoiselle Wendling', perhaps J. B. Wendling's wife (Dorothea) is intended, or her sister (Augusta Elizabeth).

⁵ *Toeschi, Johann Baptist* (died 1800). He was a member of the Mannheim orchestra from 1755 and later its conductor.

⁶ *Cramer, Wilhelm* (born at Mannheim in 1745 and died in London in 1799). He had only just settled in London when Burney visited Mannheim. He was a pupil of Johann Stamitz and Cannabich and a brilliant player. He composed some chamber music.

supernumeraries; but the former, after having served the elector for a number of years, if by sickness or accident they happen to lose their voice or talents, they have a handsome pension, which they enjoy as long as they live at Mannheim; and even if they chuse to retire into their own country, or elsewhere, they are still allowed half their pension.

I wanted very much to come to my principal point of hearing the best of these performers; but nothing can be done precipitately in this part of Germany. *Festina lente* seems here a favourite motto. It was necessary to visit, the first day, and to be visited the second; and, on the third, there was some chance, but no certainty, of obtaining the favour I required.

It has frequently been said, that bluntness, and a thorough contempt of every person and thing, which is not entirely English, mark my honest countryman, *John Bull*, in every part of the world. I am unwilling to indulge in national reflections; however, now and then a *single* character certainly appears, which calls to mind, all that has been said of a *whole* people. The French Abbé I met with at Antwerp was what many would have called a *true Frenchman*; and I met several afterwards, who would be called *true Germans*, for slow apprehension, and inactivity. If, in the morning, I had explained as clearly as I could, the object of my journey, and shewn the general plan of my future work, to a man of letters, a librarian, or a musician, it was common for that individual, in the evening, to say 'the History of Music, I think you are going to write—hum—ay, the History of Music—hum—well, and what do you wish I should do for you?' Here I was forced, in a painful *Da Capo*, to tell my story over again, and to beg his assistance.

Travelling is not very common in this country; and people here, like the English, are shy of strangers, and wishing to shake them off. In France, and Italy, the inhabitants are accustomed to do the honours, and do them well. As to my particular enquiries here, which, in fact, concerned their own fame more than mine, I gained but little assistance; it was difficult to discover who *could* afford me any, and much more to find those that *would*. I sometimes wished to employ the town cryer, at my first entrance into a German city, to tell the musical inhabitants who I was, and what I wanted; for it frequently happened, where his majesty had no minister, that I was on the point of quitting a place before my business was known.

Sacchini's 'Contadina in Corte'

Sunday, 9th August. This evening I was at the representation of *La Contadina in Corte*, a comic opera, at the Elector's theatre, adjoining to his palace. The music was composed by Signor Sacchini,¹ and was full of that clearness, grace, and elegant simplicity, which characterise the productions of that author. The

¹ *Sacchini, Antonio Maria Gasparo* (born in Florence in 1730 and died in Paris in 1786). His operas had great success everywhere and he composed oratorios, also chamber music, &c. Burney had met him in Venice (though the fact is not mentioned in his account of the tour) and was to entertain him in his own house in London (see *GDB*, i. 260 and *Italian Tour*, p. 55 n.).

vocal parts were performed by Signor Giorgietto, an Italian *soprano*, whose voice was but feeble, nor were his abilities very considerable in other particulars; Signora Francesca Danzi,¹ a German girl, whose voice and execution are brilliant: she has likewise a pretty figure, a good shake, and an expression as truly Italian as if she had lived her whole life in Italy; in short, she is now a very engaging and agreeable performer, and promises still greater things in future, being young, and having never appeared on any stage till this summer. Signor Zonca, an Italian tenor, who was in England some years ago; his highest praise is, that he does not offend; and Signora Allegrante a young Italian, under the care of M. Holtzbaur, sings in a pretty unaffected manner; and though her voice will not allow her to aspire at the first part in an opera, she seems likely to fill the second in a very engaging manner. There were two dances between the acts, the last of which, representing a German fair, was the most entertaining I ever saw. One of the principal dancers here is the daughter of the late celebrated Stamitz,² from whose fire and genius the present style of *Sinfonies*, so full of great effects, of light and shade, was in a considerable degree derived.

The Elector, Electress, and Princess Royal of Saxony, were present at this performance. The theatre, though small, is convenient; the decorations and dresses were ingenious and elegant, and there was a greater number of attendants and figurers than ever I saw in the great opera, either of Paris or London: in the dance, representing a German fair, there were upwards of a hundred persons on the stage at one time; but this opera is very inconsiderable, compared with that at Mannheim, in the winter, which is performed in one of the largest and most splendid theatres of Europe, capable of containing five thousand persons; this opera begins the fourth of November, and continues generally, twice a week, till Shrove-Tuesday.

I was informed that the mere illuminations of the Mannheim theatre, with wax lights, cost the elector upwards of forty pounds, at each representation; and that the whole expence of bringing a new opera on this stage, amounts to near four thousand. The great theatre, the ensuing winter, was to be opened with an opera composed by Mr. J. Bach.³ who was daily expected here from London, when I was at Mannheim.

The Mannheim orchestra

I cannot quit this article, without doing justice to the orchestra of his electoral highness, so deservedly celebrated throughout Europe. I found it to be indeed

¹ *Danzi, Francisca* (1756-91). A high soprano of great fame later in the Italian and German centres and in London. Further, she composed sonatas for piano and violin. She married the celebrated Mannheim oboist, L. A. Lebrun.

² *Stamitz, Johann Wenzel Anton* (1717-57). He may be considered the founder of modern orchestral technique (see Burney's account a few lines lower and also p. 134). He was also a brilliant violinist and a prolific composer of symphonies, concertos, chamber music, &c.

³ *Bach, Johann Christian* (1735-82). He was the eighteenth child and eleventh son of J. S. Bach and settled in London, where he was active as opera and concert director, and as a popular composer.

all that its fame had made me expect: power will naturally arise from a great number of hands; but the judicious use of this power, on all occasions, must be the consequence of good discipline; indeed there are more solo players, and good composers in this, than perhaps in any other orchestra in Europe; it is an army of generals, equally fit to plan a battle, as to fight it.

But it has not been merely at the Elector's great opera that instrumental music has been so much cultivated and refined, but at his *concerts*, where this extraordinary band has 'ample room and verge enough,' to display all its powers, and to produce great effects without the impropriety of destroying the greater and more delicate beauties, peculiar to vocal music; it was here that Stamitz, stimulated by the productions of Jomelli,¹ first surpassed the bounds of common opera overtures, which had hitherto only served in the theatre as a kind of court cryer, with an 'O Yes!' in order to awaken attention, and bespeak silence, at the entrance of the singers. Since the discovery which the genius of Stamitz first made, every effect has been tried which such an aggregate of sound can produce; it was here that the *Crescendo* and *Diminuendo* had birth; and the *Piano*, which was before chiefly used as an echo, with which it was generally synonymous, as well as the *Forte*, were found to be musical *colours* which had their *shades*, as much as red or blue in painting.

I found, however, an imperfection in this band, common to all others, that I have ever yet heard, but which I was in hopes would be removed by men so attentive and so able; the defect, I mean, is the want of truth in the wind instruments. I know it is natural to those instruments to be out of tune, but some of that art and diligence which these great performers have manifested in vanquishing difficulties of other kinds, would surely be well employed in correcting this leaven, which so much sours and corrupts all harmony. This was too plainly the case to-night, with the bassoons and hautbois, which were rather too sharp, at the beginning, and continued growing sharper to the end of the opera.

My ears were unable to discover any other imperfection in the orchestra, throughout the whole performance; and this imperfection is so common to orchestras, in general, that the censure will not be very severe upon this, or afford much matter for triumph to the performers of any other orchestra in Europe.

The Elector, who is himself a very good performer on the German flute, and who can, occasionally, play his part upon the violoncello, has a concert in his palace every evening, when there is no public exhibition at his theatre; but when that happens, not only his own subjects, but all foreigners have admission gratis.

The going out from the opera at Schwetzingen, during summer, into the electoral gardens, which, in the French style, are extremely beautiful, affords

¹ *Jommelli, Niccolò* (1714-74). He was a member of the Neapolitan school of composers of which A. Scarlatti was the founder. His operas were celebrated. Burney met him at Naples (see *Italian Tour*, p. 258). He became a subscriber to Burney's *History of Music* but died just before the first volume appeared.

one of the gayest and most splendid sights imaginable; the country here is flat, and naked, and therefore would be less favourable to the free and open manner of laying out grounds in English horticulture, than to that which has been adopted. The orangery is larger than that at Versailles, and perhaps than any other in Europe.

His electoral highness's suite at Schwetzingen, during summer, amounts to fifteen hundred persons, who were all lodged in this little village, at his expence.

To a stranger walking through the streets of Schwetzingen, during summer, this place must seem to be inhabited only by a colony of musicians, who are constantly exercising their profession: at one house a fine player on the violin is heard; at another, a German flute; here an excellent hautbois; there a bassoon, a clarinet, a violoncello, or a concert of several instruments together. Music seems to be the chief and most constant of his electoral highness's amusements; and the operas, and concerts, to which all his subjects have admission, form the judgment, and establish a taste for music, throughout the electorate.

Ludwigsburg

It is no uncommon thing, in Germany, for a sovereign prince, upon a difference with his subjects, to abandon the ancient capital of his dominions, and to erect another at a small distance from it, which, in process of time, not only ruins the trade, but greatly diminishes the number of its inhabitants, by attracting them to his new residence: among the princes who come under this predicament, are the Elector of Cologne, removed to *Bonn*; the Elector Palatine, removed from Heidelberg, to *Mannheim*; and the duke of Würtemberg, from Stutgard to *Ludwigsburg*.

The ground upon which this town is built, is irregular and wild, yet it contains many fine streets, walks and houses. The country about it is not pleasant, but very fertile, especially in vines, producing a great quantity of what is called Neckar wine.

Though Stutgard [Stuttgart] is nominally the capital of the dutchy of Würtemberg, it has not, for ten years past, been the residence of its sovereign; and though the operas and musical establishments of this prince, used, during the seven years direction of Jomelli, to be the best and most splendid in Germany, they are now but the shadow of what they were. The Duke of Würtemberg has been accused of indulging his passion for music to such excess as to ruin both his country and people. And indeed, not long since, the expence of his operas so far exceeded the abilities of his subjects to support, that they remonstrated against his prodigality at the diet of the empire.¹

At present his highness seems oeconomising, having reformed his operas and orchestra, and reduced a great number of old performers to *half* pay: but

¹ Burney's criticisms of the immoderate musical passion of the Duke of Würtemberg understandably disappear in the German translation of the *Tour*.

as most musicians have too great souls to live upon their *whole* pay, be it what it will, this reduction of their pensions is regarded, by the principal of those in the service of this court, as a dismissal; so that those who have vendible talents, demand permission to retire, as fast as opportunities offer, for engaging themselves elsewhere.

The German courts are so much dazzled by their own splendor, as to be wholly blind to what is doing at the distance only of a day's journey among their neighbours; hence, I never found, in any of them, exactly what report had made me expect. Upon quitting Schwetzingen, I deviated somewhat from the direct road to Vienna in order to visit Ludwigsburg, at which place I was told I should not only find the duke of Würtemberg, but likewise hear fine operas, concerts, and great performers; but, alas! after being roasted alive, and jumbled to death, in a *wagen*, which the Germans call a post-chaise, for fourteen or fifteen hours, while I travelled seventy-five miles; when I came to Ludwigsburg, I found the information which I had received so far from exact, that the duke of Würtemberg was at Gravenic,¹ thirteen leagues off, and scarce a musician of eminence left in the town. However, I obtained an exact state of the present musical establishment of the Würtemberg court, stage and church.

The first *maestro di capella*, is Signor Boroni. The *soprano* voices are, Signora Bonani, and Seeman, Signor Muzio, and Signor Guerrieri, *Castrati*; *Contralti*, Rubinelli, and Paganelli. Among the tenors, the duke had last winter a great loss by the death of the admirable Cav. Ettori, who was reckoned, by the Italians, the best singer of his kind on the serious opera stage: there are eighteen violins, with Signor Lolli at their head, among the rest, are Curz, and Baglioni: this last is a very good player, and of the famous Bologna family; there are six tenors, three violoncellos, and four double bases; the principal organists are, Frederick Seeman, and Schubart; four hautbois, Alrich, Hitsch, Blesner, and Commeret; flutes, Steinhardt, a very good one, and Augustinelli; three horns; two bassoons, Schwartz, an admirable one, and Bart.

For the *Opera Buffa*, Signore Messieri,² Seeman, Liberati, Frigeri: Signori Messieri, Rossi, Cosimi, Liberati, and Righetti.

Dancers, male and female, thirty-two; principals, Balliby, Franchi, and Riva. Upwards of ninety persons are on the pension list for these operas; but many are kept in it long after they become unfit for service; and it is likewise swelled with the names of persons of no great importance, such as instrument-carriers, copyists, and bellows-blowers.

This prince had two new serious operas last winter, the one composed by Jomelli, and the other by Sacchini. The theatre is immense, and is open at the back of the stage, where there is an amphitheatre, in the open air, which is sometimes filled with people, to produce effects in perspective; it is built, as are all the theatres which I had yet seen in Germany, upon the Italian model.

The duke of Würtemberg, who is so expensive in the music of his court

¹ Schloss Grafeneck, in the Bavarian Alps.

² 1st ed.: Bonani.

and theatres, has no other instruments among his troops, that I heard, than trumpets, drums, and fifes. The most shining parts of a German court, are usually its *military*, its *music*, and its *hunt*. In this last article the expence is generally enormous; immense forests and parks, set apart for a prince's amusement, at the expence of agriculture, commerce, and, indeed, the necessities of life, keep vast tracts of land uncultivated, and his subjects in beggary.

The soldiery of this prince's present capital are so numerous, consisting never of less than six thousand in time of peace, that nothing like a gentleman can be seen in the streets, except officers. The soldiers seem disciplined into clock-work. I never saw such mechanical exactness in animated beings. One would suppose that the author of '*Man a Machine*'¹ had taken his idea from these men: their appearance, however, is very formidable; black whiskers, white peruques, with curls at the sides, six deep: blue coats, patched, and mended with great ingenuity and diligence. There are two spacious courts, one before, and one within the palace, full of military.

This prince, who is himself a good player on the harpsichord, had, at one time, in his service, three of the greatest performers on the violin in Europe, Ferari, Nardini, and Lolli, on the hautbois, the two Plas, a famous bassoon, Schwartz who is still here; and Walther, on the French horn; with Jomelli to compose; and the best serious and comic singers of Italy. At present, indeed, his list of musicians is not so splendid; however, his oeconomy is, I believe, more in appearance than reality; for at *Solitude*, a favourite summer palace, he has, at an enormous expence, established a school of arts, or Conservatorio, for the education of two hundred poor and deserted children of talents; of these a great number are taught music, and from these he has already drawn several excellent vocal and instrumental performers, for his theatre: some are taught the learned languages, and cultivate poetry; others, acting and dancing. Among the singers, there are at present fifteen Castrati,² the court having in its service two Bologna surgeons, expert in this vocal manufacture. At Ludwigsburg there is likewise a Conservatorio for a hundred girls, who are educated in the same manner, and for the same purposes; the building constructed at *Solitude*, for the reception of the boys, has a front of six or seven hundred feet.

It is the favourite amusement of the duke of Würtemberg to visit this school; to see the children dine, and take their lessons. His passion for music and shews, seems as strong as that of the emperor Nero was formerly. It is, perhaps, upon such occasions as these, that music becomes a vice, and hurtful to society; for that nation, of which half the subjects are stage-players, fiddlers, and soldiers, and the other half beggars, seems to be but ill-governed. Here nothing is talked of but the adventures of actors, dancers, and musicians.—In this article I have perhaps gone beyond my *last*.

¹ '*Man a Machine*'. This book, published anonymously in London in 1749, was attributed to Jean Baptiste de Boyer, Marquis d'Argens, who, however, repudiated the authorship.

² *Castrati*. In Italy Burney had met with great reticence as to where the surgical operation was performed (see *Italian Tour*, p. 247). In Germany, apparently, no secrecy was practised.

C. F. D. Schubart

I can proceed no further in my account of this place, without making my acknowledgments to M. Schubart,¹ organist of the Lutheran church: he was the first real great harpsichord player that I had hitherto met with in Germany, as well as the first who seemed to think the object of my journey was, in some measure, a national concern. I travelled not as a musician usually travels, to *get* money, but to *spend* it,² in search of musical merit and talents, wherever I could find them, in order to display them to my countrymen. M. Schubart seemed sensible of this, and took all possible pains to please my ears, as well as to satisfy my mind. He is formed on the Bach school; but is an enthusiast, an original in genius. Many of his pieces are printed in Holland; they are full of taste and fire. He played on the Clavichord, with great delicacy and expression; his finger is brilliant, and fancy rich; he is in possession of a perfect double shake, which is obtained but by few harpsichord players.

He was some time organist of Ulm, where he had a fine instrument to play on; but here he has a most wretched one. His merit is but little known where he is at present planted: the common people think him mad, and the rest overlook him.

We communicated our thoughts to each other in a singular manner: I was not, as yet, able to keep pace with his ideas, or my own impatience to know them, in German; and he could neither speak French nor Italian, but could converse in Latin very fluently, having been originally intended for the church; and it amazed me to find, with what quickness and facility he expressed whatever he would, in Latin; it was literally, a living language in his hands. I gave him the plan of my History of Music to read, in German; and, to convince me, that he clearly understood my meaning, he translated it, that is, read it aloud to me in Latin, at first sight. My pronunciation of Latin, if I had been accustomed to speak it, would not have been intelligible to him; but as he understood Italian, though he could not speak it, our conversation was carried on in two different languages, Latin and Italian; so that the questions that were asked in one of these tongues, were answered in the other. In this manner we kept on a loquacious intercourse the whole day, during which, he not only played a great deal on the Harpsichord, Organ, Piano forte, and Clavichord; but shewed me the theatre, and all the curiosities of Ludwigsburg, as well as wrote down for me, a character of all the musicians of that court and city.

¹ *Schubart, Christian Friedrich Daniel* (1739-91). He is said to have had little musical training. He had been organist at Ludwigsburg for about three years when Burney met him and later he had positions at Mannheim, Munich, Augsburg, Ulm, and Stuttgart, at the last of which he directed the court theatre. He was several times imprisoned for various offences: his autobiography was written in prison and published after his death by his son, who also published other of his literary works. He was a poet, and four of Schubert's songs (*Die Forelle*, &c.) are settings of his poems.

² *Not to get money, but to spend it.* Bode (Ger. ed. iii. 292) has the petulant note: "This is very generous towards the German nation—if we were not a little slow to believe it! It is thus also quite out of simple generosity, to distribute money and not to earn it, that Herr Burney has printed two volumes of his German travels."

And, in the evening, he had the attention to collect together, at his house three or four boors, in order to let me hear them play and sing *national music*, concerning which, I had expressed great curiosity.

An Orrery

The public library here has not been formed many years, and is as yet not very rich in manuscripts, or ancient books; the history professor and librarian M. Urot, a native of France, was very polite, and took great pains to satisfy my curiosity, particularly, in shewing me a very extraordinary astronomical machine or orrery, which M. Hahn, minister at Onstmettigen, in the bailiwick of Balingen, invented and executed, in the space of eighteen months, and which his serene highness the duke of Würtemberg has purchased for the public library.

It is composed of three parts, that are put in motion by the weights of a common clock, which is wound up every eight days, and whose *pendulum* vibrates seconds.

In the middle part are three dials, placed perpendicularly.

The upper one simply marks hours, and minutes.

The next, in which are fixed the signs of the zodiac, indicates the hours of the day, the days of the week, and the days of the month, without its ever being necessary to regulate the index, for the unequal number of days in different months.

And the last dial, upon the great circle, on which are distinguished, the centuries of 8000 years, has two principal indices, one of which points out the present century, and the other, the present year.

Of the two collateral parts of this machine, that on the right hand represents the Copernican system; and that on the left, the apparent course of the heavenly bodies. These parts are put in motion, by the principal spring of the clock in the middle, and correspond so perfectly that no variation in their movements, or in the different aspects of the heavenly bodies has ever been discovered; and both have been found constantly conformable to the calculations of the most exact ephemeris.

This whole machine is so constructed, that without any risk of putting it out of order, or spoiling it, the reciprocal positions of the planets and constellations, such as they *will* be in any future minute, or such as they *have* been, in any one that is past, may be seen; the past, present, and future; and is, not only an orrery for these times, but a perpetual, accurate, and minute history of the heavens for all ages.

The description of this piece of mechanism, by professor Vischer, librarian of the public library, taken from the writings and experiments of the inventor, M. Hahn, will give the public a more perfect idea than I am able to do of this amazing machine, which in Germany, is greatly admired by the learned in astronomy and mechanics.¹

¹ This description was published at Stuttgart, in the German language, in 1770. It contains twenty-eight pages, in quarto, and has for title, *Beschreibung einer Astronomischen Maschine, welche sich in der öffentlichen Herzoglichen Bibliothek zu Ludwigsburg befindet* (B).

Ulm and Augsburg

(14-15 AUGUST)

Ulm

I cannot say much for the beauty of this old city; however, its cathedral is one of the largest, highest, and best preserved Gothic buildings I have seen. Its organ is so much celebrated by travellers, for size and goodness, that it excited in me a great desire to see and examine it; but I was somewhat disappointed in finding it neither so ancient, so large, nor so full of stops, as I expected. It was built but thirty-eight years ago; the builder, M. Schmahl, is still living, and he and his son, who were cleaning it, were so obliging as to furnish me with an account of its contents.

The Gallery, and ornaments of this instrument, are a hundred and fifty feet high; it contains forty-five stops, three sets of keys, and pedals; the largest pipes are sixteen feet long, and the sum total of pipes amounts to 3442.

The German flute in this organ seems the best of the solo stops, the reed-work is pretty good, but there is no swell.

The present organist is not reckoned a great player; and I could not find, upon enquiry, that this city is now in possession of one capital performer upon any instrument.

Ulm used to be famous for its company of *Meistersängers*,¹ or *Laudista*, like that at Florence; but this society now no longer subsists.

My nearest and cheapest way, from hence to Vienna, would have been down the Danube, which is a passage of 600 miles by water; but I could not resist the desire of seeing Augsburg and Munich, or indeed reconcile to myself the neglect of those two cities, which had so fair a claim to my notice among the principal places in Germany. I therefore determined to cross, not descend, the Danube, in order to visit

Augsburg

I arrived here on Saturday morning, the 15th August, about seven o'clock, after travelling all night, and luckily went to the cathedral between eight and nine, where I heard part of a German sermon, and a mass, in music,

¹ *Meistersänger*. In the first edition of the book Burney had here used the word *Minnesänger*, which called down upon him the (for once) justified strictures of Bode (Ger. ed. iii. 293). But in fact neither the medieval singers of courtly love nor the Ulm tradesmen-poets had much in common with the Italian religious singing-confraternity (for whom see *Italian Tour*, p. 171).

performed by two choirs;¹ being a festival, the church was very much crowded. It is a small and ordinary building, but richly and tawdrily ornamented; there are, however, two large and elegant organs, one on each side the west end of the choir. One of these was well played, but in a way more masterly than pleasing; the rage for crude, equivocal, and affected modulation, which now prevails generally all over Germany, renders voluntary playing so unnatural, that it is a perpetual disappointment and torture to the ear; which is never to expect any thing that comes, or to have one discord resolved, but by another. A little of this high sauce, discreetly used, produces great and surprising effects; but, for ever to be seeking for far-fetched and extraneous harmony, is giving a man that is hungry, nothing but *Chian*² to eat, instead of plain and wholesome food.

The music of the mass was in a good style; there was an agreeable mixture of ancient and modern, and some of the vocal parts were pleasingly performed; particularly by two boys and a tenor, whose voices were good, and who had several solo verses and duets given them; and from what I heard this day, I was confirmed in my opinion, that, except the Italian, the German manner of singing is less vicious and vulgar, than that of any other people in Europe. A *solo concerto* was introduced on the violin, in the course of the service, which, though difficult, was neatly executed. The rest of the violins were weak and ordinary.

There was a rude and barbarous flourish of trumpets at the elevation of the Host, which was what I had never heard before, except at Antwerp.

Having been told, that M. Seyfurth,³ the cantor, a celebrated singer, and scholar of M. C. P. E. Bach,⁴ to whom I had letters, was out of town, I stayed but a short time at Augsburg; for, to say the truth, I was somewhat tired of going to imperial cities after music; as I seldom found any thing but the organ and organist worth attending to, and not always them; for they, like those in our country towns, are sometimes good, and sometimes bad. These cities are not rich, and therefore have not the folly to support their theatres at a great expence. The fine arts are children of affluence and luxury; in despotic governments they render power less insupportable, and diversion from thought is perhaps as necessary as from action. Whoever therefore seeks music in Germany, should do it at the several courts, not in the free imperial cities, which are generally inhabited by poor industrious people, whose genius is chilled and repressed by penury; who can bestow nothing on vain pomp or luxury; but think themselves happy, in the possession of necessities. The residence of a sovereign prince, on the contrary, besides the

¹ This church is in the possession of the Catholics, one half of the inhabitants of this free city are Protestants, who have not only churches allowed them, but also an equal share in the government (B).

² *Chian*. Cayenne pepper.

³ *M. Seyfurth*. Possibly Johann Gottfried Seifert (born at Augsburg in 1731), who succeeded his father as cantor in 1766. He was not, however, a singer. He died in December 1772.

⁴ *C. P. E. Bach*. Burney was to spend some time in his company, in the happiest manner, when he reached Hamburg (see pp. 211 ff).

musicians in ordinary of the court, church and stage, swarms with pensioners and expectants, who have however few opportunities of being heard.

Augsburg is a very large and fine old city; some of the houses are whimsically pretty, from the manner in which they are plaistered and ornamented, and a few of the streets are rather wide; but the generality of the houses have their gable ends in front, as in the Netherlands. The town-house, with some of the spires, are well worth seeing; and at going out on the Munich side, there is a very fine building, just constructed, for the use of a cotton manufactory, which is of an immense size, and in a pleasing style of architecture.

The head dress of the women here is very singular; they wear a kind of gold skull-cap; some a broad border of gold lace, and the rest filled up by work in different colours, but mostly all gold embroidery; and here, as well as throughout Bavaria, the Roman catholic women constantly walk the streets with a rosary in their hands, which is a fashion and ornament here as much as an implement of devotion.

A distressing adventure

I was much distressed during my short stay in this city, by the following adventure. I had sent my servant, and, at present, my interpreter, Pierre, a Liegeois, that I had brought with me from Antwerp, to enquire out, while the mass was performing, the habitation of M. Seyfurth, to whom I had been recommended by a friend at Hamburg. I had desired him to return to the church when he had executed his commission, in order to conduct me back to my inn. I waited patiently till ten o'clock, when all the music was over, but no Pierre! I walked about the church, till I was tired, and ashamed to stay longer, but no Pierre! I walked round the church, and up and down the streets in sight of it, for I durst venture no farther, not knowing even the *name* of my inn; and I had, indeed, very little language in which to explain my situation to these cold, and, in appearance, surly people. What could I do, but return to the church and walk about again? this I did till past two o'clock, when I feared being suspected as a stranger, of a design to rob the church of some of its treasures; but no Pierre! at length I was compelled to take courage, and try to make my circumstances known: I perused every idle countenance to discover good nature in it. I accosted several in vain, till an old beggarman applied to me for relief; I gave him two or three *creuzers*, and thought that 'one good turn deserved another.' I recollected the having been set down by the post-wagen, on my arrival, at a post-house: there are several in large German cities. *Welches ist der Weg nach dem Posthaus guter Freund?*¹ here was a gibble-gabble, which ended with, *die Briefe?* meaning was it the post-house for letters? *Nein*, said I, *der Postwagen nach Ulm gehet hierab.*² *Ja, ja, ich verstehe Sie.*³ At length we found this house; but

¹ 'Which is the way to the post-house, my good friend?'

² 'No', said I, 'the Post Waggon to Ulm goes from it.'

³ 'Yes, yes, I understand you.' (B)

then I knew not either what to say or do. I blundered out as well as I could, that I wanted the *Gaus* where my baggage had been carried in the morning. But could not recollect the word *Wirths*, an inn; it turned out to be the Lamb, *das Lamm*, and when I found it, my joy was as great as that of a good christian pilgrim would have been in a Pagan country, at the sight of an *Agnus Dei*. Where should the faithful Pierre, my honest Liegeois, have been all this while, but on his bed, comfortably and fast asleep? And I did not discover, till two months after, that he had never sought Mr. Seyfurth, to whom I had sent him, but had deemed it easier to find a bed, and to make me believe he was out of town, than to wear out his shoes in strolling about a strange place, after a person, with whom he had no business which concerned himself. But, in order to make the disappointment somewhat more palatable to me, he said, that the gentleman was only gone to Munich, for a few days, and that I should certainly find him there.

Munich and Nymphenburg

(16-24 AUGUST)

Munich

I was amply rewarded for the trouble I took in visiting this city, as I not only found in it materials of great importance to my History, but a great number of modern musicians of the first class, whose performance and conversation were delightful and instructive. I had likewise the honour of being well received, and even assisted in my enquiries, by persons of all ranks; a happiness for which I am greatly indebted to the friendly and active zeal of our minister at this court, M. de Visme, whose learning, knowledge, and experience, joined to a steady benevolence and hospitality, all conspired to render my residence at Munich both profitable and pleasant.

I arrived here on Sunday morning, the 16th August. The first thing I did was to wait on M. de Visme, with my credentials, that is, my recommendatory letters; which having read, and received a more particular information of the object of my journey from myself, he sent immediately to Signor Don Panzachi,¹ an excellent tenor singer, of the Elector of Bavaria's serious opera, who having resided several years in this city, was well qualified to inform me of such persons as were best worth hearing and conversing with; and he gave every day, during my residence here, proofs of his zeal and intelligence. I was likewise indebted to this gentleman for a very particular account of the music of Spain, where he had resided nine years; and he was not only so kind as to lend me many curious Spanish books, on the subject of music, but to sing me several *Tonadillas*² and *Seguidillas*,³ which he is said, by persons who have been in Spain, to do as well, that is, as truly, as is possible for one not a native of that country.

I was fortunate to find here, Signor Guadagni,⁴ and Signora Mingotti,⁵ who both rendered me very singular services, in the most polite and agreeable

¹ *Panzacchi, Domenico* (1733-1805). He was one of the best tenors of his period.

² *Tonadilla*. A cantata with vocal solos and usually choral and instrumental movements. Such were used as intermezzi in the theatres.

³ *Seguidilla*. An ancient Spanish dance, much like a bolero but quicker. It had a good deal of singing and the use of the castanets was a feature.

⁴ *Guadagni, Gaetano* (c. 1725-92). The famous castrato contralto (later soprano) whom Burney knew in London in 1748-53 and again there in 1769-71. See *Italian Tour*, p. 103.

⁵ *Mingotti, Regina* (née Valentin: born at Naples in 1722 and died at Neuburg, on the Danube, in 1808). Her travels were wide and her fame great, for she was considered to be a rival of Faustina Hasse. She was in Munich from 1763 to 1787. For a sketch of her life see pp. 54 ff.

manner; and I was the more flattered and pleased by their attention, as they are performers of such high rank, who have seen so much service, and by whose great abilities, in their profession, I have been so frequently delighted in England. They both profess the highest respect, gratitude, and reverence for individuals in England, but make great complaints against the public, with what reason I shall not pretend to determine, as it is not my intention to fight the battles o'er again, of two such able champions: I own myself, however, so partial to talents, wherever I find them, that when they are attacked, I constantly incline to their side.

Guadagni complains of illiberal treatment from the public, who, when he sung in the opera of *Orfeo*, merely to oblige them, and Sir W. W. without fee or reward, hissed him for going off the stage, when he was encored, with no other design than to *return in character*.¹

Signora Mingotti says too, that she was frequently hissed by the English, for having the tooth-ach, a cold, or a fever, to which the good people of England will readily allow every human being is liable, except an actor or a singer. I know that the public are infidels in these matters, and with reason, as their hearts are hardened by repeated imposition; but, however, notwithstanding the many *pseudo* colds and fevers among theatrical performers, it is just possible for these people to have *real* disorders, otherwise they would bid fair for immortality.

Signor Guadagni came to Munich from Verona, with the Electress dowager of Saxony, sister to this Elector, and daughter of the emperor Charles the seventh. This princess is celebrated all over Europe for her talents, and the progress she has made in the arts, of which she is a constant protectress.

Her highness is a poetess, a paintress, and so able a musician, that she plays, sings, and composes, in a manner which *Dilettanti* seldom arrive at. She has, among other things, written in Italian, two operas, which she had herself set to music, *Talestri*, and *il Trionfo della Fedeltà*; both are printed in Score, at Leipsic, and are much admired all over Germany, where they have frequently been performed. This is bringing about a reconciliation between music and poetry, which have so long been at variance, and separated. Among the ancients, the poet and musician were constantly united in the same person; but modern times have few examples of such a junction, except in this princess, and in M. Rousseau, who was not only the author of the poetry, but of the music of his little drama, the *Devin du village*.²

The first singer in the serious opera here is Signor Rauzzini,³ a young Roman performer, of singular merit, who has been six years in the service of

¹ *Orfeo*. This is Gluck's opera of that name. Burney in his *History* has some account of the unpopularity Guadagni incurred by 'his determined spirit of supporting the dignity and propriety of his dramatic character' so that 'at length he never appeared without being hissed'. *Orfeo* was first performed in London in 1770.

² *Le Devin du village* ('The Village Soothsayer'). The first English performance (by Garrick) was of Burney's translation (as 'The Cunning-man', 1766). See *GDB*, i. 107-17.

³ *Rauzzini, Venanzio* (1746-1810). Male soprano of high reputation as singer and actor and also of repute as composer. He later settled in London and then in Bath. (For his brother Matteo see p. 53.)

this court; but is engaged to sing in an opera composed by young Mozart,¹ at the next carnival at Milan; he is not only a charming singer, a pleasing figure, and a good actor; but a more excellent contrapuntist, and performer on the harpsichord, than a singer is usually allowed to be, as all kind of application to the harpsichord, or composition, is supposed, by the Italians, to be prejudicial to the voice. Signor Rauzzini has set two or three comic operas here which have been very much approved; and he shewed and sung to me several airs of a serious cast, that were well written, and in an exquisite taste.

The day after my arrival, I had the pleasure of dining with Guadagni, Rauzzini, and Ravanni,² an Italian counter-tenor, in the service of this court, and after dinner, of hearing them sing trios most divinely.

At night I went with them to the comic opera, at the little theatre; at which were the Elector, the Electress, the Electress dowager of Saxony, the Margrave of Baden, and the Duchess of Bavaria; the piece was called *l'Amore senza Malizia*, and was set by Signor Ottane, of Bologna, a scholar of Padre Martini, mentioned in my musical journey. Signora Lodi, who performed the principal woman's part, pleased me much by the clearness and brilliancy of her voice, as well as by her elegant manner of singing and acting; if there is any defect in her voice, it is that sometimes it meets with a little obstruction in the throat; and one would wish that she had, as to person, a little less *embonpoint*. There was a tenor in this opera, a German, M. Adamont, whose voice and manner of singing were very pleasing; and a Baritono, Signor Guglielmini, a man whose action and humour make some amends for a total want of voice. After the opera, I supped with the same company which I had dined with, and was again delighted with trios, sung in such a way, as one never can hope to hear in public, and the chances are many against it in private.

The library of the Elector is more rich in old musical authors, and in old compositions, than any one that I have yet seen in Europe. M. de Visme, the day after my arrival, not only sent his secretary with me to the librarian, in the morning, but did me the honour of going to the library with me himself after dinner.

The books I wanted were not classed under one head, in the general catalogue, but mixt with mathematics and other arts; it was necessary, therefore, before I began to seek, and examine these books, to draw them out of the miscellaneous catalogue: the reader will form some judgment of the number of musical authors, when he is informed that the list of their works only, when extracted from the rest, filled near twenty large folio sheets of paper; and these are chiefly confined to the sixteenth century. There were few books of any kind printed in the fifteenth, and since the sixteenth this

¹ Young Mozart was then aged sixteen and a half. Burney must have heard him in London eight years before and he also met him in Italy in Bologna (see *Italian Tour*, p. 162). The opera mentioned was his *Lucio Silla*, K. 135, performed in Milan in December 1772.

² Ravanni, Gaetano (born at Brescia in 1744 and died some time after 1812, probably at Munich). After some years of success in various Italian cities he was engaged by the Elector of Bavaria and settled in Munich.

library has received but a small augmentation; in the chapel, however, there is an immense quantity of manuscript music, from the earliest time of counterpoint to the present.

Nymphenburg

During summer the court usually resides here; it is a magnificent *Chateau*, belonging to the Elector, three miles from Munich, where the principal musicians attend, and where his serene highness has a concert every evening.

On my arrival at Munich I had the pleasure of meeting with M. Naumann, the celebrated *maestro di capella* of the Elector of Saxony, who was brought up in Italy, and who was now on his way thither, to compose an opera for Venice, and another for Naples. He did me the favour to call on me, and to carry me, on Wednesday morning, to Nymphenburg, where I was engaged to dine with Signor Guadagni. During our ride I obtained from M. Naumann an account of the present state of music in Saxony, from which court he was just come. At Nymphenburg he attended the rehearsals of the Electress dowager of Saxony's opera of *Talestri*, which was on the point of being performed at court, and in which Signor Guadagni was to sing. Here I found M. Kröner,¹ the Elector's first violin, Rauzzini, and Panzachi, who, as well as M. Naumann and myself, dined with Guadagni.

The gardens of this *Chateau* are reckoned the finest in Germany, and are really as beautiful as they can be made, with innumerable fountains, canals, *jets d'eau*, cascades, alleys, bosquets, strait rows of trees, and woods, where, 'Grove nods at grove,' in the true French style.

There is a beautiful porcelain manufacture at Nymphenburg, which the Bavarians say rivals that of Dresden.

Upon my arrival here, I was informed by Signor Guadagni that he had mentioned me, and the business I was upon, to the Electress dowager of Saxony, and to the Elector, and had arranged every thing for my being presented to that princess before dinner, and to his Electoral highness, and the rest of the family, afterwards. Accordingly, about half an hour past one, a page came to acquaint us that the Electress dowager was ready to receive us; and I was conducted through a great number of most magnificent apartments, by Signor Guadagni, to an anti-chamber, where we waited but a very short time, before the Electress entered the *Salle d'Audience*, into which we were called, and I was very graciously received.

I had enquired into the *Etiquette* of this ceremonial: I was to bend the left knee upon being admitted to the honour of kissing her hand; after this was over, her highness entered into conversation with me in the most condescending and easy manner imaginable; she was pleased to speak very favourably of my undertaking, and to add, 'that it was not only doing honour to

¹ *M. Kröner*. Probably Franz (d. 1780), one of a numerous family of Bavarian musicians, nearly all in the service of the Elector of Bavaria. He led the orchestra for twenty-four years, and composed gamba sonatas for the Elector at so much per dozen.

music, but to myself, as she believed I was the only modern historian who thought it necessary to travel, in order to gain information at the source, without contenting myself with second-hand, and hear-say accounts.' This strong compliment, joined to her gracious and pleasing manner, took off all restraint; she was just returned from Italy, where, she said, that 'By the great hurry and fatigue of travelling and talking loud, as is customary at the *Conversazioni* there, she had almost totally lost her voice, which had been much debilitated before, by having had a numerous family, and several very severe fits of sickness.'

Guadagni had told me that her highness spoke English pretty well, and understood it perfectly. I ventured, after some time, to entreat her to converse in the language of my country, which, I had been informed, she had honoured so far as to study. She complied with my request, for a short time, and spoke very intelligibly; but said that she had learned it from an Irishman, who had given her a vicious pronunciation; which, with the few opportunities she had for practice, made it impossible for her to speak well; but added, that she both read and wrote English constantly every day, and had great pleasure in the perusal of our authors.

I then said that I had seen a great work, both in poetry and music, by her highness, in England, meaning her opera of *Talestri* in which she had united those arts which had been so long separated. This produced a musical conversation, which I wanted, and in the course of it she said that she could not possibly sit idle; hers was an active mind, and since she had ceased to have matters of more importance upon her hands, she had attached herself seriously to the arts. She then asked my opinion of the comparative merit of Guadagni, and several great singers of Italy: he was out of hearing. She said that Guadagni sung with much art, as well as feeling; and had the great secret of hiding defects.

She told me that she would try to prevail upon her brother, the Elector, to play on the *Viol da gamba* at night; adding, that he was a good performer, for one who was not a professor; but that we had a very great player upon that instrument in England, M. Abel,¹ with whom I must not compare him; and added, *nous autres*, 'We, who are only *Dilettanti*, can never expect to equal masters; for, with the same genius, we want application and experience.' After this, and some farther conversation, I had again the honour, when I retired, of kissing her hand.

After dining at Guadagni's, I was carried into the *grande salle*, where the Elector, his family, and his court dined, and were still at table. It is one of the finest rooms I ever saw. I was glad to find M. de Visme of the company; he had been so kind as to speak of me to the Elector, and to the Electress dowager of Saxony, which, with what Guadagni had already done, prepared

¹ *Abel, Karl Friedrich* (1723-87). He was long said to have been a pupil of Bach at Leipzig. He settled in London, where he was joined in 1762 by Johann Christian Bach, the two living together and giving joint concerts. There is a long and interesting account of him in Burney's *History*, Book IV, ch. xii.

everything for my reception; so that when his highness got up from table, his sister of Saxony treated me as one descended from the *Saxon Race*. For as soon as she had discovered that I was in the room, she mentioned me to the Elector, and brought him towards me. Here I had the honour to kiss his hand, and had a short conversation with him. I was then presented to the Electress, and the Margravine of Baden; after which I returned to the Elector and his sister, the Electress dowager, and had a long conversation with them.

The Elector is a very handsome and gracious prince, has an elegant appearance, and a figure which is neither too fat, too lean, too tall, nor too short, if I was not too much dazzled by his condescension, to see any of his defects. He told his sister that he supposed I could not speak German, and that she, therefore, who spoke English, must serve as my interpreter; but she said that as I spoke French and Italian, there was no occasion for that slow method of conversation. Upon which his highness began to talk to me in French. He told me that mine was a very uncommon journey, and asked, if I was satisfied with what materials I had hitherto found. This afforded me an opportunity of telling him, what was most true, that in point of books on my subject, and ancient music, I had as yet met with nothing equal to his electoral highness's library; and I had reason, from the reputation of the performers, and eminent musicians in his service, to expect great satisfaction, as to modern practical music. You will hear some of them to-night, said the Electress dowager, and I hope my brother will play, who, for one that is not a professor, sometimes plays very well. The Elector, in revenge, told me, that his sister was both a composer and a singer.

At this time some wild beasts were brought to the palace gates, which all the company running to see, put an end, for the present, to our conversation.

This was wholly a musical day; for after dinner, even in seeing the gardens and buildings, Guadagni and Rauzzini sung a great part of the time, particularly in the bath, where there was an excellent room for music; here they went successfully through all Tartini's experiments, in order, by sustaining with their voices two consonant intervals, to produce a *third sound*, which is generated in the air, and is their true fundamental base.

The Elector's concert

At eight o'clock the Elector's band assembled, for his private concert. The Electress of Bavaria, and the ladies of the court were at cards, in the music room: the concert was begun by two symphonies of Schwindl;¹ M. Kröner, who played the first violin, is rather a bold leader of an orchestra than a solo player. The first song was sung by Signor Panzachi, who has a good tenor voice, a pleasing expression, and a facility of execution: he is likewise said to be an admirable actor.

After this song, the Electress dowager of Saxony sung a whole scene in her own opera of *Talestri*; M. Naumann accompanied her on the harpsichord

¹ *Schwindl, Friedrich* (1737-86). See p. 234.

and the Elector played the violin with Kröner. She sung in a truly fine style; her voice is very weak, but she never forces it, or sings out of tune. She spoke the recitative, which was an accompanied one, very well in the way of great old singers of better times. She had been a long while a scholar of Porpora,¹ who lived many years at Dresden, in the service of her father-in-law, Augustus, king of Poland. This recitative was as well written as it was well expressed; the air was an *Andante*, rich in harmony, somewhat in the way of Handel's best opera songs in that time. Though there were but few violins, in this concert they were too powerful for the voice, which is a fault that all the singers of this place complain of.

After this the Elector played one of Schwindl's trios on his *Viol da gamba*, charmingly: except Mr. Abel, I never heard so fine a player on that instrument; his hand is firm and brilliant, his taste and expression are admirable, his steadiness in time, such as a *Dilettanti* is seldom possessed of.

Rauzzini had, in an obliging manner thrown himself in the Elector's way, on purpose to be asked to sing, that I might hear him, which I had expressed a great desire to do, with a band: for though he is first singer, at the serious opera, in winter, yet he never performs at the summer concerts, unless particularly desired. He sung an air of his own composition admirably well; then Guadagni sung a pathetic air by Traetta,² with his usual grace and expression, but with more voice than he had when in England.

The concert concluded with another piece, performed by the Elector, with still more taste and expression than the first, especially the *Adagio*. I could not praise it sufficiently; it would really have been thought excellently well performed, if, instead of a great prince, he had been a musician by profession. I could only tell his highness, that I was astonished as much as if I had never before heard how great a performer he was.

Royal condescension

After this, his highness and the court supped in the same great hall and public manner in which they had dined. I went with Guadagni, and the rest of the principal performers, to make my court during the supper. The Elector was pleased to speak a considerable time to Guadagni, concerning my future History of Music; which encouraged me to entreat his highness, to honour me with a piece of his composition as I had been informed by all the musicians of this place, that he had composed several excellent things for the church, particularly, a *Stabat Mater*: he agreed to give me a *Litany*, provided I would not print it; but Guadagni quite teased him to let me have the *Stabat Mater*, as he said, it was the best of all his musical productions; and even a promise of this was granted before my departure.³

¹ *Porpora, Nicola* (1686–1766). 'The greatest singing-master who ever lived', as he is generally considered. He was in Dresden for some time from 1747. He composed many operas and other works.

² *Traetta, Tommaso* (1727–79). His operas (a long list) had great success in various Italian cities and he spent periods in Russia and in London. See also p. 167.

³ Both these compositions were transcribed for me, after I left Munich, and delivered to M. de Visme, by whose care and kindness they have been since transmitted to me in London (B).

The lords in waiting offered us refreshments; and the Elector condescended to ask Guadagni, if he gave a supper to the Englishman, and his other company? meaning Panzachi, Rauzzini, and Naumann; he answered, that he should give us bread and cheese, and a glass of wine. 'Here,' cried the Elector, emptying two dishes of game on a plate, 'send that to your apartments.' His highness was implicitly obeyed. We supped together, after which I returned to Munich, abundantly flattered and satisfied with the events of the day.

Munich

The next morning was spent in the library. I had afterwards the pleasure of dining with Signora Mingotti, who invited to meet me, father Kenedy, a worthy Scotsman, of real parts and learning. After dinner, a long and spirited conversation took place; for the lady is animated, eloquent, and well informed: she related her adventures in Spain, and other parts of the world, and interspersed them with reflections concerning music, upon which it is impossible to hear her speak unimproved, as she treats the subject with uncommon depth, precision, and perspicuity.

From hence I went to see the Elector's theatre, where his serious operas are performed in winter. It is not large, having but four rows of boxes, fifteen in each; but it is more richly fitted up, than any that I had ever seen.

On Thursday, father Kenedy was so obliging, as to carry me to the academy, where he shewed me all that was worthy of notice, in machines, mathematical instruments, models, minerals, fossils, and other curiosities, but what most attracted my attention, as coming nearest to my *business*, if not my *bosom*, was a collection of thirty-six thousand tracts and dissertations on different subjects, bound up in near nine hundred volumes; they were bought for the present Elector, at Leipsic. There is an index of authors, but as yet, none completed of things; there is one begun, but it goes no farther than the letter M, and this father Kenedy, who is at the head of the academy, was so obliging as to lend me. This institution has not been founded above eleven years; however, several volumes of its Transactions are already printed, and it seems, at present, to be carried on with spirit.

A music school

To-day I had the honour of dining with M. de Visme, who after dinner, was so kind as to go with me to the Jesuits college, where I had a very particular enquiry to make, which not only concerned the History of Music, but its present state. In my progress through Germany, I had frequently heard music performed in the churches, and streets, by *poor scholars*, as they were always called, but never could make out how, or by whom they were taught, till my arrival here. M. de Visme, who neglected to inform me of nothing, which in the least related to my design, told me, that there was a *music school* at the Jesuits college. This awakened my curiosity, and made me

suspect, that it was a kind of *Conservatorio*; and, upon a more minute enquiry, I found, that the *poor scholars* whom I had heard sing, in so many different parts of Germany, had been taught, in each place, where the Roman Catholic religion prevailed, at the Jesuits college; and, further, I was informed, that in all the towns throughout the empire, where the Jesuits have a church or college, young persons are taught to play upon musical instruments, and to sing. Many musicians have been brought up here, who afterwards have rendered themselves eminent. This will in some measure account for the great number of musicians, with which Germany abounds, as well as for the national taste and passion for music. The music school in Munich takes in eighty children, at about eleven or twelve years old; they are taught music, reading, and writing, and are boarded, but not clothed. A Jesuit, to whom we applied for information, promised to write down, in Latin, an account of this foundation, as far as it might be necessary to the History of Music in Germany, and to send it to M. de Visme next day; and he kept his word. The boys that are admitted here, in order to be taught music, must play upon some instrument, or know something of the art, to qualify them for admittance. They are kept in the college till twenty years of age; and, during the time of their residence there, they are taught by masters of the town, not by the Jesuits themselves.

There are others, under the denomination of *poor scholars*, who are intended for the church, and who are taught the learned languages, mathematics, and theology.

Such are the means by which poor children acquire musical instructions in those parts of Germany where the Roman catholic religion prevails; I shall have occasion in future to speak of institutions somewhat similar, in Protestant states.

From hence I went to the burletta of *Le Finte Gemelli, Farza per musica, à quattro voci*, set by Matteo Rauzzini,¹ brother to the singer of that name, a young man of only eighteen years of age. The music was most of it common, but pretty, and in good taste. The Lodi sung charmingly; her voice and figure would make her a capital singer in a serious opera, if she were well taught. Her voice wants only a little more room in its passage through the throat; in everything else, she is admirable; having a pretty figure, a good expression, and an exquisite manner of taking *appogiature*.

The second singer of this company, Signora Manservisi, deserves to be mentioned; her figure is agreeable, her voice, though not strong, is well-toned, she has nothing vulgar in her manner, sings in tune, and never gives offence.

There was a tenor, Signor Fiorini, who sung to-night, whom I had not heard before; he has perhaps been a better singer than he is at present; but now, neither his voice, nor manner, had any thing interesting in them, though both were free from any common defects; for he sung in tune, had a shake, and was far from vulgar.

¹ *Rauzzini, Matteo* (1754-91). He was a composer of operas and a teacher of singing. He settled in Dublin. For his brother *Venanzio* see p. 46.

In going home from the opera, I heard a very good concert in the street; it was performed at the door of M. de Visme, by torch-light, and attended by a great crowd: after I returned to my lodgings, I heard the same performers at the inn door; upon enquiring who they were, I was told, that they were *poor scholars*; but I did not discover till the next day, that this concert was intended, as a regale, for M. de Visme and me, on account of our having been at their college to inform ourselves concerning their institution.

Friday. I spent the greatest part of this morning with Signor Rauzzini; he was so obliging as to sing to me a great number of excellent songs, in different styles, among which there were many of his own composition. As to his abilities in singing, I think his shake is not quite open enough, nor did I then think his voice sufficiently powerful for a great theatre; but in all other respects he is a charming performer; his taste is quite modern and delicate; the tone of his voice sweet and clear; his execution of passages of the most difficult intonation amazingly neat, rapid, and free: and his knowledge of harmony is far beyond that of any great stage-singer I ever knew: he has likewise a very good person, and, I am told, is an excellent actor.

The rest of the day was employed in the Elector's, and in other libraries. At night I heard the *poor scholars* again in the streets, where they performed some full pieces very well: there were violins, hautboys, French horns, a violoncello, and bassoon. I was informed, that they were obliged frequently to perform thus in the streets, to convince the public, at whose expence they are maintained, of the proficiency they make in their musical studies.

Life of Regina Mingotti

Saturday 22d. [August] I was this whole morning at Signora Mingotti's, from whom I obtained, in conversation, a sketch of her musical life. I am doubtful as to the propriety of publishing these anecdotes; however, as no secrecy was enjoined, and as they contain nothing disgraceful to the person who furnished them, I shall venture to do it, supposing a curiosity concerning the most trivial circumstances, relative to eminent persons, to be as strong in others as in myself.

Her parents were Germans; her father was an officer in the Austrian service, who being called to Naples, upon duty, his wife travelled with him thither during her pregnancy, and was there brought to bed of this daughter; who, however, was carried to Gratz, in Silesia, before she was a year old; and her father dying while she was young, her uncle placed her in a convent of Ursulines, where she was educated, and where she received her first lessons of music.

She told me, that during her childhood, she remembers being so pleased with the music performed in the chapel of her convent, particularly with a Litany sung there one festival, that she went to the abbess, with tears in her eyes, and trembling, both with fear of anger, and of a refusal, to intreat her to teach her to sing, as *she* did in the chapel. The abbess put her off, with saying,

that she was very busy that day, but would think of it. The next day she sent one of the elder nuns to ask her who bid her make that request, when the little Regina, as she was then called, replied, that nobody had bid her, but that it was merely her own love for music, which inspired the thought. After this the abbess sent for her, and told her, that she had very little time to spare; but, if she would promise to be diligent, she would teach her herself; adding, that she could only afford her half an hour a day; but with that, she should soon find what her genius and industry were likely to produce, and she should go on with, or discontinue, her instructions, accordingly.

Regina was in rapture with this compliance of the abbess, who began to instruct her the next day, *à table sec*, as she expressed it, without a harpsichord, or any other instrument.¹

In this manner she was taught the elements of music, and *solfeggi*, with the principles of harmony, and was obliged to sing the treble, while the abbess sung the base. She shewed me a very small book, in which all her first lessons were written; the explanations were in the German language.

She remained in this convent till she had attained her fourteenth year, at which time, upon the death of her uncle, she went home to her mother. During the life of her uncle, she had been intended for the veil. When she quitted the convent, she appeared, in the eyes of her mother and sisters, to be one of the most useless and helpless of beings; they looked upon her as a fine lady, brought up in a boarding school, without knowing anything of household concerns; and her mother neither knew what to do with her, or with her fine voice, which both she and her sisters despised, not foreseeing that it would one day be productive of so much honour and profit to the possessor.

Not many years after she quitted the convent, Signor Mingotti, an old Venetian, and manager of the opera at Dresden, was proposed as a husband for her. She detested him, but was at length worried into a compliance, which was the sooner extorted from her, perhaps, as she, like other young women, imagined that by losing, she should gain her liberty.

People talked very much of her fine voice, and manner of singing. Porpora was at this time in the late king of Poland's service, at Dresden: he had heard her sing, and spoke of her at court as a young person of great expectations; which occasioned a proposal to her husband for her entering the service of the Elector: he had before marriage promised never to suffer her to sing on the stage; however, he came home one day, and asked her, if she would like to engage in the service of the court. She thought this was done in derision, and gave him a short and peevish answer; but he continuing to teize her on the subject, at length convinced her that he was in earnest, and had a commission to treat with her. She liked the thoughts of singing, and turning her voice to some account, and therefore gladly entered into articles for a small stipend, not above three or four hundred crowns a year.

¹ She applied herself to the harpsichord several years after, and still accompanies upon it very well. But it was perhaps owing to her manner of learning to sing *without* an instrument, that she acquired the firmness in her performance, for which she has always been remarkable (B).

When her voice had been heard at court, it was supposed to raise a jealousy in Faustina, who was then in that service, but upon the point of retiring; and consequently in Hasse, her husband, particularly when he heard that Porpora, his old and constant rival, was to have a hundred crowns a month for teaching her. He said it was Porpora's last stake; the only twig he had to catch at; *un clou pour s'accrocher*. However, her talents made such a noise at Dresden, that the fame of them reached Naples, to which place she was invited, to sing at the great theatre. At this time she knew but little Italian; however, she now went seriously to work in studying it.

The first character she appeared in was *Aristaea*, in the opera of the *Olimpiade*, set by Galuppi.¹ Montecelli² performed the part of *Megacles*. On this occasion her talents, as an actress, gained her as much applause as her singing: she was bold and enterprising; and, seeing the character in a different light from what others had done before her, would, in spite of the advice of old actors, who durst not deviate from custom, play it in a way quite different from any one of her predecessors. It was in this original and courageous manner that Mr. Garrick first surprised and charmed an English audience; and, in defiance of contracted rules, which had been established by ignorance, prejudice, and want of genius, struck out a style of speaking and acting, which the whole nation has ever since continued to approve, with acclamation, rather than applause.

After this success at Naples, Signora Mingotti received letters from all parts of Europe, to offer her terms for engaging at different operas; but she was not then at liberty to accept any of them, being obliged to return to the court of Dresden, in which service she was still a pensioner; however, her salary was considerably augmented, and she frequently expresses her gratitude to that court, and says she owes to it all her fame and fortune. Here she repeated, with great applause, her part in the *Olimpiade*; every one agreed, that in point of voice, execution, and acting, her powers were very great; but many thought that she was wholly unfit for anything pathetic or tender.

Hasse was now employed to set *Demofoonte*;³ and she imagined that he kindly gave her an *Adagio*, accompanied by the violins, *Pizzicati*, merely to expose and shew her defects. But suspecting the snare, she studied hard to escape it; and in the song, *Se tutti i Mali Miei*, which she afterwards sung in England, with great applause, she succeeded so well, as to silence even Faustina herself. Sir Ch. H. Williams was English minister here at this time, and being intimate with Hasse and his wife, had joined their party, publicly declaring that Mingotti was utterly unable to sing a slow and pathetic song; but when

¹ Galuppi, Baldassare (born in 1706 on the island of Burano, near Venice, where he died in 1785). He had his first opera performed at the age of sixteen and later poured out such works. The *Olympiade* was a setting of one of Metastasio's texts and was the most popular of Galuppi's serious operas (Milan, 1747). For Burney's visit to Galuppi see *Italian Tour*, p. 133.

² Montecelli, or Monticelli, Angelo Maria (born in Milan about 1715 and died in Dresden in 1764). He was a male soprano who sang at Naples with Mingotti and then in Vienna and London. In 1756 Hasse engaged him for Dresden. He was remarkable both as singer and actor.

³ This happened in 1748 (B).

he had heard her, he made a public recantation, asked her pardon for doubting of her abilities, and ever after remained her firm friend and adherent.

From hence she went into Spain, where she sung with Gizziello,¹ in the operas under the direction of Signor Farinelli;² who, she told me, was so severe a disciplinarian, that he would not allow her to sing any where but in the opera at court, or even to practise, in a room next the street. She was requested to sing at private concerts, by many of the first nobility and grandees of Spain, but could not obtain permission from the director; who carried his prohibition so far, as to deny a pregnant lady, of great rank, the satisfaction of hearing her, though she was unable to go to the theatre, and declared that she *longed* for a song from Mingotti. The Spaniards have a religious respect for these involuntary and unruly affections in females thus circumstanced, however they may be treated as problematical in other countries.³ The husband, therefore, of the lady, complained to the king of the cruelty of the opera director, who, he said, would kill both his wife and child if his majesty did not interfere. The king lent a favourable ear to the complaint, and ordered Mingotti to receive the lady at her house, in which his majesty was implicitly obeyed, the lady's desire was satisfied, and the child prevented, perhaps, from being marked, in some part of its body, with a music paper, or from having an Italian song written with indelible characters on its face.

Signora Mingotti remained two years in Spain, from whence she came to England, for the first time. How much she was then admired, at our opera, is too recent to need to be mentioned here. She afterwards sung in every great city of Italy; but she always regarded Dresden as her home, during the life-time of the Elector Augustus, late king of Poland. She is now settled at Munich, more, it is thought, from cheapness than attachment. She has no pension from this court, as was reported, but, with oeconomy, she has just sufficient, from her savings, to bring her through the year. She seems to live very comfortably, to be well received at court, and to be esteemed by all such as are able to judge of her understanding, and to enjoy her conversation.

It gave me great pleasure to hear her speak concerning practical music, which she does with as much intelligence as any *maestro di capella* with whom I ever conversed. Her knowledge in singing, and powers of expression, in different styles, are still amazing, and must delight all such as can receive pleasure from song, unconnected with the blandishments of youth and beauty. She speaks three languages, German, French and Italian, so well that it is difficult to say which of them is her own. English she likewise speaks, and Spanish, well enough to converse in them, and understands Latin; but, in the three languages first mentioned, she is truly eloquent.

In the afternoon father Kenedy was so obliging as to attend me again at the academy, in order to assist in finding such tracts, among the great number which are bound up together, as I had marked in the catalogue.

From hence I returned, by appointment, to Signora Mingotti. She had got

¹ *Gizziello*. See p. 87.

² *Farinelli*. See *Italian Tour*, pp. 152 ff.

³ See *l'Histoire Naturelle*, de M. Buffon, tom. ii (B).

her harpsichord tuned, and I prevailed on her to sing, to no other accompaniment, for near four hours. It was now that I discovered her superior knowledge in singing. She is wholly out of practice, and hates music here, she says, as she can seldom be well accompanied, or well heard; her voice is, however, much better than when she was last in England.

Polish national music

Prince Sapieha, a Polish nobleman, and his princess, lodged at the same inn as myself, the Golden Hart. The prince is very musical, and plays well on the violin. I had the honour of being known to him a little by living in the same house; but M. de Visme was so kind as to explain to him the nature of my musical enquiries, and to tell him how curious I was after national music of all kinds: upon which his highness was pleased to send me word, that if I would call upon him about nine o'clock, any morning, he would gladly give me a specimen of the music of his country, as it depended so much on the *coup d'archet*, that seeing it on paper, without hearing it performed, would afford but a very imperfect idea of it.

The day before my departure from Munich, when I had the honour of paying my respects to this prince, he condescended to receive me in a most obliging manner, and to play to me a great number of very pretty Polish pieces, which he executed very well, and to which he gave an expression that was at the same time delicate and singular. He had two German musicians to accompany him in these pieces; the one on the violin, and the other on the violoncello; every movement was in triple time, or $\frac{3}{4}$, with the close constantly on the second note in the bar, instead of the first; but upon my asking if there was no such thing as Polish music, in common time, the prince told me that there were some Cossack tunes in $\frac{4}{2}$, used chiefly in dancing, and he played me some of them. The accompaniment was constantly the $\frac{3}{8}$ and $\frac{4}{8}$ of the key, played a bar full, or four quavers of each, alternately.¹

His highness told me that they have no church music in Poland, which is not Italian; and the kind of music which we call Polonoise, is played quicker for dancing than at other times. The military music of Poland is like that of other countries, consisting only of marches in the usual time. I enquired after the Polish instruments, in order to know if there were any of a different construction from ours, but found that they had only guitars and lutes, somewhat differing in form, and in tuning, from those in other parts of Europe. The Poles have no plays, with songs intermixt, or operas, but such as are either French or Italian.

After answering these questions, the prince played a very pretty minuet, and two or three Polonoises of his own composition; and, upon my expressing approbation, he was pleased to make me a present of them: he likewise

¹ *The accompaniment of Polish tunes.* The meaning seems to be that the bass of a tune in key C, for example, would be an alternation of E-C and F-C (1st inversion of tonic chord followed by original position of subdominant chord). But this is only a guess!

ordered some of the best pieces which he had played before, to be transcribed for me, which he sent to me at night, together with a specimen of Cossack melody; and, when I retired, he condescended to say that he should be very glad to meet me again, in the course of my journey, and to render me every service in his power.

Prince Sapieha told me, that he had long had in his service an Englishman, who was an excellent musician, and of so good a character, that he had not only made him his *maestro di capella*, but also his *homme de confiance*. He had been brought into Poland very young.

This prince is young and handsome in person. He is a dissident, and retired hither, from the troubles and desolation of his country, with his princess, a sensible and accomplished lady, as I was informed by a person who had several times conversed with her.¹

I went again to court at Nymphenburg, before my departure, and was again honoured by the notice of the Elector and his sister, and obtained a reiterated promise from both of a piece of music of their composition. The Elector at first made some difficulty, lest I should publish it; as his *Stabat Mater* had been stolen, and printed at Verona, without his permission, and would have been published, had not his highness purchased the plates, and the whole impression; but upon my assuring him that without licence I should never make any other use of the piece, with which he should honour me, than to enrich my collection of scarce and curious compositions, he was pleased to give orders for its being transcribed.

The Electress dowager told me that her disposition, in this particular, was different from her brother's; for, instead of concealing what she was able to produce, she took as much care to have it known, as the birth of a legitimate child; and had, accordingly, printed and published her two operas in score: so that she feared she had nothing left among her papers, worth bestowing; however, she gave Guadagni permission to look them over, and to let me have whatever he thought best worth my acceptance.

After this I had the honour of being presented, by M. de Visme, to the Dutchess of Bavaria, the widow of the Elector's brother, and sister to the Electress Palatine of the Rhine; she is of a very pleasing figure and character. It was at the desire of this princess that M. de Visme called me to her: they had previously been talking of my having been at Manheim and Schwetzingen; and, upon her being told that I had not been presented to her brother, the Elector Palatine, for want of a minister, or proper person at that court, to do me that honour, she expressed great surprize, and indeed concern. She was pleased to say that it would have given her brother great pleasure to have conversed with a person whose pursuits were such as mine, as he was particularly fond of music; and added, that he not only read and spoke English,

¹ Since my departure from Munich, his estates in Poland have been confiscated, by order of the Empress of Russia, on account of his having refused to do homage for them to that princess, and confess to her legal sovereignty to the Polish territories, of which, by force of arms, she has possessed herself (B).

but had a natural partiality to all who were of my country. I told her highness how I was circumstanced; that I had been favoured with a letter from Mr. Cressener, our minister at Bonn, which had not operated so soon as I could have wished; and that I was too much pressed in time to be able to wait long enough for it to take effect; and added, that all I aspired at in this journey, was to obtain an opportunity of hearing the best performers, and seeing the works of the best composers of Germany, in order to be enabled, in the course of my History of Music, to do justice to their talents and genius. The Dutchess was pleased to say, that she was certain her brother, the Elector Palatine, would be sorry to find, that I had been at his capital, and at Schwetzingen, without his having been apprized of it.

After this M. de Visme was so kind, as to carry me back to Munich as fast as possible, in order to attend at a concert, which Signora Mingotti obligingly made for me, of the best musicians which she could get together upon short notice, whom I had not heard before. M. Kröner, whose performance I had only heard at Nymphenburg in full pieces, was first violin. There was M. Sechi, a very good hautboy, who, if I had not lately heard Fischer,¹ would have charmed me: M. Rheiner, the bassoon, who, when in England, was so ill, that he was unable to play more than once in public, and whom I had not yet heard, was here to-night, and had quite recovered his health. His tone is sweet, and execution neat, and he must be allowed by every competent and impartial judge, to be a very able and pleasing performer.

Madame la Presidente, a lady of fashion, a friend and neighbour of Signora Mingotti, opened the concert, by a lesson on the harpsichord, which she executed with uncommon rapidity and precision. A *quintetto* was played next, that was composed by M. Michel, a young man that had been brought up at the Jesuits music school. He has a genius, that warrants only the pruning knife of time and experience to lop off luxuriance; every performer in this piece had an opportunity of shewing the genius of his instrument, and his own powers of execution. There was, in the solo parts, the brilliant, pathetic, and graceful, by turns; and the *tutti* parts had no other imperfection, than being too learned, and *recherchées* in modulation. I hardly ever heard a composition, that discovered more genius and invention, one that required more abilities in the execution, or that was better performed; it was made for a violin, a hautboy, tenor, bassoon, and violoncello.

Signor Guadagni and Signor Rauzzini were both at this concert, and the latter, whom I had only heard before, in one song, with full accompaniments, was so obliging, as to sing a very pretty air of his own composition, and another admirable one, by Signor Sacchini, in the *Eroe Cinese*. In the execution of these airs, he manifested great and captivating powers: a sweet and extensive voice, a rapid brilliancy of execution, great expression, and an exquisite and

¹ Fischer, *Johann Christian* (1733-1800). He was a very much admired oboist who settled in London in 1768. His friend Gainsborough painted his portrait and he married Gainsborough's daughter. In Rees's *Cyclopaedia* Burney is candid as to his character: 'He had not a grain of sense but what he blew through his reed; he never spoke more than three words at a time, and those were negatives or affirmatives. But peace to his ashes.'

judicious taste. I was to-day even surprized by the strength of his voice, which before appeared rather too feeble for a great theatre; but it was want of exertion, for now it made its way through all the instruments, when playing *fortissimo*.

A duet by Sechi and Rheiner, which finished the concert, put me in mind of the two Bezozzis,¹ at Turin; as their instruments, so their genius and abilities seem made for each other, there being a like correspondence in both.

After these charming performances were over, I hastened to the comic opera, at which were the Elector, and all the electoral family. Count Seeau, intendant of the Elector's music, had most obligingly changed the opera, in order to afford me an opportunity of hearing Signora Lodi in her best character. The burletta of to-night was the *Moglie Fedele*,² composed by Signor Guglielmi; her voice is brilliant, and style of singing charming; but as I had, in London, seen Signora Guadagni in the same character, her acting did not strike me so much as it would otherwise have done. After the opera, there was a long dance, which was an ingenious and entertaining pantomime, and of which, the scenes and decorations were well contrived, and splendid.

The next day, which was that of my departure from Munich, at nine o'clock in the morning, Signora Mingotti, who was indefatigable in rendering me every service in her power, had prepared another small, but select band, for me at her house, in order to afford me an opportunity of hearing two scholars of Tartini on the violin; M. Holtzbogn,³ and Lobst, which political reasons had prevented her from inviting the day before. They are both good performers; had been in the service of the late Duke of Bavaria, and have still a pension, though but few opportunities of being heard.

Holtzbogn has a great hand, a clear tone, and more fire than is usual, in one of the Tartini school, which is rather remarkable for delicacy, expression, and high finishing, than for spirit and variety. This performer writes well for his instrument, and played a very masterly concerto of his own composition. Lobst played a concerto of Tartini with great delicacy; he is naturally timid, and want of practice added nothing to his courage; however, through these disadvantages, he discovered himself to be a worthy disciple of the great Tartini.

After these pieces Signora Rosa Capranica, in the service of this court, and scholar of Signora Mingotti, brought hither from Rome by the Electress dowager of Saxony, sung a very difficult song by Traetta, with great neatness, and in a pleasing and agreeable manner. This performer is young, and has natural powers capable of great things, at which if she does not arrive, under such a mistress as Signora Mingotti, it must be totally attributed to want of diligence.

The city of Munich is one of the best built, and most beautiful in

¹ See *Italian Tour*, p. 57.

² *Moglie Fedele*. Really *La sposa fedele*, and the title appears so in the German translation.

³ *Holtzbogn*, *Johann Georg* (died at Munich in 1775). His fame as violinist was considerable and he was also a composer.

Germany; I am ashamed to mention all the honours and favours, which were undeservedly conferred upon me, during my short residence there. All that I can add to this article is, that I quitted it with great regret; as I had so numerous an acquaintance, and so many protectors, that I lamented the not being able to spare more time, to avail myself of their kindness and good offices.

* * * *

VII

The journey to Vienna

(24-30 AUGUST)

I went from Munich to Vienna, down the two rivers Iser [Isar] and Danube;¹ and as the musical incidents during this voyage are but few, and no itinerary or book of travels, that I remember to have seen, has described the course of these rivers, or the method by which persons are conveyed upon them, from one place to another, I shall not scruple to add to my few musical memorandums, such other remarks and observations as I find set down in my miscellaneous journal.

The Iser, upon which the city of Munich is situated, and which empties itself into the Danube, about a hundred miles below, though very rapid, is too much spread and scattered into different channels, to be sufficiently deep for a bark, or any kind of passage-boat, that has a bottom to float upon it. The current of this river is even too rapid for any thing to be brought back against it; but Bavaria being a country abounding with wood, particularly fir, rafts, or floats made of those trees, lashed together, are carried down the stream, at the rate of seventy or eighty miles a day. Upon these rafts, a booth is built for passengers in common; but if any one chuses to have a cabin to himself, he may have it built for about four florins. I preferred this, not only to avoid bad company and heat, but to get an opportunity of writing and digesting my thoughts and memorandums, being at this time very much in arrears with my musical journal.

I quitted Munich at two o'clock in the afternoon. The weather was intensely hot, and I was furnished with no means of tempering it; a clear sky and burning sun, reflected from the water, having rendered my fir cabin as insupportable as the open air. It was constructed of green boards, which exuded as much turpentine as would have vanquished all the aromatics of Arabia.

As I was utterly ignorant of the country, through which I was to pass, and the accommodations it would afford, all that my foresight had suggested to me, in the way of furniture and provisions, were a mattress, blanket, and sheets, some cold meat, with bread, and a bottle of wine; there was water in plenty always at hand. But I soon found myself in want of many other things; and, if I were ever to perform this voyage again, which I hope will never happen, experience would enable me to render the cabin a tolerable residence, for a week or ten days.

¹ Compare the account of the same excursion made half a century later by Edward Holmes, the biographer of Mozart (*A Ramble among the Musicians of Germany*, 1828, pp. 98 ff.).

In quitting Munich by water, the city is a beautiful object; but the country we passed through is a wretched one, to all appearance; there being nothing but willows, sedge, sand, and gravel in sight. The water was so shallow in several places, that I thought our float would have stuck fast. At six o'clock we arrived at Freising, the see and sovereignty of a prince bishop; his palace is placed on a high hill at a little distance from the town, which is on another hill, and looks very pretty from the water-side. I would not go on shore to pay for a bad bed and supper, with which I was already furnished in my cabin; my servant however went with the common company, which amounted to upwards of fifty persons, in order to get some fresh bread, but which the place did not afford.¹

There had been no rain in these parts of Germany for six weeks; but, when we arrived at Freising, I saw a little black cloud to the westward, which, in less than half an hour, produced the most violent storm of thunder, lightning, rain and wind, that I ever remember to have seen. I really expected every moment, that the lightning would have set fire to my cabin; it continued all night with prodigious fury, so that my man could not get back, and I was left on the water, sole inhabitant of the float, which was secured by a hawser to a wooden-bridge.

Two square holes were cut in the boards of my cabin, one on each side, by way of window; the pieces were to serve as casements, one of these was lost, so that I was forced to fasten with pins, a handkerchief against the hole, to keep out wind and rain; but it answered the purpose very ill, and moreover, it rained in, at a hundred different places; drop, drip, drop, throughout my little habitation, sometimes on my face, sometimes on my legs, and always somewhere or other. This, with the violent flashes of lightning and bursts of thunder, kept off drowsiness; luckily, perhaps, for I might have caught cold, sleeping in the wet. I had been told, that the people of Bavaria were, at least, three hundred years behind the rest of Europe in philosophy, and useful knowledge. Nothing can cure them of the folly of ringing the bells whenever it thunders, or persuade them to put up conductors to their public buildings; though the lightning here is so mischievous, that last year, no less than

¹ In the Journal of a Tour which the famous French writer Montaigne, made through Germany, in 1580, and which has been but lately discovered and published, there is an account of this place, which not only confirms what is here said of it; but which contains a curious circumstance relative to Musical History.

Freissen is a little Catholic city, belonging to the bishop of Augsburg. We here went upon a raft, and took with us our baggage, in order to be conveyed by water to Augsburg, by means of this *Fluss*, as they call it, composed of fir trees joined together, and which are taken to pieces when the voyage is performed.

There is in this town an abbey, in which strangers are shewn a chalice and stole, as relics of a saint called *Magnus*, who is said to have been the son of a king of Scotland, and the disciple of St. Colombanus. It was in favour of saint Magnus that king Pepin founded this monastery, and appointed him to be the first abbot. At the top of the nave of the church is the following inscription, and above it the musical notes to which it was to be sung.

'Compertâ Virtute beati magnâ, Pipinus princeps locum quem Sanctus incoluit regia largitate donavit.'

If it is pretended that the *Notes de Musique pour lui donner le Son* were put there by order of king Pepin, who reigned in the eighth century, I should be curious to see what kind of notes were then in use. VOYAGE DE MONTAIGNE (B).

thirteen churches were destroyed by it, in the electorate of Bavaria. The recollection of this, had not the effect of an opiate upon me; the bells in the town of Freising were jingling the whole night, to remind me of their fears, and the real danger I was in. I lay on the mattress, as far as I could from my sword, pistols, watch-chain, and everything that might serve as a conductor. I never was much frightened by lightning before, but now I wished for one of Dr. Franklin's beds, suspended by silk cords in the middle of a large room. I weathered it out till morning, without a wink of sleep; my servant told me, that the inn on shore was miserable; it rained into every room of the house, and no provisions could be found for these fifty people, but black bread and beer, boiled up with two or three eggs.

At six we got into motion, the rain and wind continuing with great fury, and from violent heat, the air grew so chill and cold, that I found it impossible to keep myself warm with all the things I could put on. For though I added to my dress a pair of thick shoes, woollen stockings, a flannel waistcoat, great-coat and night-cap, with all the warm garments in my possession, yet I was benumbed with cold.

We advanced for four hours through a dreary country, as far as I was able to descry, but the weather was so bad, that I could not often examine it. At ten o'clock some fir trees appeared, which enlivened the view, and at eleven, nothing else could be seen on either side. There was a very high and steep shore on the right, covered with firs, and on the left, trees scattered near the water, and groves at a distance. At eleven, the float stopped at Landshut, where the passengers dined. I stuck to my cabin and cold meat: if it had not rained in, I should have thought myself very well off; but, in my present circumstances I was so uncomfortable, that I could not, for a long time, write a word in my journal books; the weather had so lowered my spirits, and stiffened my fingers; however, towards the afternoon, I made an effort, and transcribed many things from my tablets, which were full. At six o'clock, the float stopt at Dingelsing [Dingolfing]; in the evening, I got a candle, which was a luxury denied to me the night before in the thunderstorm. Rain, rain, eternal rain, and wind, made the water nothing less than pleasant.¹

The next morning was clear, but cold. The passengers landed at Landau about ten; at one we entered the Danube, which did not appear so vast a river here as I expected. However, it grew larger as we descended: we stopt at two o'clock at a miserable village, with a fine convent in it, however. Here the wind became so violent, that I thought every minute it would have carried away both my cabin and myself; at three, it was determined to stay here all night, as it was not safe to stir during this wind; but as this seems, and is called, *Le País des vents*, it was an exercise for patience to be stopt at a place, where I had nothing to do. My provisions grew short and stale, and there were none of any kind to be had here!

I had suffered so much the night before, that I now seriously set about

¹ *Nothing less than.* Burney's friend Mrs. Thrale also uses this expression, equivalent to the French *rien moins que* and the German *nichts weniger als*.

contriving how to keep myself warm. The blanket bought at Munich for me, by my knave, or fool of a servant, and which I had not seen soon enough to change, was a second-hand one, and so filthy, ragged, and likely to contain all kinds of vermin, and perhaps diseases, that hitherto I could not find in my heart to touch it; however, cold and hunger will tame the proudest stomachs. I put the blanket over the sheet, and was gladdened by its warmth.

At three in the morning, the passengers were called, and soon after the float was in motion; it was now a huge and unwieldy machine, a quarter of a mile long, and loaded with deals, hogsheads, and lumber of all kinds. The sun rose very bright; but at six there was a strong easterly wind, full in our teeth, and so great a fog, that not a single object could be seen on either side the river.

When I agreed to live night and day, for a week, upon the water, I forgot to bargain for warm weather; and now it was so cold, that I could scarcely hold the pen, though but the 27th of August! I have often observed, that when the body is cold, the mind is chilled likewise; and this was now so much the case with myself, that I had neither spirits nor ideas for working at my musical journal.

At eight o'clock we stopt at Vilschoten [Vilshofen], a sweet situation. Here is a wooden bridge, of sixteen arches, over the Danube. The hills on the opposite side of the town are covered with wood, and exceedingly beautiful. The fog was dissipated, and the sun now shone on them in great glory. There is a gentle visit here from the custom-house officers; the seals were cut off my trunk, being the last town in Bavaria. They threatened hard as to the severe examination I was to undergo on entering Austria; however, I had little to lose, except time; and that was now too precious to be patiently parted with to these inquisitorial robbers.

At half an hour past nine we set off for Passau, in very fine weather, which revived my spirits, and enabled me to hold my pen. The Danube abounds in rocks, some above water, and some below, which occasion a great noise by the rapidity of the current, running over, or against them.

We met this morning a gang of boats, laden with salt, from Salzburg [Salzburg] and Passau, dragged up the river by more than forty horses, a man on each, which expence is so great, as to enhance the price of that commodity above four hundred per cent. We did not seem to move so fast now as upon the Iser, which had frequent cascades; and sometimes the float dipped so deep, as to have three or four feet of water rush suddenly into my cabin.

Passau

This is the boldest, and at the same time the pleasantest situation, that I ever saw. The town is built on the side and summit of a steep hill, on the right of the Danube. There is a hill on the other side, answering to that on which the town is built; however, there are but few houses upon it.

Passau is a large imperial city. In the cathedral, which is a very beautiful

modern building, of the Corinthian order, there is a very magnificent organ, to look at. The case is finely carved and gilt, and the pipes are highly polished: it is divided into two columns of large pipes, one on each side, and has a complete little organ in the middle, which joins them together, and saves the west window: it is what builders call a thirty-two foot organ. M. Snetzler, when it was last repaired, made some of the front pipes, but there is little variety in the inside: he likewise made the *vox humana*, and octave *dulciana*, in the little organ, which are the two best solo stops that the instrument contains.

On each side of the choir, in this church, there is likewise a small organ, with the pipes so highly burnished, that I cannot help supposing them to be of silver: indeed the person who shewed me the great one, assured me that they were silver pipes; but as he likewise would have persuaded me that the front of the great organ was of that metal, in which I was certain he was mistaken, I cannot depend on his word.

At the end of this town is the confluence of three rivers; the *Inn*, on the right hand; the *Ilz* [Ilz], on the left; and the *Danube* in the middle. After this junction, the Danube becomes more and more rapid: the shore on each side, for a considerable way below Passau, has hills and rocks as high as those at Bristol; but these are covered with spruce fir trees and box, and look much less terrible, though quite as high. These rocks deprived us of the sun at three in the afternoon. About four miles below Passau, Austria is on the left, and Bavaria on the right,¹ as far as Ingelhartzeil [Engelhartzell], when we were fairly entered into Austria. Here is the custom-house with which I had been threatened, and which I approached with trepidation; but my trunk was not opened, and nothing was examined except my writing box, which the officers would have unlocked. A seal was, however, set on my trunk, which I hoped would have enabled me to pass on to Vienna, without further plague, and then I expected to pay for all.

Thus far the Danube runs between two high mountains, and sometimes it is so compressed and shut up, as to be narrower than the Thames at Mortlake. The descent is often so considerable, that the water cannot be seen at the distance of a quarter of a mile, and sometimes the noise against rocks is as violent, and as loud as a cataract.

At the entrance into Austria the value of money is lowered; so that a silver piece, worth twelve *creuzers*, in Bavaria, is instantly lowered to ten; a florin, of sixty *creuzers*, becomes only worth fifty; a ducat of five florins, is lowered to four florins, twelve *creuzers*; and a sovereign of fifteen florins, to twelve florins thirty *creuzers*; a louis d'or, from eleven to nine florins, twelve *creuzers*; and a great crown to two florins.

We went upwards of eight leagues, between two mountains, and stopt for the night, at a wretched place, which afforded no kind of refreshment; though I had indulged the hope of supplying myself here for two days to come, which being Friday and Saturday, among Austrian catholics, I knew would be kept strictly *maigre*.

¹ *Bavaria on the right. Actually on the left.*

I had now filled up the chinks of my cabin with splinters, and with hay; got a new button to the door, reconciled myself to my filthy blanket, and made a pair of snuffers out of a chip of deal; but alas! the essential failed: this was all external, and I wanted internal comfort! the last bit of my cold meat was fly-blown, to such a degree, that, ravenous as I was, I threw it into the Danube; bread too, that staff was broken! and nothing but Pumpernickel [Pumpernickel] was to be had here; which is so black and sour, as to disgust two senses at the same time.

Friday morning, August 28th. This river continues running through the same woody, wild, and romantic country; which, to pass through, is pleasant and entertaining to a stranger, but produces nothing, except firing, to the poor inhabitants. For fifty miles not a corn field or pasture is to be seen. Sheep, oxen, calves, and pigs, are all utter strangers in this land. I asked what was behind these mountains, and was answered, huge forests. At Asha [Aschach] the country opens a little.

What an aggregate of waters is here! river after river, comes tumbling down into the Danube, and yet it grows rather more deep than wide, by these accessions; but many small rivers detach themselves from it, and islands are frequently formed in the middle and sides of this world of waters: before we arrived at Linz, however, a flat fenny country appeared, with high mountains, covered with trees, at a distance.

Linz [Linz]

The approach to this town, by water, is very beautiful. There is a road on each side the Danube, at the foot of high mountains and rocks, covered with trees, by which the river is again bounded. The castle is seen at a distance, and houses and convents, upon the summit of some of the highest hills, have a fine appearance. There is a bridge over the Danube of twenty very wide arches. The town is built on the summit and sides of high hills, and in situation much resembles Passau. The churches were shut up, as it was twelve o'clock when we arrived; however, I obtained permission to enter the collegiate church, where I found a large organ.

There is such an appearance of piety here, as I never saw before in the most bigoted catholic countries. All along the Danube, near any town, there are little chapels erected, at only twenty or thirty yards distance from each other, sometimes on the sides of these mountains, and in places too narrow for a foot-path;¹ and I saw not a house in Linz that had not a Virgin or a saint, painted or carved, upon it.

I walked about the town for near two hours. It was market day, though but for poor stuff; as nothing eatable appeared, perhaps, because it was Friday, but Brod, vile cheese, bad apples, pears, and plums; and of other wares, only tape, toys, ordinary Missals, and wretched prints of virgins and saints. I saw

¹ These chapels as they are called are not sufficiently spacious to contain either layman or priest, they are only intended as receptacles for a crucifix or a Virgin (B).

not a good shop in the town, though there are many showy and fine houses. Gable ends and pear-topt steeples, in the Bavarian style, are still in fashion here.

At SPIEBURG [Spielberg], which is only the shell of an old castle, upon a little island, is the first of the two water-falls in the Danube, that are said to be so dangerous; however, now, there was nothing formidable in it but the noise.

ENS [Enns], a large city, is here in sight, upon the right hand; we went through a very disagreeable country till it was dark; the river is sometimes like a sea, so wide that there is scarce any land in sight; at other times it is broken, and divided into small streams, by islands. The raft stopt at a hovel, on the left bank of the river, where the passengers landed, and spent the night. I remained in my cabin, where, I believe, I was much better off, as to bed, than any of them; but, for provisions, we were all on a footing. Pierre, with great difficulty, clambered up the rocks, to a village, and procured me half a dozen eggs, with which he returned in triumph. But, alas! two of them were addled, and a third had a chicken in it; which, being a fast day, I could not in conscience eat.

Saturday, we set off at five o'clock, but were stopt, after having gone three or four miles, by a violent fog, which rendered the navigation dangerous, among so many rocks, shoals, and islands. When this was dispelled, we soon reached STRUDEL, which is situated in a wilder country than ever I saw in passing the Alps. Here is the famous waterfall and whirlpool, which the Germans so much dread, that they say it is the habitation of *der Teufel*; however, they had talked so much about it, that it appeared to me less formidable than I had expected. The shooting London bridge¹ is worse, though not attended with more noise. The company prayed and crossed themselves most devoutly; but though it may, especially in winter, be a very dangerous pass in a boat; and though a raft may dip into the water, yet it covers such a surface, that it cannot possibly either sink or be overset.

At IFS [Ybbs], a pretty town, with a new, handsome, and large *caserne*, or barrack, just by it, the country opens, and is very beautiful. Hereabouts they begin to make Austrian wine: the white wine is a pretty, pleasant sort, but small.

At MELK [Mölk], on the right of the Danube, is a most magnificent convent of Benedictines; it seems to cover two thirds of the town; the architecture is beautiful, and it has the appearance of being but lately built:² here are vines all along the shore, on the left hand. Harvest was quite got in hereabouts; indeed there is but little appearance of agriculture in this wild country. I believe I remarked before, that the quantity of useless woods and forests, in several parts of Germany, have a barbarous and savage appearance; and,

¹ *London Bridge*. Finally demolished in 1831, the old bridge had stood for over 600 years. 'London Bridge was made for wise men to go over, and fools to go under.' Between the nineteen narrow arches there were dangerous rapids, making the shooting of the bridge an imprudent undertaking which, over the years, cost many lives.

² It was completed in 1738.

to say the truth, except in the great trading towns, or those where sovereign princes reside, the Germans seem very rude and uncultivated.

The country becomes more and more wild, as far as STEIN. The rocks were often so high, on each side, as to prevent us from seeing the sun at two or three o'clock in the afternoon. At Stein there is a wooden bridge of twenty-five or twenty-six very wide arches, which leads to KREMS,¹ where the Jesuits have a most sumptuous college, beautifully situated on a hill; it has more the appearance of a royal palace, than anything that we can boast of in England. Stein is on the left, and Krems on the right hand of the Danube, going down. Here our float anchored for the night, though it was but five o'clock: indeed it had not stopt, except early in the morning, for the fog, the whole day. We had now near fifty miles to Vienna; and the scoundrel *Flößmeister*, or waterman, assured me, and every body at Munich, that we should certainly be there on Saturday night.

At Krems there is an immense organ, in the Jesuits' church. Here, and all the way to Vienna, the common people, in the public houses, and the labourers, at their work, divert themselves with singing in two, and sometimes more parts. Near Ips there was a great number of Bohemian women, whom we should call gypsies, on a pilgrimage to St. Mary *Tafel*, a church placed on the summit of a very high mountain, facing the town of Ips, on the other side the Danube. No one could inform me why it was called St. Mary *Tafel*; but, in all probability, it had this appellation from the form of the mountain on which it is placed, which resembles a *table*.² These women, however, did not sing in parts, like the Austrians, but in *canto fermo*, like the pilgrims that I heard in Italy, who were going to Assisi;³ the sound was carried several miles, by the stream and wind, down the river, upon whose smooth surface it passed, without interruption.

The musical events of this week are so trivial, as scarce to deserve recording. I must, however, add, to what I have already said, concerning the turn for music which I found among the Austrians, that at Stein, opposite Krems, I heard several songs and hymns, sung very well, in four parts; who were the singers I could not learn, as I was on the water; but it was a fortunate circumstance for me to be placed, by accident, where I heard as good a performance as could have been procured by premeditation and design; it was a woman who sung the upper part, and the melody was not only expressed with simplicity, but the harmony had all the advantages of being swelled and diminished, which, to me, had the effect of advancing and retreating; and the performers seemed to understand each other, and what they were about, so well, that each chord had that kind of equality, in all its parts, which is given to the same number of notes, when played upon the swell of an organ. At this place the soldiers, and almost all the young people that were walk-

¹ The town identified as Krems may be Mautern; the 'Jesuit College' is probably the eleventh-century Benedictine monastery of Göttweig.

² *St. Mary Tafel* = 'Maria-Taferl', so called because of its possession of a miraculous painting (*Tafelbild*) of the Virgin.

³ *Assisi*. See *Italian Tour*, p. 95.

ing by the water side, were frequently singing, and never in less than two parts.

It is not easy to account for this facility of singing in different parts, in the people of one country, more than in those of another: whether it arises in Roman catholic countries, from the frequency of hearing music sung in parts, in their churches, I cannot say; but of this I am certain, that in England it costs infinite trouble, both to the master and scholar, before a young practitioner in singing is able to perform, with firmness, an under part to the most simple melody imaginable; and I never remember hearing the ballad singers, in the streets of London, or in our country towns, attempt singing in two different parts.¹

Sunday, August 30. This day was trifled away without getting to Vienna with the float, as I had been fully made to expect; an officer on board, tried with me to procure a land carriage for that purpose, but in vain. As we approached Vienna, the country became less savage. There are vineyards on the sides of all the hills, and large islands, innumerable, which divide the Danube.

TULN [Tülln] is a little fortified town, with a *fine* church, and a *fine* convent, which, with a *fine* custom-house, usually constitute all the *finery* of Austria.

At KOR NEUBURG [? Klosterneburg], there is a very strong citadel, on the summit of an extreme high hill, which commands the river and city.

At NUSDORF [Nussdorf], a village within three miles of Vienna, with nothing in it but a church and a custom-house, I was quite out of patience, at being told, that the float could not, as it was Sunday, on any account, enter Vienna. It was now but five o'clock, and the seventh day of my being immured in a sty, where, indeed, I might have grown fat if I had had anything to eat; but that not being the case, hunger as well as loss of time, made me very impatient to be released; and after an hour lost in trying to procure a chaise, I at last got a miserable boat to carry me and my servant to Vienna.

This voyage added but little to my knowledge of German music, but a great deal to that of the people, and country through which I passed: indeed I had an opportunity of landing at every considerable town in the passage, where I visited the churches, though I had not time to make acquaintance with musical people, or to collect historical materials; but as to *national music*, perhaps the rude songs which I heard sung by the boors and watermen, gave me a more genuine idea of it, than is to be acquired from the corrupted, motley, and Italianized melody, to be heard in the capitals of this extensive country.

¹ This faculty in the Germans will be accounted for on a later page (B).

VIII

The first week in Vienna

(30 AUGUST—5 SEPTEMBER)

Vienna

This city, the capital of the empire, and residence of the imperial family, is so remote from England, has been so imperfectly described, by writers of travels, and is so seldom visited by Englishmen, that I should have presented my readers with a minute account of its public buildings and curiosities, if it had not furnished me with ample materials for a long article, relative to my principal subject, music, to which every other must give place. I shall, however, bestow a few words on its peculiarities, and then proceed to my musical journal.

The approach to Vienna from the river, is not very unlike that of Venice, though there is much less water, for the Danube divides itself into three streams, about a mile and a half above the town; forty or fifty towers and spires may be seen from the water.

The custom-house did not disappoint my expectation of its being remarkably troublesome, particularly, in the article of *books*; all are stopt there, and read more scrupulously than at the inquisition of Bologna, in Italy; and mine, which, except music, were merely geographical and descriptive, were detained near a fortnight before I could recover them; and his excellency lord viscount Stormont, his majesty's ambassador at this court, afterwards told me, that this was the only thing in which it was not in his power to assist me. On entering the town, I was informed, that if a single book had been found in my *sac de nuit*, or travelling satchel, its whole contents would have been forfeited.

The streets are rendered doubly dark and dirty by their narrowness, and by the extreme height of the houses; but, as these are chiefly of white stone, and in a uniform, elegant style of architecture, in which the Italian taste prevails, as well as in music, there is something grand and magnificent in their appearance, which is very striking; and even many of those houses which have shops on the ground-floor, seem like palaces above. Indeed the whole town and its suburbs, appear, at the first glance, to be composed of palaces, rather than of common habitations. The churches and convents are chiefly of Gothic architecture; however, the Jesuits' college¹ is an extensive and elegant modern building; and the church of St. Sophia,² built on the model

¹ *Jesuits' college*. Burney probably refers to the University buildings opened in 1756.

² *St. Sophia*. There is no church of this name in Vienna. The 'Karlskirche' (completed 1739) may

of St. Peter's at Rome, but upon a much smaller scale, is a beautiful copy of that structure in miniature; as is the Austin Friars,¹ of the chapel of Loretto.

The emperor's prerogative of having the first floor of almost every house in Vienna for the use of the officers of his court and army, is as singular in itself, as it is inconvenient to the inhabitants. The houses are so large, that a single floor suffices for most of the first and largest families in the city.

The inhabitants do not, as elsewhere, go to the shops to make purchases; but the shops are *brought to them*; there was literally a fair, at the inn where I lodged, every day. The trades-people seem to sell nothing at home, but, like hawkers and pedlars, carry their goods from house to house. A stranger is teased to death by these chapmen, who offer to sale wretched goods, ill manufactured, and ill-fashioned. In old England, it is true, things are very dear, but if their goodness be compared with these, they are cheap as dirt.

I must observe, that I have never yet found, in any country on the continent, that the trades-people, like many in England, could be trusted, without beating them down, and fixing the price of what is purchased of them, previous to possession. In London there is little danger of being charged unreasonably for any thing that is had from a reputable shop, though the price is not asked, when the goods are sent for, nor paid, till the bill is brought in, perhaps a year after.

A little way out of the town, there is a famous walk, or rather ride, called the Prater;² it is an extensive wood, or open grove, with a coach-road cut through it. There is a verdure on the ground, and shade from some of the largest trees that I ever saw, with frequent views of the Danube. It is the Hyde-park of Vienna, but more flat and gloomy than that of London.

The first time I went to a theatre, I was by mistake, carried to a German tragedy, though there was a burletta performed in Italian, the same night, at another theatre, at which were the Emperor and his sisters, the Arch-duchesses of Austria; but my ignorance of this, at the time, contributed to fortify, in me, that accommodating principle, which seeks profit and enjoyment from the present situation, by whatever accidents thrown into it, without repining at the loss of remote pleasures, that are unattainable.

I hoped, however, that there would be singing in this piece, but was wholly disappointed; it was ein Trauerspiel, von Gotthold Ephraim Lessing called Emilia Galotti.

I should suppose this play to have been well acted; it was spoken with energy and passion, and many speeches were much applauded; but I was so young at German declamation, that I could only catch a sentence now and

be meant. This church has been compared to the Church of S. Sophia in Constantinople, which may account for the confusion in Burney's mind.

¹ *Austin Friars*. Originally a church built for the Friars Hermits of the Order of St. Augustine of Hippo in 1253, replaced in 1354 by the edifice Burney refers to. After the dissolution of the Order in 1538 the nave of the (very large) church was given to Netherlands refugees, and the London Dutch community continued to worship there until modern times.

² *The Prater*. The Prater was first opened to the public in 1765; previously it had been reserved for an exclusive aristocratic circle.

then. However, I made out the drift of the piece, which very much resembles, in the catastrophe, that of *Virginia*.¹

A prince of Guastalla, formerly in love with a countess, named Orsina, becomes inconstant upon seeing *Emilia Galotti*, the daughter of a country gentleman, who was engaged to a worthy Graf, or count. He meets with this lady, at mass, on the morning, which was fixed on for her marriage with the Graf.

Princes et rois vont très vite en amour, says M. de Voltaire. This prince has among his courtiers, a friend and confidant, named Marinelli, who is a more hateful character, than Jago, in Shakespeare's *Othello*.

This personage readily undertakes to pander for his master; and having, in vain, endeavoured to persuade the betrothed Graf, to accept of a foreign appointment he hires a banditti to attack the carriage, in which *Emilia*, her mother, and the Graf, were proceeding to a country-house, in order to celebrate their marriage. The Graf is killed by the assassins, and *Emilia* is conveyed, in a seeming friendly and hospitable manner, to a *Chateau*, or country seat, of the prince, near the road.

Orsina, the deserted mistress of the prince, meeting with *Emilia's* father, insinuates, that the unhappy young lady had consented to the plan, of her being carried off, and to the murder of her lover; which induces the irritated father, to receive from her a dagger, with the barbarous design of plunging it into his daughter's bosom.

Marinelli assumes the character of the friend and avenger of the deceased Graf, and acquaints the father, that, as it had been rumoured, that a lover of *Emilia* had been the murderer, it would be expedient to have her separated from her family, till the affair was cleared up.

The alarmed old man, desires permission to see his daughter, alone; as soon as she is made acquainted with her danger, from the artful plan of Marinelli, she seizes the dagger which her father had shewn her, with a resolution to destroy herself. He, however, prevents her; but is at length prevailed upon, to give the fatal stroke himself, stimulated by her entreaties, and exaggerations of the danger to which she was exposed, from the lawless passion of the prince, who enters at this instant, with Marinelli.

The father confesses the fact to the prince, and, with a savage ferocity, asks him, whether he likes her now? *Emilia* has but just strength sufficient left, to vindicate the act of her father before she expires. The old man delivers himself into the hands of justice; the mother runs distracted; while Marinelli, the chief cause of all the mischief, receives no other punishment, with which the audience is made acquainted, than to be ordered by the prince, to get out of his sight.

¹ *Virginia*. Burney here refers to that disastrous theatrical venture by his dear friend Samuel Crisp, whose *Virginia* was produced in London in 1754. The traditional tale of the father who slew his daughter to preserve her virtue has been told and re-told, e.g. by Livy, Petrarch, and Chaucer. Three years after the appearance of Crisp's *Virginia* Lessing was at work on his own play of the same title. Although his main source was a Spanish version, the first scene of his play is a literal translation of one of Crisp's scenes. Lessing later abandoned this (incomplete) work, and recast it as *Emilia Galotti* (1772).

Lady Mary Wortley Montague,¹ gives a curious description of the state of this theatre, when she saw the comedy of *Amphitruon*, represented here in the year 1716. 'I could not easily pardon, says her ladyship, the liberty the poet has taken of larding his play with not only indecent expressions, but such gross words, as I don't think our mob would suffer from a mountebank; besides the two Sofias very fairly let down their breeches, in the direct view of the boxes, which were full of people of the first rank, who seemed very well pleased with their entertainment, and assured me, this was a celebrated piece.'²

This ribald taste has taken another turn, and in tragedy seems now to exhale itself in impious oaths and execrations; for, in the piece of to-night, the interlocuters curse, swear, and call names, in a gross and outrageous manner. I know not, perhaps, the exact ideas annexed by the Germans, to the following expressions, of *bey Gott*; *Gott verdamme ihn*, &c. but they shocked my ears very frequently.³

However, there is an original wildness in the conduct and sentiments of this piece, which renders it very interesting. It is concluded by the prince himself, with the following bold and admirable exclamation; 'Gods! is it not a sufficient curse to mankind, that princes should be men, but must devils take the semblance of their friends?'⁴

This theatre is lofty, having five or six rows of boxes, twenty-four in each row. The height makes it seem short, yet, at the first glance, it is very striking; it does not appear to have been very lately painted, and looks dark; but the scenes and decorations are splendid. The stage had the appearance of being oval, which, whether it was produced by deception or reality, had a pleasing effect, as it corresponded with the other end of the theatre, which was rounded off at the corners, and gave an elegant look to the whole.

The orchestra has a numerous band, and the pieces which were played for the overture and act-tunes, were very well performed, and had an admirable effect; they were composed by Haydn, Hoffman, and Vanhall.

The first time I went to the cathedral of St. Stephen, I heard an excellent mass, in the true church style, very well performed; there were violins and violoncellos though it was not a festival. The great organ at the west end of this church has not been fit for use these forty years; there are three or

¹ *Lady Mary Wortley Montagu* (1689-1762). Wife of the Ambassador to Constantinople and a poet and prose writer (standard edition of her *Letters and Works*, 1837, 1861, and 1893). She introduced into Britain the practice of inoculation against smallpox.

² *Letters of the right honourable Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*, vol. I (B).

³ I have been informed that these expressions are mere *Anglicisms*, adopted by the author of the play, who is very fond of the English, in order to imitate their *costume*, and that no German ever speaks in that manner, not even the most profligate. Unluckily there are two capital mistakes in the compliment intended us by the author in the use of these coarse phrases: first, the story upon which the play is founded, being Italian, and the scene laid in Italy, the *costume* of that country should have been imitated, not those of England. Secondly, the expressions are such as have never been suffered upon the *English stage*; though they are but too frequently used in the streets by the lowest and most abandoned of the people (B).

⁴ *Gott! Gott!—ist es, zum Unglücke so mancher, nicht genug, daß Fürsten Menschen sind: müssen sich auch noch Teufel in ihren Freund verstellen?* (B).

four more organs of a smaller size in different parts of the church, which are used occasionally. That which I heard in the choir this morning is but a poor one, and as usual, was much out of tune; it was played, however, in a very masterly, though not a modern style. All the responses in this service, are chanted in four parts, which is much more pleasing, especially where there is so little melody, than the mere naked *canto fermo* used in most other catholic churches; the treble part was sung by the boys, and very well; particularly, by two of them, whose voices, though not powerful, had been well cultivated.

Lord Stormont

I cannot proceed farther in the journal of my musical transactions at Vienna, without mentioning the flattering manner in which I was received, protected, and even assisted in my enquiries there, by his excellency lord viscount Stormont, his majesty's ambassador extraordinary at that court; as it was to his lordship's influence and activity, that I owed the greatest part of my entertainment and the information I acquired during my residence at Vienna.

His lordship had been prepared for my arrival by a letter, which M. de Visme had been so kind as to write in my behalf, before I left Munich, in which he had explained the nature of my journey and pursuits; so that I very soon obtained an audience, and he condescended to enter heartily into my views, and to interest himself about them immediately on my arrival. This was a most fortunate circumstance for me, as his long residence here, had furnished opportunities for his being perfectly acquainted with all such persons and things as I wished to know; and that universal esteem and respect, which a steady, judicious, and amiable conduct had acquired him, joined to his high rank and station, rendered him all powerful in whatever cause he espoused.

One of the first signal favours which his lordship conferred on me, was doing me the honour of presenting me to the countess Thun,¹ a most agreeable and accomplished lady of very high rank, who, among other talents, possesses as great skill in music as any person of distinction I ever knew; she plays the harpsichord with that grace, ease, and delicacy, which nothing but female fingers can arrive at.

Her favourite author for the instrument, is a *dilettante*, M. le Comte de Becke.² His pieces are very original, and in a good taste: they shew the instrument much, but his own delicacy and feelings more. He was, unluckily for me, in Bohemia at this time, so that I could not have the honour and advantage of his conversation.

¹ Countess Wilhelmine Thun (1744-1800), patron of Mozart, pupil of Haydn, and the dedicatee of Beethoven's Clarinet Trio, op. 11.

² Comte de Becke (Ignatz von Beecke: 1733-1803). In his army career he reached the rank of major. As a pianist his fame was widespread, and he was also the composer of large-scale vocal and instrumental works.

German comedy

The second evening after my arrival, I went to the French theatre,¹ where I saw a German comedy, or rather a farce of five acts: however, I should not suppose the piece to be without merit, as the natives seemed much pleased with it. This theatre is not so high as that at which I had been the night before, but it is still better fitted up; here the best places seem to be in the pit, which is divided in two parts, and all the seats are stuffed, and covered with red baize; the scenes were seldom changed during the piece; but the principal, that is, the scene of longest continuance, was flat in front, where there were two large folding doors, as in the French theatres, for the entrance and exit of the principal characters. At each side there was an elegant projection, in the middle of which there was likewise a door, used chiefly by the servants, and inferior characters. The comedy was often too grossly farcical; but there were scenes, as well as characters, of real humour, and one or two of the *Comedie larmoyante* kind, that were truly pathetic.

Premiums are now no longer given, as heretofore, in this theatre, to actors who voluntarily submit to be kicked and cuffed, for the diversion of the spectators. However, it is but a few years since bills were regularly brought in to the managers at the end of each week, in which the comic actors used to charge: 'So much for a slap on the face;' 'So much for a broken head; and so much for a kick on the breech, &c.' But, in process of time, the effect of these wearing out, it became necessary to augment their number, and force, in order to render the pleasure of the spectators more exquisite; till the managers, unable any longer to support so intolerable an expence, totally abolished the rewards for these heroic sufferings.

And now, since this *active wit* has ceased to be practised, it is observed that the theatre is not only more seldom crowded than formerly, but the audience is become more difficult to please. Indeed the consequences seem to have been so fatal, that many attribute the frequent bankruptcies of the managers to the *insufferable* dullness and inactivity of the performers.²

The orchestra here was full as striking as that of the other theatre, and the pieces played were admirable. They were so full of invention, that it seemed to be music of some other world, insomuch, that hardly a passage in this was to be traced; and yet all was natural, and equally free from the stiffness of labour, and the pedantry of hard study. Whose music it was I could not learn; but both the composition and performance, gave me exquisite pleasure.³

At the end of the play, there was a very spirited and entertaining dance,

¹ *The French theatre.* The Hofburg-Theater, in the Michaelerplatz. It existed until 1888, when its name was passed on to the new theatre in the Franzensring.

² In consideration of their great utility, it is hoped that the worthy managers of our theatres do not let 'the spurns and patient sufferings' of our pantomime clowns, go unrewarded at the end of the week (B).

³ The symphonies of *Manheim*, excellent as they are, have been observed, by persons of refined taste, to be *Manierées*, and tiresome to such as continue there any time, being almost all of one cast, from the writers of them giving too much into imitation (B).

planned by the celebrated ballet-master, M. Noverre,¹ in which the four principal performers displayed great abilities, in point of grace, activity, and precision.

Three large boxes are taken out of the front of the first row, for the imperial family, which goes frequently to this theatre; it was built by Charles the sixth. The Empress-queen, according to imperial *Etiquette*, continues in weeds, and has appeared in no public theatre since the death of the late emperor.

Street music

At night two of the poor scholars of this city sung, in the court of the inn where I lodged, duets in *falset*, *soprano*, and *contralto*, very well in tune, and with feeling and taste. I sent to enquire whether they were taught music at the Jesuits' college, and was answered in the affirmative. Though the number of poor scholars, at different colleges, amounts to a hundred and twenty, yet there are at present but seventeen that are taught music.

After this there was a band of these singers, who performed through the streets a kind of glees, in three and four parts: this whole country is certainly very musical. I frequently heard the soldiers upon guard, and sentinels, as well as common people, sing in parts. The music school at the Jesuits' college, in every Roman catholic town, accounts in some measure for this faculty; yet other causes may be assigned, and, among these, it should be remembered, that there is scarce a church or convent in Vienna, which has not every morning its *mass in music*: that is, a great portion of the church service of the day, set in parts, and performed with voices, accompanied by at least three or four violins, a tenor and base, besides the organ; and as the churches here are daily crowded, this music, though not of the most exquisite kind, must, in some degree, form the ear of the inhabitants. Physical causes operate but little, I believe, as to music. Nature distributes her favours pretty equally to the inhabitants of Europe; but moral causes are frequently very powerful in their effects. And it seems as if *the national music of a country was good or bad, in proportion to that of its church service*; which may account for the taste of the common people of Italy, where indeed the language is more musical than in any other country of Europe, which certainly has an effect upon their vocal music; but the excellent performances that are every day heard for nothing in the churches, by the common people, more contribute to refine and fix the national taste for good music, than any other thing that I can at present suggest.

Metastasio

I had the good fortune to meet with the admirable poet Metastasio² here,

¹ *Noverre, Jean Georges* (1727-1810). He succeeded in banishing the conventions formerly ruling as to the use of mythological subjects, set order of dances, elaborate dresses, &c., and he thus made himself the founder of the dramatic ballet, or *ballet d'action*. Two years before Burney's visit the Empress Maria Theresa summoned him to Vienna, where he remained for five years.

² *Metastasio, Pietro Antonio Domenico Bonaventura* (1698-1782). He was the most active and

and the no less admirable musician Hasse, as well as with the chevalier Gluck, one of the most extraordinary geniuses of this, or, perhaps, of any age or nation; and as I was so happy as to enjoy the conversation of these illustrious personages very frequently, during my residence in this city, it will incline me to be very circumstantial concerning them, which I hope my readers will pardon in behalf of their extraordinary merit, and the enthusiastic admiration of it, with which I confess my mind to be impressed.

Before I had the honour of being introduced to Signor Metastasio, I obtained, from undoubted authority, the following particulars relative to this great poet, whose writings have perhaps more contributed to the refinement of vocal melody, and, consequently, of music in general, than the joint efforts of all the great composers in Europe; this supposition I shall hereafter endeavour to explain and confirm, in speaking of him only as a lyric poet.

The *Abate Pietro Metastasio*, was adopted at Rome, while very young, by the celebrated civilian, Gravina, who discovering in him an extraordinary talent for poetry, undertook the care of his education; and, after he had been instructed under his eye, in all the parts of polite literature, he sent him to Calabria, in the kingdom of Naples, to learn Greek, as a living language, it being still spoken in that province by the natives.¹

He had such a faculty of speaking verses extempore, so early as at five years old, that Gravina used to set him on a table, to perform the part of an *Improvvisatore*; but this exercise was found to exhaust him so much, that a physician assured his patron, if he continued the practice, it would destroy him; for at such times he was so truly *afflatus numine*, that his head and stomach swelled, and became inflamed, while his extremities grew cold. Gravina seeing this, thought it necessary to take the physician's advice, and would never suffer him more to *improvvisare*. Metastasio now speaks of the practice as equally repugnant to grammar, and to common sense; for whoever accustoms himself in this rapid manner, to distort every thought into rhyme, destroys all taste, and totally precludes selection: till, by degrees, the mind and genius accommodating themselves to inaccuracies and absurdities, not only lose a relish for labour, but for every thing that is chaste and correct.

Gravina made Metastasio translate all Homer into Italian verse, before he was fourteen years of age; and this, perhaps, destroyed some of that veneration for the ancients, with which most men of true genius are possessed.² Fielding said of himself, that he bore *marks* of the difficulty of Homer about him all his life. Gravina idolized the ancients, and, perhaps, Metastasio, taking the *contrepied*, respects them too little.

He has opinions fixed and unalterable, peculiar to himself, concerning many things, particularly rhyme: he still thinks that the Hebrew Psalms are

voluminous opera librettist who ever lived and some of his libretti were set over and over again by different composers. In addition to other works he wrote about thirty *drammi per musica*, 'which, in all, were set to music over a thousand times'. A quarter of a century after Burney's meeting with him he published, in three volumes, the *Life and Letters of Metastasio*.

¹ Calabria was a part of *Magna Graecia* (B).

² Gravina died in the year 1718, and made Metastasio his heir (B).

in rhyme, and that this consonance of verses is infinitely more ancient than is generally imagined. He thinks that Milton's *Paradise Lost* cannot be a perfect poem because it is written in *blank verse*, though all the narrative parts of his own dramatic pieces are in measured prose; indeed, before each song, he has a couplet, or close, usually in rhyme, which prepares for the change.

The whole tenor of his life is equally innoxious with his writings. He lives with the most mechanical regularity, which he suffers none to disturb; he has not dined from home these thirty years; he is very difficult of access, and equally averse to new persons, and new things; he sees, in a familiar way, but three or four people, and them, constantly every night, from eight o'clock till ten; he abhors writing, and never sets pen to paper but by compulsion: as it was necessary to bind Silenus, before he would sing; and Proteus, to oblige him to give oracles.

He has long been invested with the title and appointments of imperial laureate; and when the Emperor, Empress, or any one of the imperial family orders it, he sits down and writes, two hours at a time only, just as he would transcribe a poem written by any one else; never waiting for a call, invoking the Muse, or even receiving her favours at any other than his own stated periods.

He was applied to by the editors of the *Encyclopédie*, to write the article *Opera* for that work; but he politely declined the task, supposing it impossible that his sentiments on the subject should be pleasing to the French nation.

Tasso is his favourite of all poets; he likes not Fingal, on account of its wildness and obscurity;¹ he reads with his select friends ancient and modern authors every evening; he is extremely fond of the writings of count Medini, a Bohemian, whose poetical compositions, he says, are superior to those of all other living writers. This count is translating the *Henriade*, of Voltaire, into Italian *Ottave Rime*.

A person of very high rank assured me, that he had been five years in Vienna before he could get acquainted with Metastasio, or even have an opportunity of conversing with him; and, after that time, but three visits had been exchanged between them in several years; indeed, in my applications for letters of recommendation to this exquisite poet, before I left England, I had been mortified by an assurance, 'that it would be in vain for me to attempt even a sight of Metastasio, as he was totally worn out, incommunicative, and averse to society on all occasions.'

However, this account had been expressed in too strong terms; for, upon my arrival at Vienna, I found that besides the constant society of his particular

¹ The poems of Ossian are translated into Italian, by the Abate Melchior Cesarotti, and were published at Padua in 1763 (B).

Ossian was a legendary Gaelic warrior and bard, son of Fingal (see above). His works were 'discovered' by James Macpherson (1736-96) and on their publication a violent discussion ensued as to their authenticity, Burney's friend, Dr. Johnson, being the most determined doubter. Goethe, amongst others, admired them for their romantic spirit.

friends every evening, he had a kind of levee each morning, at which he was visited by a great number of persons of high rank and distinguished merit.

If he is attended to with complaisance, he converses very freely and agreeably; but if contradicted, he becomes immediately silent; he is too well-bred, as well as too indolent, to dispute; if what he thinks erroneous be advanced, in opposition to any thing that he has said, he passes it over in silence. He likes not animated discussions, such as generally subsist among men of talents and learning; but rather chuses the ease and moderation of a private individual, than to lay down the law in the decisive manner of a public and exalted character. Indeed there seems to be that soft calmness in his life, which subsists in his writings, where he reasons, even in passion, more than he raves; and that even tenor of propriety and correctness which runs through all his works, is, in some degree, constitutional. He is as seldom, perhaps, violently agitated in his writings as his life, and he may be called the poet of the golden age; in which simplicity and decorum are said to have reigned, more than the wild and furious passions. The effusions of patriotism, love, and friendship, which he pours out with exquisite sweetness, are affections of a soft and gentle kind, which his heart felt, and his soul has coloured.

He has not, perhaps, the fire of a Corneille, or the wit and variety of a Voltaire; but he has all the pathos, all the correctness of a Racine, with more originality. I need only mention his well-known poem, *Grazie a gl'Inganni tuoi*, which has been so many times imitated and translated in all languages: this contains a species of wit, peculiar to Metastasio, in which he turns trivial circumstances to account. Shakespeare has said, in derision, of one of his characters, that 'he has a *reasonable* good wit,' and this is seriously true with respect to Metastasio, whose wit is not composed of epigrammatic points, or whimsical conceits; neither is it biting nor sarcastical; but consists of familiar and natural things, highly polished, and set in diamonds.

—'Tis nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.

The sweetness of his language and versification, give a grace to all that he writes, and the natural tendency of his genius, is to point out rectitude, propriety, and decorum; and though he discovers in every stanza of his *Nice*, that he is not cured of his passion for a jilt, yet he plainly proves that he ought to be so.

Party runs as high among poets, musicians, and their adherents, at Vienna as elsewhere. Metastasio and Hasse, may be said, to be at the head of one of the principal sects; and Calsabigi and Gluck of another. The first, regarding all innovations as quackery, adhere to the ancient form of the musical drama, in which the poet and musician claim equal attention from an audience; the bard in the recitatives and narrative parts; and the composer in the airs, duos and chorusses. The second party depend more on theatrical effects, propriety of character, simplicity of diction, and of musical execution, than on, what

they style, flowery descriptions, superfluous similes, sententious and cold morality, on one side, with tiresome symphonies, and long divisions, on the other.¹

It is less my business and intention here, to take sides, or to determine which of these parties is right, than to point out the different merit of both. For I should not only be an enemy to my own pleasure, but unworthy of the title I have assumed, of a faithful historian, if I encouraged exclusive approbation. I shall therefore proceed in characterising the genius of the two great composers above-mentioned, to the best of my judgment and feelings, unbiased by the decisions of others.

Hasse

The merit of Signor Hasse has so long, and so universally been established on the continent, that I have never yet conversed with a single professor on the subject, who has not allowed him to be the most natural, elegant, and judicious composer of vocal music, as well as the most voluminous now alive;² equally a friend to poetry and the voice, he discovers as much judgment as genius, in expressing words, as well as in accompanying those sweet and tender melodies, which he gives to the singer. Always regarding the voice, as the first object of attention in a theatre, he never suffocates it, by the learned jargon of a multiplicity of instruments and subjects; but is as careful of preserving its importance as a painter, of throwing the strongest light upon the capital figure of his piece.

In 1769, he produced at Vienna the music of a little opera, or *Intermezzo tragico*, *Piramo e Tisbe, à tre voci*; and in 1771, he set *Ruggiero*, at Milan, for the marriage of the Arch-duke Ferdinand, brother of the Emperor, with the Princess of Modena, both written by Metastasio.³

Dr. Brown⁴ pretended to prove, the separation of music and poetry; if he

¹ *L'Autore a sostituito alle fiorite descrizioni, ai Paragoni superflui, e alla sentenziosa e fredda moralità il linguaggio del cuore, le passioni forti, le situazioni interessanti, e uno spettacolo sempre variato. Dedicaz. d'Alceste, dal cav. Gluck (B).*

² He was born at Bergendorf, in Lower Saxony, within eight miles of Hamburg, and is best known in Italy, by the name of *Il Sassone* (B).

Johann Adolph Hasse, known as 'The Saxon', was born in 1699 and died in Venice in 1783. He studied in Italy under, especially, A. Scarlatti, and became the most popular composer of his period and one of the most productive (over a hundred operas as well as many other works). From 1731, for thirty years, he was court director of the opera at Dresden. Then he settled in Vienna, in rivalry with Gluck. His wife was the celebrated singer Faustina Bordoni. A good deal is said about Hasse and his wife on later pages.

³ These pieces are the last productions of the great poet and musician, who, with more propriety than Pope and Jarvis, might say,

Smit with the love of sister arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame (B).

Charles Fervas, or *Jarvis* (c. 1675-1739), was a portrait painter who thrice painted Pope and also gave him lessons in painting.

⁴ *Brown, Rev. John* (1715-66), D.Mus., Oxon. He published in 1763 a famous *Dissertation on the Union and Power, the Progressions, Separations, and Corruptions of Poetry and Music* (reissued the following year as *The History of the Rise and Progress of Poetry*) and translated it into French, German, and Italian.

was right, it must, however, be allowed that this poet and musician are the *two halves* of what, like Plato's *Androgyne*,¹ once constituted a *whole*; for as they are equally possessed of the same characteristic marks of true genius, taste, and judgment; so propriety, consistency, clearness, and precision, are alike the inseparable companions of both. When the voice was more respected than the servile herd of imitative instruments, and at a time when a different degree, and better judged kind of study rendered it, perhaps, more worthy of attention than at present, the airs of Signor Hasse, particularly those of the pathetic kind, were such as charmed every hearer, and fixed the reputation of the first singers in Europe.²

His abilities are but little known in England,³ as but few of his compositions are printed, and those of the most trivial kind; but, as his works are more numerous than those of any vocal composer now living, he may, without injury to his brethren, be allowed to be as superior to all other lyric composers, as Metastasio is to all other lyric poets.

Gluck

The chevalier Gluck⁴ is simplifying music; and, with unbounded invention and powers for creating capricious difficulties, and decking his melodies with meretricious ornaments, he tries all he can to keep his music chaste and sober. His three operas of *Orfeo*, *Alceste*, and *Paride*, are proofs of this, as they contain few difficulties of execution, though many of expression.

He has lately suggested to an able writer, a plan for a new ode on St. Cecilia's day, which discovers both genius and discernment. Lord Cowper had, some time since, Dryden's Ode performed to Handel's music at Florence; but set to a literal Italian translation given *totidem syllabis*, in order to preserve the music as entire as possible. But this tenderness for the musician, was so much at the expence of the poet, that Dryden's divine Ode, became not only unpoetical, but unintelligible in this wretched version. The music has since been performed at Vienna to the same words, and many parts of it were very much liked, in despite of the nonsense through which it was conveyed to the ears of the audience.

Gluck was exceedingly struck with the thoughts of our great poet, and wished to have an ode on the same subject, but written on a different plan, which would preserve as many of them as possible. His idea was this; a poem of so great a length, could never be sung to modern music by *one person*. Now, as Dryden's Ode is all *narrative*; there seems no propriety in distributing it among different persons, in the performance. He wished therefore, to have it thrown into a dramatic form, in which the interlocutors might speak what passion suggests; and this has been done in the following manner: it

¹ *The Androgyne*, or *Hermaphrodite*, is described by Aristophanes in Plato's *Symposium*.

² Such as Farinelli, Faustina, Mingotti, &c. (B).

³ *Hasse and England*. He was in London for a short time in 1739, but Handel's popularity was then overwhelming and Hasse took a dislike to the country.

⁴ *Gluck*. We shall find much more about this composer on some later pages.

begins with the feast of Bacchus, at which Alexander and Thais preside. They agree to call in Timotheus to sing to them; but before his arrival, the hero and his mistress differ in opinion concerning his merit; the one supposes him to be inferior to what has been reported of him; and the other, superior. This contention enlivens the dialogue, and interests the audience till the arrival of the bard, who begins to sing of the Trojan war, which animates Alexander so much, that he breaks out into the complaints attributed to him by the old story of having no Homer, like Achilles, to record his actions.

Tuesday, September 1st. At vespers, this afternoon, I heard, in the cathedral, some admirable old music composed by Fux,¹ not very well performed, indeed, as to singing or accompaniments; the former was feeble, and the latter, I mean the violins, were despicable: however, the organ was very well played, by the organist, M. Mittermier. M. Hoffman,² an excellent composer of instrumental music, particularly of symphonies, is *maestro di capella*. The church is a dark, dirty, and dismal old Gothic building, though richly ornamented; in it are hung all the trophies of war, taken from the Turks and other enemies of the house of Austria, for more than a century past, which gives it very much the appearance of an old wardrobe.

Salieri's 'Il Barone'

At half an hour past six this evening, I went to the comic opera of *Il Barone*. The music, composed by Signor Salieri,³ a scholar of M. Gasman.⁴ I did not receive much pleasure from the overture, or the two first airs; the music was languid, and the singing but indifferent. There were only four characters in the piece, and the principal woman did not appear till the third scene; but then she gave a glow to every thing around her; it was one of the Baglioni, of Bologna,⁵ whom I had heard both at Milan and Florence, during my tour through Italy. She is very much improved since that time, and her voice is now one of the clearest, truest, most powerful, and extensive I ever heard. In compass, it is from Bb, on the fifth space in the base, to D in alt, full, steady, and equal; her shake is good, and her *Portamento* admirably free from the nose, mouth, or throat. There was such a roundness and dignity in all the tones, that every thing she did became interesting; a few plain slow notes from her, were more acceptable to the audience, than a whole elaborate air from any one else.

This singer is young, has good features, the *embonpoint charmant*, and is

¹ *Fux, Johann Joseph* (1660-1741). He was a voluminous composer (masses, oratorios, operas, &c.) and a learned theorist whose work on counterpoint had influence on all later works on the subject until well into the twentieth century. For some time he was in charge of the music in the cathedral where Burney heard his work and there he is buried.

² *Hoffmann, Leopold* (1730-93). He was a voluminous and appreciated composer of church music, orchestral music, and chamber music. In his own day he was by some looked on as a rival of Haydn.

³ *Salieri, Antonio* (1750-1825). He was a highly popular conductor and composer of operas, &c. Amongst his pupils were Beethoven, Schubert, and Liszt, and amongst his friends Gluck and Haydn.

⁴ *Gasman*. See p. 113.

⁵ Costanza (B). See *Italian Tour*, pp. 70, 176, &c.

upon the whole a fine figure; but I cannot attribute all the improvement I now found in her voice to time; something must be given to the difference of theatres; those of Florence and Milan, are, at least, twice as big as this at Vienna, which is about the size of our great opera-house, in the Hay-market. The opera of to-night was performed in the German theatre, where I had before seen a tragedy. The two theatres of Vienna are never both open together except on a Sunday or festival, at other times they are opened alternately.

The Emperor, the Arch-duke Maximilian, his brother, and his two sisters, the Arch-duchesses, Marianne, and Mary Elizabeth, were all at this burletta. The box, in which they sate, was very little distinguished from the rest; they came in and went out with few attendants, and without parade. The Emperor is of a manly fine figure, and has a spirited and pleasing countenance; he often changes his place at the opera, to converse with different persons, and frequently walks about the streets without guards, seeming to shun, as much as possible, all kinds of unnecessary pomp. His imperial majesty was extremely attentive during the performance of the opera, and applauded the *Baglione* several times very much.

The admission into this theatre is at a very easy rate; twenty-four *Creuzers* only are paid for going into the pit; in which, however, there are seats with backs to them. A *Creuzer* here, is hardly equal to an English halfpenny; indeed, part of the front of the pit is railed off, and is called the amphitheatre; for places there, the price is doubled, none are to be had for money, except in the pit and the slips, which run all along the top of the house, and in which only sixteen *Creuzers* are paid. The boxes are all let by the season to the principal families, as is the custom in Italy.

The size of this theatre may be nearly imagined, by comparing with any one of our own, the number of boxes and seats in each. There are in this five ranks of boxes, twenty-four in each; in the pit there are twenty-seven rows of seats, which severally contain twenty-four persons.

The abate Taruffi

Wednesday, September 2. This morning was dedicated to the delivering of letters, with which I was furnished to different persons in Vienna. Among whom, I must distinguish two, from whose acquaintance I derived great pleasure, as well as assistance in my musical researches; these were the *abate Taruffi*, *uditore e segretario di legazione* to the pope's nuncio, to whom I was favoured with a letter from Mr. Baretti;¹ and M. L'Augier,² one of the principal physicians to the imperial court, to the knowledge of whom I was indebted to Col. St. Pol, and M. de Visme, who were both so kind as to write to him on my behalf.

It afforded me singular satisfaction to converse with the *abate Taruffi*, as

¹ *Baretti*. See *Italian Tour*, pp. 79, 97, &c.

² *L'Augier*. See mention a few lines later.

I found him to have not only a general knowledge of every subject that was started, but possessed of a superior taste in literature and the arts; he speaks English, and is so perfectly acquainted with the writings of our best authors, both in verse and prose, that he quotes them as readily and happily as a native of Great Britain.

During my visit I made him acquainted with the particular object of my journey into Germany, and furnished him with the printed account of my tour through France and Italy. I was happy to find that he was a particular acquaintance of Metastasio and of Hasse, and the more so as he voluntarily offered to introduce me to both. He likewise promised to present me to the legate, and to the Duca di Bresciano, not only as to persons whose influence might be of use to me, from their high rank, but whose conversation, from their knowledge and love of music, might furnish both anecdotes and reflections well worth my attention. He favoured me with several interesting particulars relative to Metastasio, one of which was, that a young lady, the daughter of a deceased friend, who was born, educated, and who still lived in the same house with him, had the greatest genius for music, in all its branches of playing, singing, and composing, of any one living. Metastasio, at first, instructed her, how to set his songs; but now she delights and even astonishes the great poet himself.

I was extremely curious to know what kind of music would best fulfil the ideas of Metastasio, when applied to his own poetry; and imagined that this young lady, with all the advantages of his instructions, counsel, and approbation, combined with her own genius, must be an *alter idem*, and that her productions would include every musical embellishment which could be superadded to his poetry, without destroying or diminishing its native beauty. Lord Stormont had kindly undertaken to bring about an interview, between Metastasio and me; so that till this had taken place, I was not at liberty to visit him with Signor Taruffi; however, he promised immediately to read my book, and to apprise him of its contents, in order to prepare him for my acquaintance.

M. L'Augier

M. L'Augier, in despite of uncommon corpulency, possesses a most active and cultivated mind. His house is the rendezvous of the first people of Vienna, both for rank and genius; and his conversation is as entertaining, as his knowledge is extensive and profound. Among his other acquirements he has arrived at great skill in music, has a most refined and distinguishing taste, and has heard *national melody* in all parts of the world with philosophical ears.

He has been in France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Constantinople, and is, in short, a living history of modern music. In Spain, he was intimately acquainted with Domenico Scarlatti, who, at seventy-three, composed for him a great number of harpsichord lessons which he now possesses, and of which he favoured me with copies. The book in which they are transcribed,

contains forty-two pieces, among which are several slow movements; and of all these, I, who have been a collector of Scarlatti's compositions all my life, had never seen more than three or four. They were composed in 1756, when Scarlatti was too fat to cross his hands as he used to do, so that these are not so difficult, as his more juvenile works, which were made for his scholar and patroness, the late Queen of Spain, when Princess of Asturias.

Scarlatti frequently told M. L'Augier, that he was sensible he had broke through all the rules of composition in his lessons; but asked if his deviations from these rules offended the ear? and, upon being answered in the negative, he said, that he thought there was scarce any other rule, worth the attention of a man of genius, than that of not displeasing the only sense of which music is the object.¹

There are many pages in Scarlatti's pieces, in which he imitated the melody of tunes sung by carriers, muleteers, and common people. He used to say, that the music of Alberti,² and of several other modern composers, did not in the execution, want a harpsichord, as it might be equally well, or perhaps, better expressed by any other instrument; but, as nature had given him ten fingers, and as his instrument had employment for them all, he saw no reason why he should not use them.

M. L'Augier sung to me several fragments of Bohemian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Turkish music, in which the peculiar expression depended on the *contre tems*,³ or breach of strict time; beat the measure, and keep it as exactly as is necessary, in more refined and modern music, and it wholly loses its effect.⁴

He furnished me with an anecdote concerning Caffarelli⁵ and Gizziello,⁶ similar to that which I have given in my former journal, relative to Senesino and Farinelli.

When Gizziello first sung at Rome, his performance so far enchanted every hearer, that it became the general subject of conversation, which not only contributed to spread his fame through that city, but to extend it to the most remote parts of Italy; it is natural to suppose that the account of this new musical phenomenon soon reached Naples, and equally natural to

¹ Scarlatti was the first who dared to give way to fancy in his compositions, by breaking through the contracted prohibitions of rules drawn from dull compositions produced in the infancy of the art, and which seemed calculated merely to keep it still in that state. Before his time, the *eye* was made the sovereign judge of music, but Scarlatti swore allegiance only to the *ear* (B). (For D. Scarlatti see also *Italian Tour*, p. 156.)

² *Alberti, Domenico* (c. 1710-40). In his keyboard works he frequently provides the right hand with a definite melody and the left hand with mere broken chords, of no interest in themselves—the "Alberti bass" as it came to be called. That seems to be the allusion here.

³ *Contre tems*. Syncopation.

⁴ It has been supposed, that the ancient Greeks had scales of sounds, in which the *intervals* were divided into more minute parts, than any that are to be found in modern music; and it seems, as if our present divisions of *time*, were far from including every variety of measure possible (B).

⁵ *Caffarelli, Gaetano Majorano* (1710-83), Caffarelli being the name of his first protector. Very famous *evirato*, pupil of Porpora. He earned an immense fortune and bought a dukedom.

⁶ *Gizziello*—real name, Gioacchino Conti (1714-61). He enjoyed great fame as one of the most able *castrati*. In 1736-7 he was in London.

imagine that it was not heard with indifference in a place where so powerful a propensity to musical pleasure prevails. Caffarelli, at this time in the zenith of his reputation, was so far piqued by curiosity, perhaps by jealousy, that he took an opportunity, the first time he could be spared from the opera at Naples, to ride post all night, in order to hear that at Rome.¹ He entered the pit, muffled up in a *pellice*, or fur-gown, unknown by any there; and after he had heard Gizziello sing a song, he cried out, as loud as he possibly could, *bravo, bravissimo, Gizziello, è Caffarelli che ti lo dice*, 'tis Caffarelli who applauds—and immediately quitting the theatre, he set out on his return to Naples the same night.

M. L'Augier told me that the Empress-queen² had been a notable musician. Some years ago he had heard her sing very well; and in the year 1739, when she was only twenty-two years of age, and very handsome, she sung a *duo* with Senesino, at Florence, so well, that by her voice, which was then a very fine one, and graceful and steady manner, she so captivated the old man, Senesino,³ that he could not proceed without shedding tears of satisfaction. Her imperial majesty has so long been a performer, that the other day, in pleasantry, she told the old Faustina, the wife of Hasse, who is still living, and upwards of seventy years of age, that she thought herself the first, meaning the eldest, *virtuosa* in Europe; for her father brought her on the court stage, at Vienna, when she was only five years old, and made her sing a song.

The whole imperial family is musical; the Emperor⁴ perhaps just enough for a sovereign prince, that is, with sufficient hand, both on the violoncello and harpsichord, to amuse himself; and sufficient taste and judgment to hear, understand, and receive delight from others. A person of great distinction told me, that he saw, some years ago, four Archduchesses of Austria, the Emperor's sisters, appear at court in the opera of *Egeria*, written by Metastasio, and set by Hasse, expressly for their use. They were then extremely beautiful, sung and acted very well for princesses, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who was likewise very handsome, danced, in the character of Cupid.

I found that M. L'Augier had himself been a good harpsichord player: he now reads and judges of music very accurately. During my first visit, he was so obliging as to promise to make me acquainted with Hasse, Gluck, Wagenseil, Haydn, and all the musicians that were worth my attention, in Vienna; and fixed on the next evening for giving me an opportunity of hearing some of Haydn's *quartettos*, performed with the utmost precision and perfection, as well as a little girl, of eight or nine years old, who is regarded here as a prodigy, on the harpsichord.

I had the honour of dining to-day with his excellency lord Stormont, who

¹ *Naples and Rome*. The distance is 150 miles.

² *Empress-queen*. Maria Theresa (1717–80) seems to be intended—the mother of the reigning emperor.

³ *Senesino*. See p. 188

⁴ *The Emperor*, Joseph II, reigned 1765–90. Son of Maria Theresa.

has been so kindly attentive, as to invite a musical party to meet me; among whom were Prince Poniatowski, brother to the King of Poland, a great lover of music, and the count and countess Thun. The countess, who interests herself very much in every thing that concerns music, and who reads and speaks English, honoured my Account of the Present State of Italian Music with an attentive perusal, as lord Stormont had done before; this enabled them to judge of my musical wants better than I could have done in conversation, without bearing too large a share in it.

Countess Thun has nothing about her that reminds one of the pride or heaviness attributed by travellers to the Germans: on the contrary, she is naturally and innocently chearful and humorous: has sallies of wit, and excites mirth by a pleasant irony, peculiar to herself; She had been so kind as to write a note to Gluck on my account, and he had returned, for *him*, a very civil answer; for he is as formidable a character as Handel used to be: a very dragon, of whom all are in fear. However, he had agreed to be visited in the afternoon; and lord Stormont and countess Thun had extended their condescension so far as to promise to carry me to him.

But before we set out, the duke of Braganza, and much other company, came in; lord Stormont did me the honour to present me to his highness, who is an excellent judge of music, and who condescended to converse with me a considerable time on the subject. This prince is a great traveller, having visited England, France, and Italy, before his arrival in Germany. He is very lively, and occasioned much mirth by his pleasantries, which were all seasoned with *good humour*.

An eccentric abbé

His royal highness gave me an account of a Portuguese Abbé, whom lord Stormont and M. L'Augier had before mentioned as a person of a very singular character; a kind of Rousseau, but still more original. He is of the most difficult access; refuses every offer of service in the way of money and presents, though he has nothing but his mass to subsist on, which produces him just fifteen pence a day. He is determined to be independent, and hates to be talked of by the world, and almost to talk to any one in it. The Duke of Braganza, however, thought he had just interest sufficient to make him and me acquainted; and as another select musical party was forming on my account, for Friday, to dine with lord Stormont, the duke promised to do all in his power to bring this extraordinary Abate with him. His musical opinions are as singular as his character. He plays very well on the large Spanish guittar, though in a very peculiar style: with little melody, but, with respect to harmony and modulation, in the most pleasing and original manner.¹

He is a professed enemy to the system of Rameau,² and thinks the *Basse Fondamentale* the most absurd of all inventions; as it destroys all fancy, connection, and continuity, by perpetually tending to a *final close* and termination of whatever is begun: falling a fifth, or rising a fourth, cuts every thing off

¹ *The Abate*. See p. 98.

² *System of Rameau*. See *Italian Tour*, p. 310.

short, or makes the ear, which is accustomed to a fundamental base, uneasy till a passage is finished.

At five o'clock lord Stormont's coach carried madame Thun, his lordship, and myself, to the house of the chevalier Gluck, in the Fauxbourg St. Mark.

Gluck

He is very well housed there; has a pretty garden, and a great number of neat, and elegantly furnished rooms. He has no children; madame Gluck, and his niece, who lives with him, came to receive us at the door, as well as the veteran composer himself. He is much pitted with small-pox, and very coarse in figure and look, but was soon got into good humour; and he talked, sung, and played, madame Thun observed, more than ever she knew him at any one time.

He began, upon a very bad harpsichord, by accompanying his niece, who is but thirteen years old, in two of the capital scenes of his own famous opera of *Alceste*. She has a powerful and well-toned voice, and sung with infinite taste, feeling, expression, and even execution. After these two scenes from *Alceste*, she sung several others, by different composers, and in different styles, particularly by Traetta.

I was assured that Mademoiselle Gluck¹ had learned to sing but two years which, considering the perfection of her performance, really astonished me. She began singing under her uncle, but he, in a precipitate fit of despair, had given her up; when Signor Millico,² arriving at Vienna about the same time, and discovering that she had an improvable voice, and a docile disposition, begged he might be allowed to teach her for a few months only, in order to try whether it would not be worth her while still to persevere in her musical studies, notwithstanding the late decision against her; which he suspected had its rise from the impatience and impetuosity of the uncle, more than the want of genius in the niece. Her performance now is an equal proof of the sagacity and penetration of Signor Millico, in making this discovery, and of the excellent method with which he conveys his instructions; for this young lady has so well caught his taste and expression, and made them so much her own, that they have none of the coldness of imitation, but seem wholly derived from her own feelings; and it is a style of singing, perhaps, still more irresistibly grateful and enchanting in a female, than even in Signor Millico himself.

Mademoiselle Gluck is thin, seems of a delicate constitution, and, as she sings so much in earnest, I should fear for her health if she were to make singing a profession; but she is not intended for a public performer.

When she had done, her uncle was prevailed upon to sing himself; and,

¹ *Mademoiselle Gluck, Marianne* (born 1760). On the death of her mother (Gluck's sister) she was adopted by the childless composer.

² *Millico, Giuseppe* (1739-1802). He was one of the greatest *castrati* sopranos of his day and a popular opera composer. The following year he was in London and became a great favourite with the Burney family, frequenting their house. Fanny Burney introduces him into her first novel, *Evelina*.

with as little voice as possible, he contrived to entertain, and even delight the company, in a very high degree; for, with the richness of accompaniment, the energy and vehemence of his manner in the *Allegros*, and his judicious expression in the slow movements, he so well compensated for the want of voice that it was a defect which was soon entirely forgotten.

He was so good-humoured as to perform almost his whole opera of *Alceste*;¹ many admirable things in a still later opera of his, called *Paride ed Elena*;² and in a French opera, from Racine's *Iphigénie*,³ which he has just composed. This last, though he had not as yet committed a note of it to paper, was so well digested in his head, and his retention is so wonderful, that he sung it nearly from the beginning to the end, with as much readiness as if he had a fair score before him.

His invention is, I believe, unequalled by any other composer who now lives, or has ever existed, particularly in dramatic painting, and theatrical effects. He studies a poem a long time before he thinks of setting it. He considers well the relation which each part bears to the whole; the general cast of each character, and aspires more at satisfying the mind, than flattering the ear. This is not only being a friend to poetry, but a poet himself; and if he had language sufficient, of any other kind than that of sound, in which to express his ideas, I am certain he would be a great poet: as it is, music, in his hands, is a most copious, nervous, elegant, and expressive language. It seldom happens that a single air of his operas can be taken out of its niche, and sung singly, with much effect; the whole is a chain, of which a detached single link is but of small importance.

If it be possible for the partizans of *old French music* to hear any other than that of Lulli and Rameau, with pleasure, it must be M. Gluck's *Iphigénie*, in which he has so far accommodated himself to the national taste, style, and language, as frequently to imitate and adopt them. The chief obstacles to his fame, perhaps, among his contracted judges, but which will be most acceptable to others, is that there is frequently *melody*, and always *measure*, in his music, though set to *French words*, and for a *serious French opera*.

I reminded M. Gluck of his air, *Rasserena il Mesto Ciglio*, which was in such great favour in England, so long ago as the year 1745; and prevailed upon him, not only to sing that, but several others of his first and most favourite airs. He told me that he owed entirely to England the study of nature in his dramatic compositions: he went thither at a very disadvantageous period; Handel was then so high in fame, that no one would willingly listen to any other than to his compositions. The rebellion⁴ broke out; all foreigners were regarded as dangerous to the state; the opera-house was shut up by

¹ *Alceste*. Produced in Vienna in 1767.

² *Paride ed Elena*. Produced in Vienna in 1770 and not very successful.

³ *Iphigénie en Aulide*. This opera of Gluck was produced in Paris in 1774 (*Iphigénie en Tauride* not until 1779).

⁴ The rebellion, i.e. the landing in Scotland, in 1745, of the Young Pretender, who, with his forces, penetrated as far as Derby.

order of the Lord Chamberlain, and it was with great difficulty and address that lord Middlesex obtained permission to open it again, with a temporary and political performance, *La Caduta de Giganti*.¹ This Gluck worked upon with fear and trembling, not only on account of the few friends he had in England, but from an apprehension of riot and popular fury, at the opening of a theatre, in which none but foreigners and papists were employed.

He then studied the English taste; remarked particularly what the audience seemed most to feel; and finding that plainness and simplicity had the greatest effect upon them, he has, ever since that time, endeavoured to write for the voice, more in the natural tones of the human affections and passions, than to flatter the lovers of deep science or difficult execution; and it may be remarked, that most of his airs in *Orfeo* are as plain and simple as English ballads; and the additions that were made to it when first performed in England, by Messrs. Bach and Guglielmi, were of so different a texture, though excellent in another way, that they destroyed the *unity* of style and characteristic simplicity, for which, when performed in Vienna, this production was so much admired.

The 'Alceste' preface

M. Gluck has developed his ideas of the necessary requisites of dramatic music so fully, in his dedication of *Alceste*, to the Grand Duke of Tuscany;² and has given his reasons for deviating from the beaten track, with so much force and freedom, that I shall make no apology for presenting my readers, with an extract from it.

When I undertook to set this poem, it was my design to divest the music entirely of all those abuses with which the vanity of singers, or the too great complacency of composers, has so long disfigured the Italian opera, and rendered the most beautiful and magnificent of all public exhibitions, the most tiresome and ridiculous. It was my intention to confine music to its true dramatic province, of assisting poetical expression, and of augmenting the interest of the fable, without interrupting the action, or chilling it with useless and superfluous ornaments; for the office of music, when joined to poetry, seemed to me, to resemble that of colouring in a correct and well disposed design, where the lights and shades only seem to animate the figures, without altering the out-line.

I determined therefore not to stop an actor, in the heat of a spirited dialogue, for a tedious *ritornel*; nor to impede the progress of passion, by lengthening a single syllable of a favourite word, merely to display agility of throat; and I was equally inflexible in my resolution, not to employ the orchestra to so poor a purpose, as that of giving time for the recovery of breath, sufficient for a long and unmeaning cadence.

I never thought it necessary to hurry through the second part of a song, though the most impassioned and important, in order to repeat the words of the first part,

¹ *La Caduta de' Giganti* ('The Fall of the Giants'). First performed in London in 1746. It was hastily assembled from reminiscences of Gluck's earlier works.

² *The Grand Duke of Tuscany*. Later (1790-92) the Emperor Leopold II.

regularly four times, merely to finish the air, where the sense is unfinished, and to give an opportunity to the singer, of shewing that he has the impertinent power of varying passages, and disguising them, till they shall be no longer known to the composer himself; in short, I tried to banish all those vices of the musical drama, against which, good sense and reason have in vain so long exclaimed.

I imagined that the overture ought to prepare the audience for the action of the piece, and serve as a kind of argument to it; that the instrumental accompaniment should be regulated by the interest of the drama, and not leave a void in the dialogue between the air and recitative; that it should neither break into the sense and connexion of a period, nor wantonly interrupt the energy or heat of the action.

And, lastly, it was my opinion, that my first and chief care, as a dramatic composer, was to aim at a noble simplicity; and I have accordingly shunned all parade of unnatural difficulty, in favour of clearness; nor have I sought or studied novelty, if it did not arise naturally from the situation of the character, and poetical expression; and there is no rule of composition, which I have not thought it my duty to sacrifice, in order to favour passion, and produce effects.

From this extract, the reader will infer, that the symphonies to the songs in his opera of *Alceste*, are few and short; that there are no divisions in the voice-parts; no formal closes at the end; scarce any but accompanied recitatives, and that not one *da capo* is to be found throughout the piece; which, say those who have seen it represented, was so truly theatrical and interesting, that they could not keep their eyes a moment off the stage, during the whole performance, having their attention so irritated; and their consternation so raised, that they were kept in perpetual anxiety, between hope and fear for the event, till the last scene of the drama; so that the music only gave energy or softness to the declamation, as the different situations of the several characters required. The syllables were indeed lengthened, and the tones of speech ascertained, but speech it still was, even in the airs, which are almost all of what the Italians call the *Parlante* or speaking kind.

But though M. Gluck studies simple nature so much in his *cantilena*, or voice-part; yet, in his accompaniments, he is not only often learned, but elaborate; and in this particular, he is even more than a *poet* and *musician*, he is an excellent *painter*; his instruments frequently delineate the situation of the actor, and give a high colouring to passion.

While the chevalier Gluck was singing, count Brühl, a great *dilettante*, joined the company; he is a son of the famous Saxon minister, and plays in a very masterly manner upon several instruments.

From hence I was carried by lord Stormont to general Valmoden's, the Danish minister, quite on the opposite side of the city. There was an assembly of foreign ministers, and his lordship did me the honour to present me to the whole *Corps diplomatique*.

Thus ended this busy and important day, in which so much was said and done, that it seemed to contain the events of a much longer period, and I could hardly persuade myself, at night, upon recollecting the several incidents, that they had all happened in the space of about twelve hours.

The public library. More churches

Thursday 3d. At eleven o'clock this morning, by appointment, I waited upon lord Stormont, who was so kind as to go with me to the public library; and there, after being presented by his lordship to the librarians, and known to have the honour of being countenanced by him, I was not only at liberty to enter the library every day at the usual hours, but had admission even on holidays, and in vacation time, when it was denied to others; and was likewise favoured with the attendance and assistance of the keepers of the books, at all times, with unlimited politeness and courtesy.

This library, which has not long been open to the public, is in possession of a very considerable number of manuscripts, as well as of ancient and modern printed books. The building has been lately enlarged, and the number of books greatly augmented by a purchase of the library of the late prince Eugene. The celebrated physician, baron Van Swieten, lately deceased, had been many years principal librarian, an office which was vacant during my residence at Vienna.

The principal room of the library is of an immense size, extremely lofty and much ornamented. There are marble statues in it of the Emperors Charles the Vth, and Leopold. The books have lately undergone a new arrangement, and a new catalogue has been likewise made of them, by one of the *custodi*, or keepers. There is a large room set apart for readers and transcribers, and another for the librarians and their assistants.

In my way to lord Stormont's, I stepped into St. Michael's church, in order to examine the organ, as it is one that was recommended to my attention, by Mr. Snetzler,¹ on account of the singular disposition of its keys. This instrument has no front, the great pipes are placed, in an elegant manner, on each side of the gallery, and there is a box only in the middle, of about four feet square, for the keys and stops; so that the west window is left quite open. The compass of the organ, in the manuals, extends only from double E in the base, to C in alt; but the pedals of most German organs have an octave lower than the lowest note of the keys that are played by the hands, which is the case with this instrument. It has forty stops, and three sets of keys, which, by a spring of communication, can be played all together. The pipes are well-toned; and Mr. Wegerer, the present organist, though neither remarkable for taste or fancy, plays in a full and masterly manner.

St. Croix² was another church which I entered this morning, and here I heard a band play during a *messa bassa*; but the music was bad, and performance worse; however, I was hemmed in by the crowd, and forced to stay and hear it, for near an hour, before I could get out decently.

A visit to Hasse

This morning, the *Abate Taruffi* was so obliging as to return my visit He

¹ *Snetzler*. Cf. p. 27.

² *St. Croix*. Probably the Minorite Church near the Ballhausplatz.

had already run over my book, and was sufficiently apprized of my pursuits; after a long conversation at my lodging, he carried me to Signor Adolfo Hasse, who lives in a handsome house in the suburbs, called the *Landstrass*. Signora Faustina was at the window, and seeing us stop at the door came to meet us; I was presented to her by my conductor. She is a short, brown, sensible, and lively old woman; said she was much pleased to see a Cavaliere Inglese, as she had formerly been honoured with great marks of favour in England.

Signor Hasse soon entered the room; he is tall, and rather large in size, but it is easy to imagine, that in his younger days, he must have been a robust and fine figure; great gentleness and goodness appear in his countenance and manners. He seems to have been more ill-treated by time than Faustina, though he is younger than her by ten years.¹ I presented him a letter, which Sir James Gray² had done me the honour to write to him, and which he kept a good while in his hand unread, through politeness; but during this time the *Abate Taruffi* was giving an account of the views, with which I had travelled through France and Italy, and which had now brought me to the capital of the German empire.

I had but a short time to stay, being engaged at M. L'Augier's concert, where, as it was made on my account, I should have been extremely ashamed to arrive late; and yet, I was so impatient to see two persons of such distinguished merit, as Hasse and Faustina, that I could not resist my desire of going with Signor Taruffi, only for a quarter of an hour. At length Signor Hasse begged leave to retire to the light, in order to peruse the letter which I had delivered to him; during which time his two daughters³ came in; they are about twenty-eight or thirty years of age, perfectly well-bred and agreeable in their manners, and discover, immediately, that great care has been taken of their education. They read English, and speak it a little.

When Miss Davies,⁴ who played the Armonica, and her sister, who sung the first woman's part last year, in the great opera at Naples, resided at Vienna, they lodged in the same house with the Hasse family, and it was during this period, that the daughters of Signor Hasse learned English of the two Miss Davies's; and that this great master, by his instructions, enabled the youngest of them to sing the principal part in the first opera of Europe.

Signor Hasse soon returned, and was so easy and soft in his behaviour, that I felt myself as well acquainted with him in this quarter of an hour, as if I had known him twenty years. I said all the civil things to him and the

¹ In fact Hasse was born in 1699, and his wife in 1700.

² *Sir James Gray*. Diplomatist and antiquary. He died in the following year.

³ On this occasion at least, Burney has thought better of his earlier candour—in the first edition of the book he described the girls as 'not handsome'.

⁴ *The Misses Davies*. Cecilia (c. 1750–1836) and Marianne (1744–92). Marianne was the performer on the 'Armonica' (i.e. a series of glass basins of graded sizes, fixed on a pedal-operated revolving spindle and played by stroking with the wetted finger). Cecilia was the famous vocalist: the year following Burney's visit to Vienna she was to appear in opera in London with high success.

Faustina, that so short a time would allow; indeed, nothing more than I felt; for from his works I had received a great part of my most early musical pleasure, and the delight they afforded me in youth, has not been diminished since, by a more general acquaintance with the writings of other great composers; and therefore saying, that to see and converse with him were among the most interesting concerns which had brought me to Vienna; that his name was well known in England, and that he had long been my *magnus Apollo*, was most true. He received all this very humbly, and said, that he had often been invited, and had often wished to go to England, as he had known many persons of that kingdom, from whom he had received great civilities.

I asked him, if it would be possible to obtain a list of his works; but he said he did not know it himself. However, he promised to try to recollect the principal of them, and the Faustina offered to help him. It was with infinite reluctance that I put an end to my visit, just as we had made an acquaintance, and the work and formal part of the business was over; however, he invited me to come again as often as I could, enquired my lodgings, hoped I should reside some time at Vienna, and other such common civilities as are little attended to, when bestowed by persons that are indifferent to us; but which, when uttered by those we love and reverence, make a deep impression.

M. L'Augier's concert

From hence I went to Mr. L'Augier's concert, which was begun by the child of eight or nine years old, whom he had mentioned to me before, and who played two difficult lessons of Scarlatti, with three or four by M. Becke, upon a small, and not good Piano forte. The neatness of this child's execution did not so much surprise me, though uncommon, as her expression. All the *pianos* and *fortes* were so judiciously attended to; and there was such shading off some passages, and force given to others, as nothing but the best teaching, or greatest natural feeling and sensibility could produce. I enquired of Signor Giorgio, an Italian, who attended her, upon what instrument she usually practised at home, and was answered, 'On the Clavichord.' This accounts for her expression, and convinces me, that children should learn upon that, or a Piano Forte, very early, and be obliged to give an expression to lady Coventry's Minuet, or whatever is their first tune; otherwise, after long practice on a monotonous harpsichord, however useful for strengthening the hand, the case is hopeless.

The company was very numerous, and composed of persons of great rank; there was the Princess Piccolomini, to whom I had been honoured with a letter; the duke of Braganza, prince Poniatowsky, lord Stormont, general Valmoden and his lady, count Brühl, the duke of Bresciano, &c. &c. It was one of the finest assemblies I ever saw. When the child had done playing, M. Mut, a good performer, played a piece on the single harp, without pedals, which renders it a very difficult instrument, as the performer is obliged to

make the semitones by brass rings with the left hand, which being placed at the top of the harp, are not only hard to get at, but disagreeable to hear, from the noise, which, by a sudden motion of the hand they occasion. The secret of producing the semitones by pedals, is not yet arrived at Vienna; and the double harp is utterly unknown there. This player, though highly esteemed, did not fulfil all my ideas of the power of that instrument.¹

The room was much too crowded for full pieces: some trios only were played by Signor Giorgi, a scholar of Tartini, Conforte, a scholar of Pugnani, and by Count Brühl, who is an excellent performer on many instruments, particularly the violin, violoncello, and mandoline. The pieces they executed were composed by Huber, a poor man, who plays the tenor at the playhouse; but it was excellent music, simple, clear, rich in good harmony, and frequently abounding with fancy and contrivance.

A musical bishop

Friday 4. This morning Signor Taruffi did me the honour of presenting me to the bishop of Ephesus, Monsignore Visconti, the pope's nuncio at the imperial court, and descended from the famous family of Visconti, which once possessed the sovereignty of Milan.² His excellency is a notable musician, and sings in a very pleasing manner; he condescended to honour me with a long conversation, on the subject of music, and of my voyage into Italy, and even to shew and sing with me, some manuscript canons, of which he was pleased to permit me to take copies; he likewise gave me an Italian sonnet, transcribed with his own hand, which Metastasio had written at the desire of the present king of Poland, to a favourite Polish minuet, sent by that prince from Warsaw to Vienna for that purpose; and he finished by inviting me to dine with him on Sunday.

The Emperor went this day, for a month, to Laxemburg, where his mother, the Empress-queen then was; on this occasion, almost all the first people of Vienna were preparing to follow him. The night before his departure, at a kind of riding-house in the suburbs, there was a species of tilts and tournaments, which the Germans call *Carrousel*, ein *Thurnier zu Pferd*, oder *ringelrennen*.³ The Emperor himself was one of the combatants on this occasion; after which his imperial majesty gave fire-works on the Danube, at which he was likewise present; but by visiting Signor Hasse, and by being at M. L'Augier's concert, I was prevented from going thither myself.

The Abate Costa

The musical party, which dined to-day at lord Stormont's, was select, and in

¹ *Harp.* The (single-action) pedal harp was invented by a Bavarian maker in 1720 and the fact that it was not yet known in Vienna half a century later is surprising.

² Matthew Visconti, surnamed the Great, was acknowledged sovereign of Milan, in 1313; and John Galeas Visconti his grandson, who died in 1402, was the most celebrated of all the dukes of Milan (B).

³ *Carrousel* (parade of cavaliers). 'A tournament on horseback, or tilting at the ring.'

the highest degree entertaining and pleasing. It consisted of the prince Poniatowski, the duke of Braganza, the Portuguese minister, count and countess Thun, M. L'Augier, the chevalier, madame and mademoiselle Gluck, the Abate Costa,¹ &c. This Abate is the extraordinary musician that I mentioned before, who, disdaining to follow in the steps of others, has struck out a new road, both as composer and performer, which it is wholly impossible to describe: all I can say of his productions is, that in them melody is less attended to than harmony and uncommon modulation; and that the time is always difficult to make out, from the great number of ligatures and fractions; however, his music, when well executed, which happens but seldom, has a very singular and pleasing effect: but it is certainly too much the work of art to afford great delight to any ears but those of the learned.

This Abate is possessed of as great a love for independence as M. Rousseau; he refuses every kind of assistance from the rich, though poor, with such inflexibility, that the duke of Braganza and he had a contention, which lasted a fortnight or three weeks, upon the following occasion, in which, however, the Abate remained victorious.

He wanted very much to correct the imperfections of the finger-board of his guitar, which being strung with catgut and having three strings to each tone, he found it frequently happen, that these strings, though perfectly in unison, when open, were out of tune when stopped, and this at some of the frets more than others; in order to obviate this, an ingenious mechanic was found, who, with great study and pains, invented moveable frets for each string; but as these were made of brass, and had taken up much of the workman's time to accommodate, they amounted to four or five florins, a sum the Abate could not afford to pay, and yet he would by no means allow the duke of Braganza to do it. At length the dispute was ended by the duke taking the instrument at prime cost, and the Abate inventing a more cheap and simple method of correcting the finger-board of another, and this he effected in the following manner: he placed longitudinally, under the upper covering, or veneer, as many rows of catgut strings as there were strings upon his instrument; then cutting through the ebony at each fret, and laying these under strings open he placed under them little moveable bits of ebony, which rendered the chords upon his instrument equally perfect in all keys. He can, at pleasure, take off this finger board laterally; and as his modulation is very learned and extraneous, this expedient was the more necessary. But his compositions are not more original in this particular than in the measure; which, from its singularity, is very difficult to feel, and, consequently, to keep with any degree of exactness.

¹ *Costa, Abate Antonio da* (born probably at Oporto in 1714 and died in Vienna c. 1780). Previously to settling in Vienna he had, after leaving his native country, spent some time in Paris, Rome, and Venice. A number of his interesting letters written at this time survive; extracts from some of these appeared in *Music and Letters*, July 1945. Unfortunately no copies of any of the strange compositions headed by Burney are known.

He played two movements on his guitar, before dinner, the subjects of which, as nearly as I can remember, were these:



I sate between this Abate and the chevalier Gluck, during dinner, and we all three talked more than we eat. Gluck recounted to me the difficulties he had met with in disciplining the band, both of vocal and instrumental performers, at the rehearsals of *Orfeo*, which was the first of his operas that was truly dramatic; and even after it had succeeded with the public, at the coronation of the present Emperor, as king of the Romans, upon which occasion it was first performed, the Empress-queen did not like it; however, hearing every one speak favourably of it at court, and finding it the general topic of conversation, she determined to give it a second hearing; after which, her imperial majesty expressed her approbation of this opera, by sending the poet Calsabigi a diamond ring, and Gluck a rich purse, lined with a hundred ducats.

A few years since, a comic opera of Gluck's was performed at the Elector Palatine's theatre, at Schwetzingen: his Electoral highness was much struck with the music, and enquired who had composed it; and, upon being informed that it was the production of an honest German, who loved old hock; 'I think, says the Elector, he deserves to be made drink for his trouble;' and ordered him a tun, not indeed quite so big as that at Heidelberg, but a very large one, and full of excellent wine.

After dinner, a duet, for two violins, by the Abate, was tried by himself and M. Startzel, an excellent player, and as good a musician. This performer is remarkably happy in the composition of ballet and pantomime music, for the theatre; but the Abate Costa's duo was so difficult, both in time and style, that it was never well performed after twenty or thirty trials.

At length the company, which was now much encreased, became impatient to hear mademoiselle Gluck sing, which she did, sometimes with her uncle's

accompaniment, on the harpsichord only, and sometimes with more instruments, in so exquisite a manner, that I could not conceive it possible for any vocal performance to be more perfect.

She executed, admirably, several entire scenes in her uncle's operas, of which the music was so truly dramatic, picturesque, and well expressed, that, if my conjecture be admissible, of the first vocal music being the voice of passion and cry of nature, the chevalier Gluck's compositions, and his niece's performance, entirely fulfil that idea.

It is in scenes of great distress, in which the human heart is torn by complicated misery, by 'horrors accumulate,' that Gluck, transported beyond the bound of ordinary genius, gives such energy and colouring to passion, as to become at once poet, painter, and musician. He seems to be the Michael Angelo of music, and is as happy in painting difficult attitudes, and situations of the mind, as that painter was of the body; indeed, his expression of passion may sometimes be too strong for common hearers: but,

Il échappe souvent des sons à la douleur,
Qui sont faux pour l'oreille, & sont vrais pour le cœur.

DORAT.

Between the vocal parts of this delightful concert, we had some exquisite quartets, by Haydn, executed in the utmost perfection; the first violin by M. Startzler, who played the *Adagios* with uncommon feeling and expression; the second violin by M. Ordonetz; count Brühl played the tenor, and M. Weigel,¹ an excellent performer on the violoncello, the base. All who had any share in this concert, finding the company attentive, and in a disposition to be pleased, were animated to that true pitch of enthusiasm, which, from the ardor of the fire within them, is communicated to others, and sets all around in a blaze; so that the contention between the performers and hearers, was only who should please, and who should applaud the most!

When this musical repast was over, I went home with M. L'Augier, to hear a Florentine poet, the Abate Casti,² repeat his own verses, which he did from memory, for several hours, without the least stop or hesitation. Lord Stormont and most of the company came after us, and stayed till twelve o'clock. This poet has energy, humour, fire, and invention; he has versified some of Boccaccio's and Voltaire's loosest tales, and written other very free ones himself.

The Countess Thun

Saturday 5th. [September] This morning was spent in the imperial library, and at the countess Thun's, who was on the point of going to Laxemburg [Laxenburg] for a longer time than I was likely to stay at Vienna. This was

¹ *Weigel* (or *Weigl*), *Francis Joseph* (1740-1820). He was in the service of Prince Esterházy (under Haydn, who was godfather to his eldest son), and was something of a composer.

² *Casti*, *Giambattista* (1724-1803). Poet at the courts of Joseph II and Francis I. Many of his productions are of a licentiousness which disgraces him both as poet and cleric.

an afflicting circumstance, as her house was always open to me, and she did everything in her power to procure me entertainment and services.

She was now surrounded by her friends, who, though they were not in my situation, but were sure of seeing her again very soon, either here, or at Laxemburg; yet they had almost tears in their eyes, at the thoughts of losing her, only for a few days. During this visit she was so kind as to produce all her musical curiosities, for me to hear and see, before we parted. Her taste is admirable, and her execution light, neat, and feminine; however, she told me that she *had* played much better than at present, and humorously added, that she had had six children, and that 'every one of them had taken something from her.' She is a cheerful, lively, and beneficent being, whom every one seems to love as a favourite sister. She is niece to the once handsome prince Lobkowitz,¹ who was in England in 1745 and 46, and much connected with the famous count St. Germain, who made so much noise at that time, not only with his fiddle, but his mysterious conduct and equivocal character. This prince is now retired from the world, and will not see even his relations and best friends for many months together. He had cultivated music so far, as not only to play and to judge well, but even to compose in a superior manner; and his niece gave me several of his pieces, which had great merit and novelty, particularly a song for two orchestras, which no master in Europe need be ashamed of.

Metastasio

In consequence of the application which lord Stormont had kindly made for my being introduced to Metastasio, his lordship had received a very polite message from him, with an assurance that he should be glad to see him and me, any evening his excellency would be pleased to appoint. This was a most desirable circumstance, as Metastasio is usually inaccessible of an afternoon, to all but his three or four select friends, and in a morning nothing but a general conversation could be obtained. Lord Stormont being engaged every day till Saturday, fixed on that afternoon for gratifying my desire of seeing and conversing with the favourite poet of every musician, who has the least knowledge of the Italian language. Saturday was now come, and I was big with expectation for the event.

At six o'clock in the evening lord Stormont carried me to him. We found only one of his particular friends with him, who is likewise one of the imperial librarians, and the person to whom I had been introduced at the library, and who had arranged the visit.

This poet is lodged, as many other great poets have been before him, in a very exalted situation, up no less than four pair of stairs. Whether modern bards prefer the sublimity of this abode, on account of its being somewhat on a level with Mount Parnassus, nearer their sire Apollo, or in the neighbourhood

¹ *Prince Lobkowitz* (Ferdinand Philip, 1724-84). Father of Beethoven's friend and patron. He was in London with Gluck at the period Burney mentions, and spent two years there as guest of the Duke of Newcastle.

of gods in general, I shall not determine; but a more plain and humble reason can be assigned for Metastasio's habitation being 'twice two stories high,' if we consider the peculiar prerogative which the Emperor enjoys at Vienna, of appropriating, to the use of the officers of his court and army, the *first floor* of every house and palace in that city, six or eight privileged places only excepted. On this account, princes, ambassadors, and nobles, usually inhabit the second stories; and the third, fourth, and even fifth floors, the houses being very large and high, are well fitted up, for the reception of opulent and noble families; and our poet, though he occupies that part of a house, which, in England, is thought only fit for domestics to sleep in, has, nevertheless, an exceeding good and elegant apartment, in which an imperial laureate may, with all due dignity, hold dalliance with the Muses.

He received us with the utmost cheerfulness and good-breeding; and I was no less astonished than pleased at finding him look so well: he does not seem more than fifty years of age, though he is at least seventy-two;¹ and for that time of life, he is the handsomest man I ever beheld. There are painted on his countenance all the genius, goodness, propriety, benevolence, and rectitude, which constantly characterise his writings. I could not keep my eyes off his face, it was so pleasing and worthy of contemplation. His conversation was of a piece with his appearance: polite, easy, and lively. We prevailed upon him to be much more communicative about music, than we expected; for, in general, he avoids entering deep into any particular subject. He set off, however, by saying, that he could furnish me with very few new lights relative to my enquiries, as he had never considered them with sufficient attention; however, in the course of our conversation he discovered himself to have a very good general knowledge both of the history and theory of music; and I was very much flattered to find his sentiments correspond with my own in many doubtful particulars.

We discussed the following subjects: the musical scales of the ancient Greeks; their melody, chorus, modes, and declamation; the origin of modern harmony and operas; the fondness for fugues in the last century, and for noise in this, &c. &c.

He seems rather pleased with Mr. Hoole's² translation of the two first volumes of his works; but thinks, with me, that if he has failed, it is more in the songs than recitatives: however, in excuse for Mr. Hoole, he says, that the case is hopeless in translating Italian poetry, for the language itself is so soft and musical, that no other can furnish words equivalent in sweetness. He likes no one of the many thousand translations and imitations of his *Grazie agl'Inganni tuoi*.³ I asked him, if he was author of a duo to these

¹ There is an edition of his opera of *Giustino* extant, which was printed in 1713; and as he was said to have been fourteen when he wrote that poem it throws his birth into the last century (B).

² *Hoole, John* (1727-1803). Friend of Burney and his family and member of the Johnson-Reynolds circle with which Burney was so much associated. He held a position at the India House. Amongst his several literary activities translation from the Italian predominated (Tasso, Ariosto). His two volumes of *Dramas of Metastasio* appeared in 1767 (enlarged to three volumes later).

³ *Grazie agl'inganni tuoi*. One of the celebrated canzonette, *A Nice* (see p. 81).

words, which I had procured many years ago, and sung him the two or three first bars; and he said, 'something like it.'

We talked of the different editions of his works; he thinks those of Paris and Turin, in ten volumes, are the most complete and correct. These contain all that he intended to publish, except the opera of *Ruggiero*, performed at Milan last year; lord Stormont lamented that the pieces were not arranged in an exact chronological order; but Metastasio said, that it was of little moment to the public whether he wrote *Artaserse*, or *Didone* first; however, he confessed, that there were some particulars which gave birth to several of these pieces, which perhaps should be known.

Here he told us, that when his mistress, the Empress-queen was going to be married to the duke of Lorraine, he was applied to for an opera on the occasion and he had only eighteen days allowed him to write it in. He immediately cried out, that it was impossible; but, when he got home, he sketched out the story of *Achilles in Sciros*; he delineated a kind of argument upon a large sheet of paper; here he was to begin; thus far the first act; these the incidents of the second, and this, the catastrophe of the third. Then he distributed business to his several characters; here a song, here a duo, and here a soliloquy. He then proceeded to write the dialogue, and to divide it into scenes, which were severally given to the composer the moment they were finished, and by him to the performer to be got by heart. For the eighteen days included the whole arrangement of poetry, music, dancing, scenes, and decorations.

He said, that necessity frequently augmented our powers, and forced us to perform, not only what we thought ourselves incapable of, but in a much more expeditious, and often in a better manner, than the operations of our choice and leisure; he added, that *Hypermnestra* was produced in nine days, and it is remarkable, that *Achilles* and *Hypermnestra* are two of Metastasio's best dramas.

Lord Stormont asked if he had ever set any of his operas to music himself, and he answered, that he was not musician sufficient; he had, indeed, now and then given a composer the *motivo*, or subject of an air, to show how he wished it should express his words; but no more. His lordship told him, that old Fontenelle¹ had said, in his hearing, that no musical drama would be perfect, or interesting, till the poet and musician were one, as in ancient times; and that when Rousseau's *Devin du Village*² came out, and so delighted every hearer, the literary patriarch Fontenelle, attributed its success to that union of poet and musician.

But Metastasio said, that musical composition, was now an affair of so much skill and science, in regard to counterpoint, the knowledge of instruments, the powers of a singer, and other particulars, that to know it thoroughly, in all its parts, required much more time and application, than a modern poet, or man of letters, could spare from his own studies.

¹ Fontenelle, Bernard (1657-1757). Nephew of Corneille. He became Perpetual Secretary of the Académie des Sciences and in matters of literary criticism his word was law.

² See p. 46 n.

He said, he did not think that there was now one singer left who could sustain the voice in the manner the old singers were used to do. I endeavoured to account for this, and he agreed with me, that theatrical music was become too instrumental; and that the cantatas of the beginning of this century, which were sung with no other accompaniment than a harpsichord or violoncello, required better singing than the present songs, in which the noisy accompaniments can hide defects as well as beauties, and give relief to a singer.

He seemed to think that the music of the last age was in general too full of *fugues*, of parts, and contrivances, to be felt or understood, except by artists. All the different movements of the several parts, their inversions and divisions, he said, were unnatural, and, by covering and deforming the melody, only occasioned confusion.

He confirmed to me the story of his having been forced, by Gravina,¹ to translate the whole of the Iliad of Homer into Italian *Ottave Rime*, at twelve years old. He likewise mentioned his having made verses *all' improvvisa* when young; but that he had discontinued the practice before he was seventeen.

Several jokes escaped him in the course of our conversation, and he was equally chearful, polite, and attentive, the whole time. We stayed with him just two hours; and, at my going away, he shook me by the hand, enquired where I lodged, and said he would wait on me, but I begged he would not give himself that trouble, saying that I should be perfectly happy in a permission to pay my respects to him again: he then desired me to come whenever I pleased, and assured me that he should be always glad to see me.

He called for candles, and said it was so dark that our words could not find the way to their destination. He spoke to his servant in German, ein Licht: upon which I asked him if he had patience to learn that language? He replied, 'A few words only, to save my life:' meaning to ask for necessities, or he should have been starved to death.

Lord Stormont said that news of a revolution² in Sweden had arrived that morning. This occasioned a political conversation for some time, which I wished very much to have changed—*Ecco*, says Metastasio, turning to me, *un' altra scena per la drama!* Here's a new scene for the drama! He observed, that the interests of mankind were so various and so opposite, and even a man's own conceptions were so frequently at strife with themselves, that it was not possible for the world to go on without these sudden events, which should surprise no one who considers how full the head of man is of contradictions and caprice.

¹ Gravina. See p. 79.

² On his accession in 1771, Gustavus III of Sweden was faced with a divided and corrupt government. The revolution of 19 August 1772 placed him in a stronger position and provided the country with a new Constitution.

The second week in Vienna

(6-13 SEPTEMBER)

Sunday morning, 6th. In my way to the nuncio's whence I was to set off with the Abate Taruffi, to make Metastasio another visit, I was stopt by a procession of, literally, two or three miles long, singing a hymn to the Virgin, in three parts, and repeating each stanza after the priests, in the van, at equal distances; so that the instant one company had done, it was taken up by another behind, till it came to the women in the rear, who, likewise, at equal distances, repeated, in three parts, the few simple notes of this hymn; and even after them it was repeated by girls, who were the last persons in the procession. When these had done, it was begun again by the priests. The melody was something like this:



I was told by an Italian at Vienna, that the Austrians are extremely addicted to processions, *portatissimi alle processioni*. There were five or six of these processions this morning; and yet it is observed, that they are much less frequent than formerly: however, not a day passed, while I remained in this city, without one or more to some church or convent: but all this helps to teach the people to sing in different parts.

When Signor Taruffi and I arrived at Metastasio's levee, we found about six or eight persons with him, chiefly Italians; his excellency the governor of the city, came in after us. The great poet received me very courteously, and placed me on a sofa, just by him. I now delivered him a letter from Mingotti, and Signor Taruffi read Mr. Baretti's¹ letter concerning me; so that here were many claims upon him: however lord Stormont had done the business completely, without any other help.

After the perusal of these letters, the conversation turned upon the poet Migliavacca, of Milan, who had long been laureate to the court of Dresden. Metastasio mentioned him with great praise: he said that he was a man of infinite knowledge, and of great genius; yet he wrote but little, for he had ideas of perfection which neither himself, nor perhaps any one else, could

¹ *Baretti*. See *Italian Tour*, pp. 79, 97 &c.

satisfy; besides, added Metastasio, 'he has had but little practice. And all is *habit* in mankind, *even virtue itself*.'

Marianne Martines

The discourse then became general and miscellaneous, till the arrival of a young lady, who was received by the whole company with great respect. She was well dressed, and had a very elegant appearance: this was Signora Martinetz,¹ sister to Signor Martinetz, deputy librarian at the imperial library, whose father was an old friend of Metastasio. She was born in the house in which he now lives, and educated under his eye: her parents were Neapolitans, but the name is Spanish, as the family originally was.

After the high encomiums bestowed by the Abate Taruffi on the talents of this young lady, I was very desirous of hearing and conversing with her; and Metastasio was soon so obliging as to propose her sitting down to the harpsichord, which she immediately did, in a graceful manner, without the parade of diffidence, or the trouble of importunity. Her performance indeed surpassed all that I had been made to expect. She sung two airs of her own composition, to words of Metastasio, which she accompanied on the harpsichord, in a very judicious and masterly manner; and, in playing the ritornels, I could discover a very brilliant finger.

The airs were very well written, in a modern style; but neither common, nor unnaturally new. The words were well set, the melody was simple, and great room was left for expression and embellishment; but her voice and manner of singing, both delighted and astonished me! I can readily subscribe to what Metastasio says, that it is a style of singing which no longer subsists elsewhere, as it requires too much pains and patience for modern professors: *è perduta la scuola; non si trova questa maniera di cantar; domanda troppa pena per i professori d'oggi dè*.

I should suppose that Pistocco,² Bernacchi,³ and the old school of singing, in the time of cantatas, sustained, divided the voice by minute intervals, and expressed words in this manner, which is not to be described: common language cannot express uncommon effects. To say that her voice was naturally well-toned and sweet, that she had an excellent shake, a perfect intonation, a facility of executing the most rapid and difficult passages, and a touching expression, would be to say no more than I have already said, and with truth, of others; but here I want words that would still encrease the significance and energy of these expressions. The Italian augmentatives would, perhaps, gratify my wish, if I were writing in that language; but as that is not the

¹ *Martines*, or *Martineu*, *Marianne* (born in Vienna about 1745 and there died in 1812). She will appear a number of times in the pages that follow. Haydn had been her harpsichord master and Porpora trained her in singing and composition. In all these capacities she excelled.

² *Pistocco*. Probably Burney means Francesco Antonio Mamilani Pistocchi (1659-1726). In addition to fame as a composer of operas, &c., he was very highly valued as a singer and regarded as the first singing-master in Italy.

³ *Bernacchi*, *Antonio* (1685-1756). *Castrato* soprano. He was a pupil of Pistocchi and earned the supreme title among his countrymen, 'King of the Singers'. Handel engaged him for London in 1729.

case, let me only add, that in the *portamento*, and divisions of tones and semi-tones into infinitely minute parts, and yet always stopping upon the exact fundamental, Signora Martinetz was more perfect than any singer I had ever heard: her cadences too, of this kind, were very learned, and truly pathetic and pleasing.

After these two songs, she played a very difficult lesson, of her own composition, on the harpsichord, with great rapidity and precision. She has composed a *Miserere*, in four parts, with several psalms, in eight parts, and is a most excellent contrapuntist.

The company broke up sooner than I wished, as it was Metastasio's time for going to mass. During this visit, I discovered that Signora Martinetz, among her other accomplishments, both reads and speaks English. She invited me to come again, as did the divine poet; so that I now regard myself as *amico della casa*.

The imperial laureate was carried to church in a very elegant carriage, which I rejoiced to see: his talents and his virtues merit all that can be done for him. His pension is about five hundred pounds sterling a year, which, with his regular life and oeconomy, enables him to live in a very reputable, though not splendid manner.

Hasse again

After dining with his excellency Monsignore Visconti, his secretary carried me a second time to the house of Signor Hasse, in the *Landstraß*, the prettiest of all the Fauxbourgs of Vienna. It is a delightful drive of about a mile and half beyond the gates, and is within the lines though without the walls; chiefly through one street, with frequent openings, that let palaces, churches, and fine houses, into the prospect.

We found all the family at home, and our visit was truly chearful and social. Signora Faustina is very conversable, and is still possessed of much curiosity concerning what is transacting in the world. She has likewise good remains, for seventy-two, of that beauty for which she was so much celebrated in her youth, but none of her fine voice! I asked her to sing—*Ah non posso!—ho perduto tutte le mie facoltà*. Alas I am no longer able, said she, I have lost all my faculties.

I was extremely captivated with the conversation of Signor Hasse. He was easy, communicative, and rational; equally free from pedantry, pride, and prejudice. He spoke ill of no one; but, on the contrary, did justice to the talents of several composers that were occasionally named, even to those of Porpora; who, though his first master, was ever after his greatest rival. He thinks, with Metastasio, that the good school for singing is lost; and says, that since the time of Pistocco, Bernacchi, and Porpora, no great scholars have been made.

I asked him again for a list of his works, and he told me that he had set all the operas of Metastasio, except *Temistocle*; some of them three or four times

over, and almost all of them twice; besides these, he had set many operas, written by Apostolo Zeno;¹ for, in his youth, Metastasio did not write fast enough for him. To these compositions for the theatre, must be added fourteen or fifteen *Oratorios*, with *Masses*, *Misereres*, *Stabat Mater*s, and *Salve Reginas*, for the church. Besides all which, he added, that his *Cantatas*, *Serenatas*, *Intermezzos*, and *Duets*, for voices; his trios, quartets, and concertos, for instruments, were so numerous, that he should not know many of them again, if he was either to see or hear them. He modestly compared himself to animals of the greatest fecundity, whose progeny were either destroyed during infancy, or abandoned to chance; and added, that he, like other bad fathers, had more pleasure in producing, than in preserving his offspring. However, this censure must be confined to the offspring of his brain, for, as I before observed, he has taken great care of the education of his daughters.

During this visit, these young ladies were so obliging as to sing me a *Salve Regina*, lately set by their father, in *duo*. It is an exquisite composition, full of grace, taste, and propriety.

One of his daughters has a sweet *soprano voce di camera*, of which the tone is delicate and interesting: the other has a rich and powerful *contralto* voice, fit for any church or theatre in Europe: both have good shakes, and such an expression, taste, and steadiness, as it is natural to expect in the daughters and scholars of Signor Hasse and Signora Faustina.

After the *Salve Regina*, these excellent performers sung several airs, in different styles, of their father's composition, in a truly noble and elegant manner.

Signor Hasse is so much afflicted with the gout, that his fingers are stiff, and distorted with it; and yet there are remains of a great player, in his manner of touching the harpsichord, and of accompanying; nor is it for want of knowing learned, extraneous, and equivocal modulation, that he is so sparing of it in his works. He played me an extempore *Toccata* or *Capriccio* in which he introduced some that was truly wonderful; but he has too sound a judgment, to lavish upon common and trivial occasions, what should be reserved for extraordinary purposes. His modulation is, in general, simple, his melody natural, his accompaniments free from confusion; and, leaving to fops and pedants all that frights, astonishes, and perplexes, he lets no other arts be discoverable in his compositions, than those of pleasing the ear, and of satisfying the understanding.

His daughters complain of want of practice, and say they hardly ever sing; for their father is always either ill or busy.

He is going, next spring, to Venice, the birth-place of Signora Faustina; and it seems as if they both had determined to spend the rest of their days there.

It does not appear that Signor Hasse has at present either pension or employment at Vienna. He had great losses during the last war; all his books, manuscripts, and effects were burned at the bombardment of Dresden,² by

¹ *Apostolo Zeno* (1668–1750). He was Metastasio's most important forerunner as opera librettist.

² *Dresden*. The bombardment by Frederick the Great took place in 1760.

the King of Prussia, to a very considerable amount. He was going to print a complete edition of all his works; the late king of Poland promised to be at the expence of paper and press; but after M. Breitkopf, of Leipzig, had made a beginning, and got together materials for the whole impression, the war broke out, and put an end to all his hopes from this enterprize, and to those of the public. He, however, does great justice to the musical talents of the King of Prussia; and is even so candid, as to say, that he believes, if his majesty had known that contingencies would have obliged him to bombard Dresden, he would previously have apprized him of it, that he might have saved his effects.

Faustina, who is a living volume of musical history, furnished me with many anecdotes of her contemporary performers: she spoke much of Handel's great style of playing the harpsichord and organ when she was in England, and said, she remembered Farinelli's coming to Venice, in the year 1728, and the rapture and astonishment with which he was then heard.

Monday 7th. This whole morning was spent in the public library, in search of old missals, musical treatises, and compositions. M. Martinetz, brother to the young lady whom I had heard sing and play her own compositions so well at Metastasio's, attended and assisted me the whole time. I asked him, of whom his sister learned music, and where she had acquired her expressive manner of singing; he said, she had had several masters to teach her the grammar and mechanism of music; but that it was Metastasio who had done the rest.

Tesi-Tramontini

I obtained the following particulars from a person of high rank, who has resided at Vienna so long, that he is perfectly acquainted with the history of musical people.

The great singer Signora Tesi,¹ who was a celebrated performer, upwards of fifty years ago, lives here; she is now more than eighty, but has long quitted the stage. She has been very sprightly in her day, and yet is at present in high favour with the Empress-queen. Her story is somewhat singular. She was connected with a certain count, a man of great quality and distinction, whose fondness, encreased by possession, to such a degree as to determine him to marry her: a much more uncommon resolution in a person of high birth on the continent, than in England. She tried to dissuade him; enumerated all the bad consequences of such an alliance; but he would listen to no reasoning, nor take any denial. Finding all remonstrances vain, she left him one morning, went into a neighbouring street, and addressing herself to a poor labouring man, a journeyman baker, said she would give him fifty ducats if he would marry her; not with a view to their cohabiting together, but to serve a present

¹ *Tesi-Tramontini, Vittoria* (1700-75). She was a famous contralto and also a singing-teacher. It will be seen from the birth date above given that Burney was in error as to her age, and his other statements concerning her cannot be implicitly relied upon. Another account of this singer is to be found in the autobiography of Dittersdorf (chap. iv).

purpose. The poor man readily consented to become her nominal husband: accordingly they were formally married; and when the count renewed his solicitations, she told him it was now utterly impossible to grant his request, for she was already the wife of another; a sacrifice she had made to his fame and family.

Since this time she has lived, many years, with a man of great rank at Vienna, of near her own age; probably in a very chaste and innocent manner.

The Teuberinn,¹ another celebrated opera singer, likewise resides here; but, she is peremptorily ordered by her physician never to sing again. Her health was so impaired in Russia, that it is pronounced by the faculty, that the exercise of her former profession would certainly be fatal to her.

It was the Tesi who taught both the Teuberinn and De Amici² to sing as well as to act. She had in her youth been very superior to all her cotemporaries in both capacities of singer and actress, and was afterwards remarkably happy in conveying instructions to her pupils.

Sept. 8. I expected that this would be a fruitless day, with regard to my musical researches; it was a great festival; the library was shut up, and all the world was in *gala*, and at their devotions; it is pleasant enough to walk the streets on these days, and see the people, freed from toil and care, appear all clean and chearful.

The Portuguese abate called on me early in the morning, and after a long musical discourse, he invited me to his room, to hear some of his compositions on the guitarr, in peace and quiet, which it had been impossible to do at Lord Stormont's; he hates mortally more than two or three hearers at a time. I followed him to his garret, more than twice two stories high; here he played the same pieces as at lord Stormont's, but with more effect, in still silence. He is quite original in his ideas and modulation, but repeats his passages too often.

Music at St. Stephen's

From hence, I went to St. Stephen's cathedral, where high mass was just begun; on account of its being the Nativity of the Virgin, the band was reinforced; there were more than the usual number of instruments, as well as voices; but the organ was insufferably out of tune, which contaminated the whole performance. In other respects, the music, which was chiefly by Colonna, was excellent in its kind, consisting of fugues well worked, much in Handel's way, with a bold and active base. Some fine effects were produced

¹ *The Teuberinn.* Elizabeth Teyber (born in Vienna about 1748). She was the daughter of a violinist in the royal orchestra. Her teachers were Tesi and Hasse and she had the advantage of some guidance from Haydn. As for Burney's account of her health, he adds a footnote as follows: 'Since the first impression of this Journal, she had, however, in despite of this prediction, recovered her health and voice, sufficiently to appear again upon the stage with her former lustre.'

² *Amicii, Anna Lucia de* (1740-1816). A celebrated soprano, she had enjoyed success in London in 1762.

with the *fortes* and *pianos*, by striking the first note of a bar loud, the rest soft, and by introducing a piece of pathetic for voices only, in the middle of a noisy, full, instrumental chorus.



There was a girl, who sung a solo verse, in the *Credo*, extremely well, in a *mezzo soprano* voice; her shake, and style of singing were good. There were likewise several symphonies for instruments only, composed by M. Hofman, *maestro di capella* of this church, which were well written and well executed, except that the hateful sour organ, poisoned all whenever it played. In the music composed by M. Hofman, though there was great art and contrivance, yet the modulation was natural, and the melody smooth and elegant. 'As much art as you please in your music, gentlemen,' said I, frequently to the Germans, 'provided it be united with nature; and even in a marriage between art and nature, I should always wish the lady to wear the breeches.'

In the afternoon, I called on M. L'Augier, and there, among other company met again with the Florentine poet, Abate Casti, who repeated several of his poems, particularly, a tale from Voltaire, called *L'Art d'élever une Fille*; which was extremely arch and comic.

M. L'Augier being in the service of the court, was obliged to attend the emperor the next day at Laxemberg; I was sorry to lose him, as his house was an excellent retreat, when I could spare time to enjoy it; and his conversation concerning music and musicians was in a particular manner entertaining and profitable.

He blamed me much for not continuing the whole winter at Vienna, but if I had stayed a full year in every great city of Europe, the inhabitants would have thought its curiosities and importance merited still more attention; and what a longevity I must be possessed of, to gratify such patriotism? and when would my enquiries, and my history end? When M. L'Augier said, that Vienna deserved a much longer visit, I asked him, after Hasse, Gluck, and Wagenseil,¹ what more great musicians were to be found in this city? Haydn, Ditters,² and Scarlatti,³ the nephew to Dominico Scarlatti, were out of town;

¹ *Wagenseil, Georg Christoph* (1715-77). He was an organist, harpsichordist, and symphonic and operatic composer of high reputation, and music master to the Empress Maria Theresa.

² *Ditters, Karl* (1739-99). We know him as Dittersdorf, his ennoblement the year following Burney's visit to Vienna having led to his change of name. His professional activities were largely carried out at some of the princely courts of Central Europe. He had high repute as a violinist and as a composer maintained a steady flow of string quartets, symphonies, &c.

³ *Domenico Scarlatti's* nephew, *Giuseppe* (c. 1718-77). He was grandson to Alessandro, but by which of his sons is uncertain. In 1759 he had settled in Vienna, where he composed the last two of his thirty-one operas.

I knew there were Gasman,¹ Vanhall,² Hofmann, Mancini; and he added Kohaut, a great lutanist, La Motte, a violinist, and Venturini, a hautboy; but most of these I could see and hear, before my departure. To get admission into the archives of the imperial chapel, was now the most important business I had to transact; and my Portuguese Abate had promised to introduce me to M. Gasman, the Emperor's *maestro di capella*, for that purpose.

Wagenseil

After quitting M. L'Augier, I visited M. Wagenseil, where I found my good friend the Abate Costa, who had played the precursor, and prepared him for my arrival.

Wagenseil is rather in years, thin, and infirm; he was confined to his couch, but received me very politely, and conversed freely on the subject of music for a considerable time; he has a great respect for Handel, and speaks of some of his works with rapture; he could not stir from his seat, and his left hand had been so ill treated by the gout, that he was hardly able to move two of his fingers. However, at my urgent request, he had a harpsichord wheeled to him, and he played me several *capriccios*, and pieces of his own composition, in a very spirited and masterly manner; and though I can easily believe, that he once played better; yet, he had sufficient fire and fancy left to please and entertain, though not to surprise me very much; he was so obliging as to promise me copies of several of his manuscript compositions for the harpsichord, and to make a small musical party for me, at his house, in order to give me an opportunity of hearing some of his scholars.

He has been confined to his room these seven years by a lameness, which came on by degrees in a very uncommon manner. The sinews of his right thigh are contracted, and the circulation stopt; so that it is become incurably withered, and useless. He is fifty-eight years of age, was a scholar of Fux, and many years master to the Empress-queen, on which account he still enjoys a pension of fifteen hundred florins a-year. He is now nominal master to the Arch-duchess, for which he has, likewise, a small pension.

These are fortunate circumstances for a person totally incapable of quitting his room, in order to exercise his profession. However, he teaches at home, and composes, by which he somewhat augments his income; and, as he is luckily a single man, and Vienna not a dear place for the natives to live in, he may be supposed in easy circumstances.

Animal-baiting

The diversions for the common people of this place, are such as seem hardly fit for a civilized and polished nation to allow. Particularly the *combats*, as

¹ *Gasman* (*Gassmann*), *Florian Leopold* (1729-74). He was court ballet master in Vienna and then Kapellmeister. The young Mozart resolved to 'study him in earnest', hoping to learn a great deal.

² *Vanhall* (or *Wanhal*), *Johann Baptist* (1739-1813). He had been a pupil in Vienna of Dittersdorf. He was a prolific composer—quantities of symphonies, chamber music, piano music, &c.

they are called, or baiting of wild beasts, in a manner much more savage and ferocious than our bull-baiting, throwing at cocks, and prize-fighting of old, to which the legislature has so wisely and humanely put a stop.¹

These barbarous spectacles, are usually attended by two or three thousand people, among whom are a great number of ladies!²

Gassmann

Wednesday 9th. This morning, I went, with the Abate Costa, to M. Gasman, *maestro di capella del corte imperiale*. He was very obliging, and did me the favour to shew me all his curious books and manuscript compositions.

He surprised me much by the number of fugues, and chorusses, which he shewed me of a very learned and singular construction, and which he had made as exercises and studies. Some of them were composed in two or three different *subjects*; and several of these, he said, the emperor had practised.

M. Gasman is accused by some of want of fire in his theatrical compositions; but the gravity of his style is easily accounted for, by the time and pains he must have bestowed on church music. To aim at equal perfection in both, is trying to serve God and Mammon; and those excellent composers for the church, whose works have survived them, such as Palestrina, Tallis, Birde, Allegri, Benevoli, Colonna, Caldara, Marcello, Lotti, Perti, and Fux, have chiefly confined themselves to the church style. Alessandro Scarlatti, Handel, Pergolesi, and Jomelli, are exceptions. But, in general, those succeed best in

¹ The most exact and least suspicious description I can give of these diversions will be literally to translate a hand-bill, such as is distributed through the streets every Sunday and festival.

'This day, by imperial licence, in the great amphitheatre, at five o'clock will begin the following diversions.

1st. A wild Hungarian ox, in full fire, (that is, with fire under his tail, and crackers fastened to his ears and horns, and to other parts of his body), will be set upon by dogs.

2nd. A wild boar will, in the same manner, be baited by dogs.

3d. A great bear will, immediately after, be torn by dogs.

4th. A wolf will be hunted by dogs of the fleetest kind.

5th. A very furious and enraged wild bull from Hungary, will be attacked by fierce and hungry dogs.

6th. A fresh bear will be attacked by hounds.

7th. Will appear a fierce wild boar, just caught, which will now be baited for the first time, by dogs defended with iron armour.

8th. A beautiful African tyger. [Not African: Indian perhaps. There are no tigers in Africa.]

9th. This will be changed for a bear.

10th. A fresh and fierce Hungarian ox.

11th. And lastly, a furious and hungry bear, which has had no food for eight days, will attack a young wild bull, and eat him alive upon the spot; and if he is unable to complete the business, a wolf will be ready to help him' (B).

² *Cruel sports.* The general impression is that the earliest interference with these by 'the legislature' was in 'Martin's Act' of 1822 and that even that Act protected only cattle and horses. Nearly thirty years after Burney wrote this passage was a Bill to suppress Bull Baiting, which was defeated largely by the efforts of Burney's great friend, William Windham. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* says (iii. 257): 'Considering the cruelty they involved it is curious that bear-baiting and bull-baiting were not prohibited in England by Act of Parliament until 1835', and *Chambers's Encyclopaedia*, in its edition of 1925, makes a similar statement. Horace Walpole, in a letter to Sir David Dalrymple of June 1760, speaks of 'the Bear Garden and prize-fighting' as recently suppressed.

The present writer finds himself unable to explain the discrepancy between Burney's statement as to the action of British legislation and the statements above quoted.

writing for the church, stage, or chamber, who accustom themselves to that particular species of composition only.

I do not call every modern oratorio, mass or motet, *church music*; as the same compositions to different words would do equally well, indeed often better, for the stage. But by *Musica di Chiesa*, properly so called, I mean grave and scientific compositions for voices only, of which the excellence consists more in good harmony, learned modulation, and fugues upon ingenious and sober subjects, than in light airs and turbulent accompaniments.

There are two musical archives or libraries belonging to the Imperial theatre and chapel. Of one, the emperor had taken away the key; but it contained only the works of composers, who had flourished in the present century, such as Fux, Telemann, Handel, and Porpora. Of the other, M. Gasman had the key, and promised to go with me thither the next day: the public library occupied the rest of this.

Mealtime music

There was music every day, during dinner, and in the evening at the inn, where I lodged, which was the Golden Ox; but it was usually bad, particularly that of a band of wind instruments, which constantly attended the ordinary. This consisted of French horns, clarinets, hautboys, and bassoons; all so miserably out of tune, that I wished them a hundred miles off.

In general I did not find that delicacy of ear among the German street-musicians, which I had met with in people of the same rank and profession in Italy. The church organs being almost always out of tune here, may be occasioned by the parsimony or negligence of the clergy, bishop, or superior of a church or convent; but the being, or stopping, in or out of tune, among street musicians, must depend on themselves, and on their organs being *acute* or *obtuse*.

It is perhaps not easy to determine what kind of air is most fit for the propagation of musical sound; whether thick or thin, moist or dry; and if this were determined, it might still be doubted in what kind of air music would be heard to the greatest advantage, because, possibly, that air which is most favourable to the transmission of sound, abstractedly considered, may render the organs, by which it is perceived, less acutely sensible.

An obliging singing-teacher

Thursday 10th. This morning Signor Mancini,¹ of Bologna, singing master to the Imperial court and family, was so obliging, at the request of the auditor Taruffi, as to call on me at my lodgings. He was a scholar of Bernacchi, and has been fifteen years in the service of this court. He has taught eight of the

¹ *Mancini, Giambattista* (1716-1800). His reputation as singing-teacher was of the highest. He had settled in Vienna in 1757. The book referred to is probably his *Pensieri e riflessioni pratiche sopra il canto figurato* (Vienna 1774), a work comparable to that of Tosi.

Archduchesses to sing, most of whom, he says, had good voices, and had made a considerable progress, particularly the Princess of Parma, and the Archduchess Elizabeth, who have good shakes, a good *portamento*, and great facility of executing swift divisions.

Signor Mancini speaks with much intelligence of his art, and I was greatly pleased with his conversation. He has for some time been writing a book upon the art of singing, which is in great forwardness; and it is hoped that a person of such consummate knowledge, and long experience, will not keep from the world a work so much wanted, as a well-written, profound, and, at the same time, practical treatise on the art of singing.

I obtained from this able professor a list of the Pistocco and Bernacchi school. Bernacchi was the scholar of Pistocco, but his voice was never naturally good; and when he sung, for the first time, at a church in Bologna, he was so very much disliked, that some of his acquaintance peremptorily told him, he should leave off singing, unless he could perform better. This stimulated and piqued him to take uncommon pains, well knowing that there was then no possibility of changing his profession: a castrato has seldom strength or spirit sufficient for any other employment than that of music; he therefore went seriously to work, and, by severe study, acquired a style and manner of singing, which was afterwards the standard of perfection in that art.

His principal scholars were Antonio Pasi, Geo. Battista Minelli, Bartolomeo di Faenza, Mancini, and Guarducci.

Signor Mancini thinks it practicable, with time and patience, not only to give a shake where nature has denied it, but even to give voice; that is, to make a bad one tolerable, and an indifferent one good, as well as to extend the compass: always observing the natural tendency of the organ.

He told me of a curious operation performed frequently at Naples, of cutting the glands of the throat, when so inflated, or big, as to obstruct the free passage of the voice.

For the shake, he thinks it ruined ninety-nine times out of a hundred, by too much impatience and precipitation, both in the master and scholar; and many who can execute passages, which require the same motion of the larynx as the shake, have notwithstanding never acquired one. There is no accounting for this, but from the neglect of the master to study nature, and avail himself of these passages, which, by continuity would become real shakes.¹

On quitting Signor Mancini, I hastened to M. Gasman, who was waiting to carry me to the Imperial musical library. I found in it an immense collection of musical authors, but in such disorder, that their contents are, at present, almost wholly unknown. However, M. Gasman has begun a catalogue, and is promised, by the Emperor, a larger and more commodious room for these books, than the present, in which they are promiscuously piled, one on another, in the most confused manner imaginable. Yet I found a great number

¹ *Shake*. Burney, thirty years later, discussing the shake in an article in Rees's *Cyclopaedia*, says: 'A good shake well applied is certainly a great ornament' but admits that 'Those who have a good shake, like persons with a fine set of teeth, are too ambitious of letting you know it.'

of curious productions, from the beginning of counterpoint to the present time. Indeed the quantity of music here, of the Emperor Leopold's collecting, which is uniformly bound, in white vellum, with his arms on the back, is almost incredible; it seems to be all that Italy and Germany had then produced: and for operas, in score, and parts, the list of such only as have been performed at this court, would fill a folio volume.

M. Gasman has assured me, that in the course of his writing a complete catalogue, he will remark all that is curious in this collection, both as to theory and practice, and will communicate it to me by letter; and for this purpose he desired me to give him my address in England, which I wrote on parchment, and left in the library.

I went again this afternoon to Wagenseil's; he had with him a little girl, his scholar, about eleven or twelve years old, with whom he played duets upon two harpsichords, which had a very good effect. The child's performance was very neat and steady. M. Wagenseil was so kind as to promise, at my request, to get, if possible, some of his duets, and other new pieces, transcribed for me by Sunday, when I was to return to him again, to hear them accompanied by violins, and to take my leave: there was a young count here, another of his scholars, who had a very rapid finger, and who executed some very difficult harpsichord lessons with great precision. My friend, the ingenious and worthy Portuguese abate, was likewise of the party.

From hence I went to the opera, which was *i Rovinati*, composed by Gasman, who was at the harpsichord. Whether his civilities in the morning had operated secretly on my mind and ears, I cannot tell: but his music pleased me much more than any of his compositions which I had heard before. There was a contrast, an opposition and dissimilitude of movements and passages, by which one contributed to the advantage and effect of another, that was charming; and the instrumental parts were judiciously and ingeniously worked.

A song of Clementina Baglioni, and a scolding *duo* between her and the second woman, who was a German, and who, indeed, performed but indifferently, were encored. The men who sung to-night pleased me more than those I had heard before; a tenor, in particular, discovered much taste, and had a pleasing, though not powerful voice. These vague accounts of anonymous singers, will afford the reader but small satisfaction; but it is all I am able to give him of performers of a lower order, as the names of singers are never printed in the *dramatis personae* of Italian operas in Germany, and memory seldom assists us in retaining the names of either persons, or things, that are indifferent to us.

Farewell visits

Friday 11th. This morning I went to take leave of the chevalier Gluck; and though it was near eleven o'clock, when I arrived, yet, like a true great genius, he was still in bed; *Madame* told me, that he usually wrote all night,

and lay in bed late to recruit. Gluck, when he appeared, did not make so good a defence but frankly confessed his sluggishness, *je suis un peu poltron ce matin*. The niece too was not yet visible, and the aunt in her defence, said, that she encouraged her sleeping in the morning; *pour fortifier la poitrine*, to strengthen the lungs; and I believe she was right, for this excellent little performer is far from robust.

M. Gluck and I had a long conversation concerning musical and dramatic effects; concerning *those* which had been produced in his *Orfeo* at Vienna ten years ago, when it was first performed; and three or four years since, when it was revived at Parma, upon the marriage of the Arch-duchess, Amelia, with the present duke; as well as at Bologna, last year. He is a great disciplinarian, and as formidable as Handel used to be, when at the head of a band; but he assured me, that he never found his troops mutinous, though he, on no account, suffered them to leave any part of their business, till it was well done, and frequently obliged them to repeat some of his manoeuvres twenty or thirty times. This was the best proof he could give of the wholesomeness of his discipline; for there is a strong presumption, that when it is endured without murmur, by men not absolute slaves to their commander, they are convinced of its expediency.

Before we parted, which we did on very good terms, he furnished me with copies in score of his two last operas of *Alceste & Paride*, and promised to send me a copy of his famous ballet of *Don Juan* the next morning; and he kept his word.

From hence I went to Metastasio, where I was immediately admitted, though he was in dishabille, and just going to dress.

Mademoiselle Martinetz was at her musical studies, and writing; she directly complied with my request, of sitting down to the harpsichord. Metastasio desired her to shew me some of her best studies; and she produced a psalm for four voices, with instruments. It was a most agreeable *Mescolanza*, as Metastasio called it, of *antico e moderno*; a mixture of the harmony, and contrivance of old times, with the melody and taste of the present. It was an admirable composition, and she played and sung it in a very masterly manner, contriving so well to fill up all the parts, that though it was a full piece, nothing seemed wanting. The words of this psalm were Italian, and of Metastasio's translation.

After this she obliged me with a Latin *motet*, for a single voice, which was grave and solemn, without languor or heaviness; and then played me a very pretty harpsichord *sonata* of her own, which was spirited, and full of brilliant passages.

I could not finish this visit till I had petitioned Mademoiselle Martinetz to oblige me with copies of some of her compositions, which she readily granted; and I had my choice of whatever had pleased me most among the pieces which I had heard.

I had the honour of dining with lord Stormont to-day, for the sixth and last time, as he was to set out on a journey at four o'clock the next morning:

his lordship was extremely kind to the last, offering me letters to Dresden, Berlin, and Hamburg. The frequent mention of these honours will, I fear, have the appearance of vanity; but a total silence about them would surely savour of the worse vice of ingratitude.

Hasse's reminiscences

After this I made a short visit to Signor Taruffi, and then a very long one to Signor Hasse, who to-day read the plan of my history, in German, with great attention, and talked over every article of it with the utmost cordiality. It was an infinite satisfaction to me, I must own, to find my ideas similar in almost all points, to those of such a man as this; whose merit has been universally felt, and is now universally allowed.

He said, that his first opera was *Antigono*, which he set, when he was only eighteen years of age, before he went into Italy. On his arrival at Naples, he was thought a very good player on the harpsichord. He studied at first a little while under Porpora, as I had been before told by Barbella; but Hasse denied, that it was Porpora who introduced him to old Scarlatti. He says, that the first time Scarlatti saw him, he luckily conceived such an affection for him, that he ever after treated him with the kindness of a father.

When he went back into Germany, he was taken into the service of the Elector of Saxony, who made him set *Antigono* again. After this, he set a German opera, which, with one more, was all he ever worked upon in that language.

As he was born near Hamburg, he told me, that he was not only glad I was going thither, as it was his country, but, as I should see the great Emanuel Bach there, whom he very much respected, and hear the best organists and organs, of any part of the world, unless they were much degenerated since he was there. Above all things, he recommended to me the soliciting Bach, to let me hear him upon the clavichord; and likewise desired me to enquire after a symphony of that author in *E la mi*, minor,¹ which he thought the finest he had ever heard.

I asked him about the disposition of the orchestra at Dresden, in 1754, mentioned by Rousseau in his dictionary, as the best possible. He said, this author's account of it was so exact, that he should suppose him to have been there at the time.² The king of Poland had then given Hasse unlimited power; and he had every thing of the best kind, both in vocal and instrumental music, which it was possible for him to assemble together.

He frequently attended that prince to Warsaw, in Poland, where he composed several operas. He said the Polish music was truly national, and often very tender and delicate. He mentioned to me a song which he had made in

¹ *E la mi minor*. This is a designation based on the old hexachordal system. In this three scales, of six notes each, were recognized—those which, on the white notes of the keyboard, run G-E, F-D, C-A. The key of E was *la* in the hexachord beginning G and *mi* is the key of G.

² Rousseau's *Dictionary of Music* (1st edition at Geneva, 1767). The Dictionary's account of the orchestra is very slight but there is a diagram that supplies all we need. (See *OCM*, pl. 125, p. 736.)

the Polonoise style, which was one of the most singular and the best received of any one of his compositions: of this he promised me a copy, as well as of many other of his most curious and choice pieces.¹

In speaking of composers, he commended, the most of all, old Scarlatti, and Keiser:² Keiser, he assured me, was according to his conceptions, one of the greatest musicians the world ever saw. His compositions are more voluminous than those of old Scarlatti, and his melodies, though more than fifty years old, are such as would now be thought modern and graceful. This he said had been always his opinion; and he was not likely to be biassed by prejudice, as this composer was neither his relation, his master, nor even his acquaintance; but having lately looked at some of his works, he was astonished to see so much more elegance, clearness, and grace, than are to be found in most modern compositions, even now. He added, that Keiser composed chiefly for Hamburg, and in general, to the German language. He was not very well versed in Italian, and often blundered in setting words; but had always merit of other kinds to compensate this defect.

He always spoke respectfully of Handel, as a player and writer of fugues, as well as for the ingenuity of his accompaniments, and the natural simplicity of his melody, in which particulars he regarded him as the greatest genius that ever existed; but said, that he thought him too ambitious of displaying his talent of working parts and subjects, as well as too fond of noise: and Faustina added, that his *cantilena* was often rude.

I asked him, if he had ever heard Domenico Scarlatti play? he said that he had, at the time he came from Portugal to Naples, on a visit to his father, while he studied under him; and he allowed him to have been possessed of a wonderful hand, as well as fecundity of invention.

He could not think Durante,³ as a contrapuntist, deserved the place which M. Rousseau has given him in his dictionary; but said that it was old Scarlatti, whom he should have called *le plus grand harmoniste d'Italie, c'est à dire du monde*, the greatest master of harmony of Italy, that is, of the whole universe; and not Durante, who was not only dry, but *baroque*, that is, coarse and uncouth.⁴

He spoke of mademoiselle Martinetz, as a young person of uncommon talents for music: said that she sung with great expression, played very neat and masterly, and was a thorough contrapuntist; but, added he, 'it is a pity

¹ Signor Hasse, before he quitted Vienna, in order to go to Venice, where he now resides, favoured the author with a very polite letter, and a present of several of his compositions (B).

² Keiser, Reinhard (1674-1739). He was the leading German opera composer of his day and wrote nearly 120 operas. Burney's own footnote runs: 'He was born at Weissenfels, in Saxony, and was *maestro di capella* to the duke of Mecklenburg.'

³ Durante, Francesco (1684-1755). He was chiefly a composer of church music and a very great teacher, with many famous pupils. Rousseau, in his article on *Composition*, mentions the genius of Corelli, Vinci, Perez, Rinaldo, Jommelli, and then, as the greatest of all, Durante. See *Italian Tour*, p. 258.

⁴ M. Hasse's opinion of Alex. Scarlatti corresponds exactly with that of Jommelli, who told me, at Naples, that his compositions for the church, tho' but little known, were the best of his productions, and perhaps the best of the kind (B).

that her writing should affect her voice.' I had observed, indeed, that same morning, that she took the high notes with difficulty. It is an axiom among all good masters of singing, that stooping to write, and even sitting much at the harpsichord, hurts the chest, and greatly affects the voice.

Hasse said, that after he was fifty he had never been able to sing a note; and, indeed he is now so hoarse, that he can with difficulty be heard when he speaks. This he wholly attributes to his having been so constantly employed in writing. Faustina said, that when she knew him first, he had a very fine tenor voice; and it was then usual for masters to make their scholars in counter-point, not only sing, but declaim.

I cannot quit Hasse and Gluck, without saying that it is very necessary to use discrimination in comparing them together. Hasse may be regarded as the Raphael, and I have already called Gluck the Michael Angelo of living composers. If the affected French expression of *le grand simple* can ever mean any thing, it must be when applied to the productions of such a composer as Hasse, who succeeds better perhaps in expressing, with clearness and propriety, whatever is graceful, elegant, and tender, than what is boisterous and violent; whereas Gluck's genius seems more calculated for exciting terror in painting difficult situations, occasioned by complicated misery, and the tempestuous fury of unbridled passions.

The flighty Vanhall

Saturday 12. This morning, after another long visit to Metastasio, and hearing mademoiselle Martinetz play and sing with new delight and amazement, I determined to find out the habitation of Vanhall, a young composer, several of whose productions, particularly his symphonies, had afforded me such uncommon pleasure, that I should not hesitate to rank them among the most complete and perfect compositions, for many instruments, which the art of music can boast.

The spirit of party, in musical matters, runs high every where; and I every where found that it was wished that I should hear, or at least like, none but the friends of my friends. However, I soon saw, and *heard* through all this, and seldom suffered myself to be the dupe of partial decisions. For I was not contented with hearing music in fine houses, theatres, and palaces, but visited cottages, and garrets, wherever I could get access to a good performer, or a man of genius.

I had sent my servant, and made several attempts myself, to find M. Vanhall before, but in vain. However, to-day I had been told that he lived without the gates of the city; but, after crossing a branch of the Danube, and walking several miles through a very dusty road, to the place where I expected to find him, I was told that he was removed, no one knew whither: this did not discourage me from enquiring after him all the way back, and, at length, in an obscure corner of the town, and in a more lofty than splendid situation. I groped my way up a totally dark, winding stone stair-case, at the summit of which was his bower.

He is a civil young man; and though he could speak no French, yet he had a little Italian, which is the case with many German musicians. I told him that I was a stranger, and in quest of whatever was most curious in music; that I had heard some of his symphonies performed, which had pleased me very much, and wished to be in possession of a few of them, if he had any ready transcribed, or if he knew of a copyist who had.¹ We soon came to a right understanding; and finding he played the harpsichord, I got him to sit down to a little clavichord, and play to me six lessons which he had just made for that instrument; but I found them neither so pleasing, masterly, or new, as his compositions for violins.

Though there have been many admirable composers of vocal music, who, for want of voice, could not *sing*, yet it seems as if it were absolutely necessary to be a great *player* on an instrument, in order to write in such a manner for it as will best shew its powers. With respect to the organ and harpsichord, the most original and striking pieces for those instruments have been the productions of great performers, such as Handel, Scarlatti, Bach, Schobert,² Wagenseil, Mützel,³ and Alberti: but a rage for universality, or for gain, tempts many composers to quit the road which nature and art have made familiar to them, for another; in which they are either bewildered, or so destitute of the necessary requisites for travelling through it, as to be obliged to rob and plunder every one they meet.

A little perturbation of the faculties, is a promising circumstance in a young musician, and M. V. began his career very auspiciously, by being somewhat flighty. Enthusiasm seems absolutely necessary in all the arts, but particularly in music, which so much depends upon fancy and imagination. A cold, sedate, and wary disposition, but ill suits the professor of such an art; however, when enthusiasm is ungovernable, and impels too frequent and violent efforts, the intellects are endangered. But as insanity in an artist is sometimes nothing more than an ebullition of genius, when that is the case, he may cry out to the physicians who cure him,

— Pol me occidistis, amici,
Non servastis.

M.V. is now so far recovered, and possesses a mind so calm and tranquil, that his last pieces appear to me rather insipid and common, and his former agreeable extravagance seems changed into too great oeconomy of thought.

In the afternoon I went to the play; it was *Romeo and Juliet*, new written by M. Weiss.⁴ The first act was almost over when I arrived; but I soon found

¹ As there are no music shops in Vienna, the best method of procuring new compositions is to apply to copyists; for the authors, regarding every English traveller as a *milord*, expect a present on these occasions, as considerable for each piece, as if it had been composed on purpose for him (B). See also p. 124.

² *Schobert, Johann* (born in Silesia about 1720 and died in Paris in 1767—with his whole family, from eating what they thought were mushrooms). He wrote instrumental music, especially for harpsichord.

³ *Mützel, Johann Gottfried*. For Burney's eulogy of his music see p. 240.

⁴ *Weiss*. Christian Felix Weiss (1726–1803). A friend of the youthful Lessing and a prominent figure amongst the younger school of German writers. He adapted from Shakespeare both *Romeo and Juliet* and *Richard III* to suit the theatrical taste of his day.

that it was not a translation of Shakespeare, by the small number of characters in it; there being only eight in this tragedy, and in the English one of the same name, there are upwards of twenty.

The personages introduced by M. Weiss are Montecute, Capulet, lady Capulet, Romeo, Julie, Laura a Confidant, instead of the Nurse, Benvoglio a physician, who supplies the place of Fryar Lawrence, and Peter a Servant to Romeo, instead of Balthazar.

Though the speeches and scenes were long, the four acts were very affecting; but the performance both of poet and actors in the last act was abominable. There was no procession, which, perhaps, might be spared upon any stage, except the English, in which custom has made it necessary: and Juliet, dead at the end of the fourth act, is found buried at the beginning of the fifth, which is by no means absurd; but the tomb-scene was bad, ill written and ill acted; and there was so much confusion, at last, that it was not easy to find out whether Romeo lived or died. He swallowed poison, indeed, which had racked, tortured and deprived him of his senses; but as the doctor plied him well with drops, and a smelling bottle, he recovered just enough to say Juliet!—oh my Juliet! Julie! Oh meine Julie! and the curtain dropped.

Sunday 13th. There was a procession through the principal streets of this city to-day, as an anniversary commemoration of the Turks having been driven from its walls in 1683, by Sobieski king of Poland, after it had sustained a siege of two months. The Emperor came from Laxemberg to attend the celebration of this festival, and walked in the procession, which set off from the Franciscan's church, and proceeded through the principal streets of the city to the Cathedral of St. Stephen, where *Te Deum* was sung, under the direction of M. Gasman, imperial *maestro di capella*. The music was by Reüter,¹ an old German composer, without taste or invention. As there was a very numerous band, great noise and little meaning characterized the whole performance. I hoped something better would have succeeded this dull, dry stuff; but what followed was equally uninteresting. The whole was finished by a triple discharge of all the artillery of the city, and the military instruments were little less noisy now, than the musical had been before.

Goodbye to Metastasio

From hence I went to Metastasio, for the last time! I found with him much company, and the St. Cecilia, Martinetz, at the harpsichord, to which she had been singing. At her desire there was a commutation of compositions between us. She had been so kind as to have transcribed for me, among other things, a song of Metastasio, set by herself, with which I had been greatly struck in a former visit.

The good old poet embraced me heartily; he said he was sorry to lose me

¹ *Reutter* (not *Reüter*). There were two Viennese composers of the name: father (1656–1738) and son (1708–1772). Both were called Georg and both, in their turn, were Kapellmeister of St. Stephen's Cathedral. Under the latter Haydn served as a choirboy.

so soon; that he must have my book, when published, and desired to hear from me. Thus we parted at Vienna; but I cannot quit him here, without adding a few lines to this article, long as it is already.

I had been told, and it was likewise the opinion of Signor Hasse, that Metastasio had more of his own manuscript poetry in his possession than had been published; but lord Stormont doubts much of the fact; alledging his principle of never working but when he is called upon, against his writing verses merely to lock them up. Metastasio laughs at all poetic inspiration, and makes a poem as mechanically as another would make a watch, at what time he pleases, and without any other occasion than the want of it.

However, lord Stormont says, that he has seen a translation of Horace's *Ars Poetica*, in Italian verse, by Metastasio, which he thinks far superior to every one that has been made in other languages. He has likewise translated the *Hoc erat in votis*, of the same poet, admirably well. In this, like Horace, he has told the story of the Town and Country Mouse, as a serious fact, and kept more closely, both to the letter and spirit of the original, than any other who has hitherto attempted it.

Metastasio, like most other persons in years, has an aversion to the talking about his own age, about the infirmities of his friends, or the calamities, or death, even of persons that are indifferent to him. He is extremely candid in his judgment of men of genius, and even of poets with whom he has had a difference, which indeed are very few. For, when he has been attacked by them, it has often happened, that after writing an epigram or couplet, to shew his particular friends how he could defend himself, he has thrown it into the fire; and he has never been known either to print or publish a line, by way of retaliation, against the bitterest enemy to his person or poems.

He has a natural cheerfulness and pleasantry, in his manner and conversation, which give a gaiety to all around him; and is possessed of as easy an eloquence in speaking as in writing. He is, indeed, one of the few extraordinary geniuses who lose nothing by approximation or acquaintance: for, it is a melancholy reflection that, very few, like him, are equally intitled to the epithets *good* and *great*.

The following anecdote has been given me by a person of veracity, well informed of every particular, relative to this great poet. Many years ago, when Metastasio's circumstances were far from affluent, and he was only known at Vienna as an assistant writer for the Opera, under Apostolo Zeno; a person with whom he had contracted a great intimacy and friendship, dying, left him his whole fortune, amounting to fifteen thousand pounds sterling. But Metastasio hearing that he had relations at Bologna, went thither in search of them; and having found such as he thought best intitled to these possessions, told them, that though his deceased friend had bequeathed to him his whole fortune, he could suppose it to be no otherwise than in trust, till he should find out the most deserving of his kindred, in order to divide it equably among them; which he immediately did, without the least reserve in his own favour.

After dinner, I had the pleasure of a long visit from M. Gasman, who not

only furnished me with a list of his works, but obliged me with copies of a great number of his manuscript quartets, for various instruments.¹ M. Gasman is of middle age, and yet his works are very voluminous. For the serious opera, he has composed, in Italy, *Merope*, *Issipile*, *Catone in Utica*, *Ezio*, twice, and *Achille in Sciro*. At Vienna, *Olimpiade*, *Amore di Psiche*, and *Il Trionfo d'Amore*. For the comic opera, at Venice, *l'Ucciatore*, twice: *Il Filosofo innamorato*, *un Pazzo ne fa Cento*, and *il Mondo nella Luna*. At Vienna, *i Viaggiatori ridicoli*, *l'Amore Artigiano*, *la Notte Critica*, *l'Opera Seria*, *la Contessina*, *il Filosofo innamorato* a second time, *la Pescatrice*, and *i Rovinati*.

When M. Gasman left me, I went, for the last time, to M. Wagenseil, and heard him and his little female scholar play several brilliant duets upon two harpsichords: here I again met with my friend, the Portuguese Abbé, and, after a long conversation upon musical matters, we parted: but not till we had mutually exchanged directions, and promises to keep alive our friendship, by a literary intercourse.

After this I flew home, to pack, and to pay; here, among other things, I was plagued with copyists² the whole evening; they began to regard me as a greedy and indiscriminate purchaser of whatever trash they should offer; but I was forced to hold my hand, not only from buying bad music, but good. For every thing is very dear at Vienna, and nothing more so than music, of which none is printed.

As it was, I did not quit Vienna till I had expended ten or twelve guineas in the purchase of music; which, with what had been given me, what I had transcribed myself, and the printed books I had collected, rendered my baggage so unwieldy, as to cost me an additional horse to my chaise, all the way to Hamburg.

Indeed, Vienna is so rich in composers, and incloses within its walls such a number of musicians of superior merit, that, it is but just to allow it to be, among German cities, the imperial seat of music, as well as of power.

This might be manifested by a recapitulation of what I heard, and saw, during my short residence there; but I shall leave that to the reader's recollection, and only mention the names of Hasse, Gluck, Gasman, Wagenseil, Salieri, Hofman, Haydn,³ Ditters, Vanhall, and Huber, who have all greatly distinguished themselves as composers; and the symphonies and quartets of the five last mentioned authors, are perhaps among the first full pieces and compositions, for violins, that have ever been produced.

To these celebrated names, may be added those of Misliviceck, a Bohemian, just returned from Italy, where he has established a great reputation by

¹ It is but justice to say, that since my return to England, I have had these pieces tried, and have found them excellent: there is pleasing melody, free from caprice and affectation; sound harmony, and the contrivances and imitations are ingenious, without the least confusion. In short, the style is sober and sedate, without dulness; and masterly, without pedantry (B).

² Copyists, see also p. 121.

³ Haydn. It does not appear that Burney actually met Haydn in Vienna (he was probably at the seat of his employer Prince Esterházy), though he probably heard there some of his music. When Haydn was in England in 1791-2 and 1794-5, Burney and he were much together (see *GDB*, ch. xlix).

his operas as well as instrumental music; Scarlatti, nephew to the famous Domenico Scarlatti; Kohaut, an excellent lutenist; Venturini, a hautbois player of the first class; Albrechtsberger,¹ and Stefani, two eminent harpsichord players, in the service of the court, and La Motte, a Flamand, the best solo player and sightsman, upon the violin, at Vienna. He was some time scholar to Giardini; and it is related of him, that when he quitted his first master, he travelled through Italy, still in search of another; and being arrived at Leghorn, where Nardini then lived, he would have become his scholar; but after hearing that performer execute one of his own solos, of the most difficult kind, and being, in his turn asked to play, he desired leave to perform the same solo, which he had just heard, and which was new, and in manuscript, so that he never could have practised it; however, he acquitted himself so well, that Nardini declined taking as a *scholar*, one who was already so able a *master* of his instrument.

I omit particularizing here, all the able organists of this city, the *dilettanti*, male and female, and the several masters and performers, vocal and instrumental, who constantly reside here, and contribute to the cultivation of music, and the pleasure of its votaries and protectors; and shall only remark that, rich as this city is at present, in musicians of genius and eminence, there is no serious opera either at the court or public theatre.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague mentions an opera that was performed in the open air, when she was at Vienna, the decorations and habits of which cost the emperor thirty thousand pounds sterling; and, during the reigns of the late emperors, from the first years of Leopold, to the middle of the present century, there used to be operas at the expence of the court, written, composed, and performed, by persons of the greatest abilities that could be assembled from all parts of Europe; but the frequent wars, and other calamities of this country, have so exhausted the public treasure, and impoverished individuals, that this expensive custom is now,

‘To my mind,

More honoured in the breach, than the observance,’

For though I love music very well, yet I love humanity better.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME

¹ *Albrechtsberger, Johann Georg* (1736–1809). He was an active composer but is remembered today chiefly as a teacher of composition (as such one of Beethoven’s masters) and the author of a once-important textbook of composition.

THE PRESENT STATE OF MUSIC
IN GERMANY, ETC.

By CHARLES BURNEY, Mus.D., F.R.S.

VOL. II

ADVERTISEMENT

As it may probably have been expected that this work, like the account of The Present State of Music in France and Italy, should have been comprised in one volume, it may be necessary to account for its having swelled into two. As the author proceeded in arranging his materials, he soon found that one volume would not contain those which related merely to music, without such retrenchments, or compression, as would justly subject him to censure, either for totally neglecting, or too slightly mentioning several persons and things, which merit particular attention. It was, therefore, the opinion of several of his friends, whose judgment he has reason to respect, that by intermixing with his account of music and musicians, a few miscellaneous memorandums, he would connect the several parts of his narrative, and, by rendering the whole a more uniform series, carry his reader with him wherever he went.

This indeed a little breaks into his original design of confining his remarks wholly to musical matters. However, to give the Present State of Music, in the several countries through which he travelled, is still the object of this publication, as to acquire materials for the History of its Past State was that of his voyage.

Bohemia and Saxony

(14-28 SEPTEMBER)

Bohemia

My journey through this country, was one of the most fatiguing I ever took in my life; for though the road, in general, is very good, for a German road, yet my want of time, which obliged me to travel night and day; the excessive heat and cold of the weather, occasioned by the presence and absence of the sun; together with bad horses, and diabolical wagons, used as chaises, exhausted both my spirits and my patience.

The country is flat, naked, and disagreeable to the eye, for the most part, all the way through Austria, Moravia, and Bohemia, as far as Prague, the situation and environs of which are very beautiful.

The dearth and scarcity of provisions, of all kinds, on this road, were now excessive; and the half-starved people, just recovered from malignant fevers, little less contagious than the plague, occasioned by bad food, and by no food at all, offered to view the most melancholy spectacles I ever beheld.

No refreshments of any kind were to be found, till I arrived at Colin, a village rendered famous, by the battle fought near it in the last war; here a pigeon, and half a pint of miserable sour wine, cost me three or four shillings; till now I had subsisted on bread and water, except one pint of milk, which I obtained with difficulty, and which cost me fourteen *creuzers*, about sevenpence English.¹

I had frequently been told, that the Bohemians were the most musical people of Germany, or, perhaps, of all Europe; and an eminent German composer, now in London, had declared to me, that if they enjoyed the same advantages as the Italians, they would excel them.

I never could suppose effects without a cause; nature, though often partial to individuals, in her distribution of genius and talents, is never so to a whole people. Climate contributes greatly to the forming of customs and manners; and, it is, I believe, certain, that those who inhabit hot climates, are more delighted with music than those of cold ones; perhaps, from the auditory nerves being more irritable in the one than in the other; but I could, by no means, account for climate operating more in favour of music upon the Bohemians, than on their neighbours, the Saxons and Moravians.

I crossed the whole kingdom of Bohemia, from south to north; and being

¹ The whole of the above passage is omitted in the German translation.

very assiduous in my enquiries, how the common people learned music, I found out at length, that, not only in every large town, but in all villages, where there is a reading and writing school, children of both sexes are taught music.

At TEUCHENBROD [Teutschbrod], JANICH [Jenitz], CZASLAU, BÖMISCH-BROD, and other places, I visited these schools; and at Czaslau, in particular, within a post of Colin, I caught them in the fact.

The organist and cantor, M. Johann Dulsick, and the first violin of the parish church, M. Martin Kruch, who are likewise the two school-masters, gave me all the satisfaction I required. I went into the school, which was full of little children of both sexes, from six to ten or eleven years old, who were reading, writing, playing on violins, hautbois, bassoons, and other instruments. The organist had in a small room of his house four clavichords, with little boys practising on them all: his son of nine years old, was a very good performer.

After this, he attended me to the church, which is but a small one, and played an admirable voluntary on the organ, which is likewise but small, though well-toned; its compass was from C to C, and there were no reed stops; but it had pedals, and an even good chorus. He played an extempore *fugue*, upon a new, and pleasing subject, in a very masterly manner; and I think him one of the best performers on the organ, which I heard throughout my journey. He complained of loss of hand, for want of practice, and said, that he had too many learners to instruct, in the first rudiments, to be allowed leisure for study, and that he had his house not only full of other people's children, but his own;

‘Chill penury repressed his noble rage:’

which is the case of many a musician, whose mind and talents are superior to such drudgery! Yet, thus circumstanced, there is no alternative but a jail.

Prague

This city is extremely beautiful, when seen at a distance. It is situated on two or three hills, and has the river Mulda running through the middle of it. It is divided into three different quarters, or districts, which are distinguished by the names of *Alt Stadt*, *Neue Stadt*, and *Kleine Stadt*, or Old Town, New Town, and Little Town; the *Kleine Stadt* is the most modern, and the best built of the three. The houses are all of white stone, or stucco, in imitation of it, and all uniform in size and colour. The hill of St. Laurence, the highest about the town, commands a prospect, not only of the whole city, but of all the adjacent country: the declivity of this hill is covered with wood, consisting chiefly of fruit-trees, and vineyards. A great part of the town is new, as scarce a single building escaped the Prussian batteries, and bombardment during the blockade, in the last war.¹ A few churches and palaces only,

¹ The battle of Prague, in 1757, gave Frederick the Great his first success against the Austrians in the Seven Years War.

that were strongly built, and of less combustible materials than the rest, were proof against their fury; and in the walls of these, are still sticking innumerable cannon balls, and bombs, particularly, in the superb palace of count Czernin, and in the Capuchin's church. This palace, which is of the Ionic order, and built of whiteness, has thirty windows in front, the chapel, at the Capuchins, is an exact copy, in stone, of that at Loretto, in Marble.

The inhabitants are still at work throughout the city, in repairing the Prussian devastations, particularly at the cathedral and imperial palace, which were both almost entirely demolished; these are situated on a high hill, facing that of St. Laurence. The organ of the cathedral, which, as well as the building, has been newly constructed, since the last war, is very large, and finely toned; it was well played on during the morning service, though the principal organist, M. Wolf, was ill in bed of a fever. I went to his house, in order, if he had been well enough, to have conversed with him concerning the present state of music at Prague; but the messenger I sent in before me, in order to negotiate the visit, returned quite pale with fear, telling me, that it would be very dangerous for me to enter the house, as M. Wolf was ill of the malignant and contagious fever, which had lately raged with so much violence, and swept off such a number of the inhabitants of this city.

M. Wolf, who is esteemed one of the best organists in Germany, is called am Schloß Organisten, or organist of the castle; for the cathedral of Prague is built within the castle or royal palace walls, of which it makes a part.

There are three large colleges of Jesuits in Prague; that of St. Nicholas has a very beautiful church, in which the organ is divided into two parts, placed one on each side the gallery; and the keys, with a *positif*, or small choir organ, are in the middle, but placed so low, as to leave the west window clear: instead of wood, the frame-work, pillars, base, and ornaments of this instrument, in front, are of white marble; the organ and church seem quite new. I never saw a more rich or noble front to an organ than this; it was constructed by one of the Jesuits, and is well-toned; but has a very heavy touch.

Street Music

An itinerant band of street-musicians came to salute me at the inn, the Einhorn, or Unicorn, during dinner; they played upon the harp, violin, and horn, several minuets and Polonoises, which were, in themselves very pretty, though their performance of them added nothing to the beauty of the compositions; and it will, perhaps, appear strange to some, that this capital of so musical a kingdom, in which the genius of each inhabitant has a fair trial, should not more abound with *great* musicians. It is not however, difficult to account for this, if we reflect, that music is one of the arts of peace, leisure, and abundance: and if, according to M. Rousseau, arts have flourished most in the most corrupt times, those times must, at least, have been prosperous and tranquil. Now, the Bohemians are never tranquil long together; and even in

the short intervals of peace, their first nobility are attached to the court of Vienna, and seldom reside in their own capital; so that those among the poorer sort, who are taught music in their infancy, have no encouragement to pursue it in riper years, and seldom advance further than to qualify themselves for the street, or for servitude.

Indeed many of those who learn music at school go afterwards to the plough, and to other laborious employments; and then their knowledge of music turns to no other account, than to enable them to sing in their parish-church, and as an innocent domestic recreation, which are, perhaps, among the best and most unexceptionable purposes that music can be applied to.

It has been said by travellers;¹ that the Bohemian nobility keep musicians in their houses; but in keeping servants, it is impossible to be otherwise, as all the children of the peasants and trades-people, in every town and village throughout the kingdom of Bohemia are taught music at the common reading schools, except in Prague, where, indeed it is no part of school-learning; the musicians being brought thither from the country.

In these common country schools now and then a great genius appears, as was the case at Teuchenbrod, the birth-place of the famous Stamitz. His father was *cantor* of the church in that town; and Stamitz,² who was afterwards so eminent, both as a composer and performer, was brought up in the common school, among children of common talents, who lived and died unnoticed; but he, like another Shakespeare, broke through all difficulties and discouragements; and, as the eye of one pervaded all nature, the other, without quitting nature, pushed art further than any one had done before him; his genius was truly original, bold, and nervous; invention, fire, and contrast, in the quick movements; a tender, graceful, and insinuating melody, in the slow; together with the ingenuity and richness of the accompaniments, characterise his productions; all replete with great effects, produced by an enthusiasm of genius, refined, but not repressed by cultivation.

M. Seger, is organist of the *Streutzhern*, or convent of the Holy Cross in Prague. I was desired by M. Gasman, to enquire after him, as he is the best player in this city; he favoured me with a long conversation, and I found him to be a sensible man, as well as an excellent performer. He remembers Tartini, and Vandini, at Prague, fifty years ago; and seems well acquainted with the character and works of all the great musicians in Europe.

He informed me, that at the convent of the Holy Cross, where he is organist, there are now three or four boys, brought thither from country schools, who sing most admirably; having good voices, and good shakes, with good taste and expression. I arrived at Prague one day too late, for a great musical performance in the church of this convent.

It was with much difficulty that I acquired information from the Bohemian musicians, as even the German language is of little use in that kingdom, throughout which the Sclavonian dialect is generally used. M. Seger, indeed,

¹ Nugent's *Grand Tour*, vol. ii (B). (Thomas Nugent, *The Grand Tour*, 4 vols. 1749.)

² *Stamitz*. See p. 34.

spoke Italian, and was very communicative; it was from him that I obtained a confirmation of my discovery, that not only in Bohemia, but in Moravia, Hungary, and part of Austria, children are taught music at the common reading schools. The Bohemians are remarkably expert in the use of wind instruments, in general; but M. Seger says, the instrument upon which their performers are most excellent, on the Saxon side of the kingdom, is the hautbois; and on that of Moravia, the tube, or clarion.¹

The celebrated Misliwiceck² was brought up at a village school in Bohemia, and afterwards studied counterpoint, at Prague, under M. Seger.

The best violin players in this city, at present, are M. Joseph Strobach,³ Johan Galli, of the Amschloss, and Wenzel Braupner, who is an admirable solo player. The best, and indeed, the only violoncello player in this city, is M. Hetes;⁴ and on the hautbois, Stiestni [Stiasny] is an excellent performer.

There have been no operas here lately; however, German and Sclavonian plays are performed three times a week, which are, at present, the only public exhibitions at Prague, of any kind. The nobility were now, for the most part, out of town; but in winter, they are said to have great concerts frequently at their hotels, and palaces, chiefly performed by their own domestics and vassals, who have learned music at country schools.

* * * * *

I quitted Prague, Thursday morning, September 17th, after many delays and plagues, incident to travellers in a foreign country; among the rest, my good landlord at the *Einhorn*, instigated the postmaster's servant to insist on my having an additional horse to my post wagon; and threw all the difficulties in my way, he possibly could, in hopes of keeping me longer in his *spunging* house. After these squabbles were over, and I had run the gauntlet through the gates and barriers, where my baggage was narrowly ransacked, by custom-house inquisitors, I got away about seven o'clock.

The first post to *SDIEPS*, I travelled through a mountainous country, and cold thick fog; the second, to *WELTRUS*, through a good road, and level, though naked country; here the weather was again very hot. Sour milk, and black sour bread, *Bompernicke*, were thus far, all the refreshments that could be obtained.

At *BUDIN*, the next stage, I found a music school; and heard two of the poor boys perform in the street, one on the harp, and the other on the triangles,⁵ tolerably well.

¹ *Clarion*. Narrow-bore trumpet.

² *Misliwiceck*, or *Mysliweczek*, or *Misliweczer*, *Joseph* (1737-81). Deserting the family trade of miller he practised the violin and studied composition in Italy, producing operas at Naples, Florence, and Milan, and also at Munich. He also composed symphonies, concertos, &c. He lived a riotous life and died in poverty. The young Mozart was one of his admirers.

³ *Strobach, Joseph* (1731-94). After university studies he renounced his intention of entering the priesthood and gave himself up to music. He directed the music of several churches and that of the theatre in Prague. He was an active composer of concertos, sonatas, and other music for the violin.

⁴ *Hetes*, or *Hettisch, Jean* (1748-93). He composed concertos, &c., for the violoncello.

⁵ *Triangles*. The spinet was, from its shape, sometimes known as the triangle (but if this is what Burney intends, why does he use the plural?).

At LOBESCHUTZ [Lobositz], two or three stages from the confines of Saxony, there is likewise another school, with more than a hundred children, of both sexes, of which number all learn music who chuse it. I visited the church, which is small and neat, with a little plain organ in it; here the children, vocally and instrumentally, perform. I heard a considerable number of the boys practising on the fiddle, at school, but in a very coarse manner.

Hardships of travel

I hope I shall be excused, if I here relate a few of the hardships which I underwent, in the course of my journey through parts of Germany; as the account of them may put future travellers on their guard, or, at least, prevent surprize, under similar circumstances.

And first, I must inform them that I did not meet with a chaise or carriage, of any kind, that had a top, or covering, to protect passengers from heat, cold, wind, or rain, in my whole journey; and so violent are the jolts, and so hard are the seats of German post-wagons, that a man is rather kicked than carried from one place to another. Yet, for these wretched conveyances, when I travelled in them alone, *extra-poste*, as it is called, it cost me frequently at the rate of eighteen pence for each English mile: so great is the number of fees and taxes on this occasion: *Postgeld*, *Wagengeld*, *Schöffegeld*, *Schwagergeld*, *Schmiergeld*, *Barriergeld*, and *Dringeld*, to hundreds, but particularly to the *Stallfnecht*, for getting *Pferden*, horses, ready in somewhat less than three hours.¹

But such as are provided with a comfortable carriage, with beds, provisions, and a number of servants, and are so indifferent about expence, that they calmly submit to all kinds of imposition, as things of course, may be utterly ignorant of the sufferings of others who dread expence; and who are exposed to all the plagues of bad vehicles, bad horses, bad inns, and worse provisions, or who are unable to find either inns or provisions of any kind.

The excellent roads, inns, and carriages, throughout Great Britain, make an Englishman very unfit to encounter such hardships; but indeed they exceed those of most other countries in Europe so much, that to travel with a *Vittorino*, a *Procaccio*, or a *Corriere*,² through the worst *Italian* roads, is ease and luxury, compared with what is suffered in Germany.

At Lobeschütz, which is situated on the Elbe, I quitted the chaise, and hired a boat down that river to Dresden, in order to escape two or three terrible posts, and indeed postilions, for every German *Schwager*³ is such a friend to surgery, that I always wished to get out of his hands; and, besides

¹ For such of my readers as may be unacquainted with the language of their progenitors, the Saxons, it may be necessary to translate the names of the imposts above mentioned, into their English equivalents, of *horse-hire*, *chaise-hire*, *turnpikes*, *postillion*, *greasing wheels*, *toll at the gates*, on both sides each town, as well as *drink* to the ostler, and a swarm of helpers, who, in removing baggage, steal cordage, straps, and every thing which they can carry off undiscovered (B).

² *Vittorino*, coachman; *procaccio*, postboy; *corriere*, courier.

³ *Schwager*, postilion.

personal safety, the country is so mountainous, and road so full of holes, and great loose stones, that both carriage and baggage frequently suffer. It was now six o'clock in the evening, when I arrived at the waterside; I was much disturbed at seeing the boat, in which I was to perform the voyage; it was long, narrow, and quite open at the top. There was straw to lye on, but nothing to cover me or my baggage in case of rain; at this time, indeed, the weather was hot, and I nestled into my straw, accommodating myself to my circumstances as well as I could.

The boat moved so very slow, there being only one waterman, that it frequently seemed to stand still. The weather as yet continued calm, but as we proceeded lower down the river, through an amazingly wild and rocky country, there were frequent waterfalls that made a violent noise, and seemed very likely to upset our little boat; about midnight it grew totally dark, and began to rain: I protected my head as well as I was able, with a *parapluie*, or small umbrella, but was very wet elsewhere.

The rain continued till day-break, after which, the wind got up, and became quite furious, just in our teeth; in this kind of hurricane, the boat could make no way. Distress on distress! the *parapluie*, my only defence, was forced from my hands, in a violent gust of wind, and blown into the river, where it instantly sunk; and we tried in vain, a considerable time, to fish it up: I was now wet, cold, hungry, and totally helpless; for the boatman himself was in despair of ever getting to Dresden during this storm!

At length, however, we reached KÖNIGSTEIN [Königstein], a village and castle, on one of the highest rocks in Europe; this was but half way from Lobeschütz to Dresden. I sent my servant and the boat-man to try if they could procure a chaise, a cart, a wheelbarrow, or any thing, to carry me to Pirna, the first post-town, and after keeping me shivering with cold and wet, more than an hour they returned with the news of having procured a wagon.

Here I got some bread, which revived me a little, and enabled me to clamber up this terrible rock, on foot, to warm myself; which it did as effectually, before I reached the summit, as if I had had recourse to a warm bed and sudorific. After this I had twelve English miles to Pirna, through the most stony and jumbling road I ever travelled.

At PIRNA, the place where the king of Prussia took all the Saxon troops prisoners, at the beginning of the last war, I was detained two hours before I could get horses, for each of which, by a new *reglement*, or regulation, I was obliged to pay a rixdollar, instead of a florin, the usual price.

At Königstein and Pirna, there are schools for music, though both are in Saxony. At Pirna, there is one for the children of officers, and one for those of the poorer sort, where they learn, as elsewhere, music, with reading and writing.

It would be tiresome to the reader were I minutely to describe all the music-schools which I entered in my way through Austria, Moravia, Bohemia, and Saxony. I shall only say, that in general, the performance of the scholars in them was rude and coarse, and that perfection seems never aimed at amongst

them. Metastasio is of opinion, that the children learn so ill in these schools, as to be ever afterwards incorrigible; indeed, most of them are intended for servants, and mean employments; and as, in many parts of Bohemia and Saxony, the Gothic power over vassals still subsists, these people have seldom any ambition to excel in music, as they have no opportunities of mending their condition by it; now and then, indeed, a man of genius among them, becomes an admirable musician, whether he will or no; but, when that happens, he generally runs away, and settles in some other country, where he can enjoy the fruit of his talents.

Upon the whole, however, these schools clearly prove that it is not from a partiality in *nature* that Bohemia abounds so much with musicians; for *cultivation* contributes greatly towards rendering the love and knowledge of music general in this country: and the Bohemians may as well be called a *learned* people because they can read, as superior musicians because they can play upon instruments, since the study of both are equally made by them essential parts of common education.¹

The road from Pirna to Dresden is good; the country on the left hand is flat, naked, and unpleasant to the eye, when the grain is off the ground; but on the right, the hills, covered with vines and houses, all along the banks of the Elbe, are delightful.

Dresden

The approach to this city through the Elector's Gardens, by a beautiful *Chateau*, or Villa, and pavilions, in a very good taste, is extremely striking; but the city itself has suffered so much in the last war, that it is difficult for a stranger to imagine himself near the celebrated capital of Saxony, even when he sees it from the most favourable eminence in the neighbourhood, so few of it's once many cloud-capt towers are left standing; only two or three remain intire, of all the stately edifices which formerly embellished this city: so that here, as well as at Prague, the inhabitants are still repairing the ravages of the Prussians; of whom it is remarkable, that though during the last war, they ruined many a noble city, they never took one by the regular siege.

They were in possession of Dresden three years: it was taken from them during the absence of the king of Prussia, by the prince of Deux-ponts, who commanded the army of the empire. In 1760,² that monarch invested it again, and did incredible damage by his batteries, and bombardments, till it was relieved by general Lacy.

¹ In the first edition of the book, this paragraph read as follows: 'Upon the whole, however, it is manifest from these schools, that it is not *nature*, but *cultivation*, which makes music so generally understood by the Germans; and it has long been said by an accurate observer of human nature, who has long resided among them, that "if innate genius exists, Germany is certainly not the seat of it; though it must be allowed, to be that of perseverance and application".'

Understandably, it produced letters of protest from Burney's correspondent Ebeling, resulting in the toning down of the passage in the second edition (see *GDE*, i. 248-9).

² In 1760. During the Seven Years War. It was to suffer again in 1813 (Napoleon's last great victory) and in 1945.

The river Elbe divides the city into two parts, which are called the Old and New Town; these have a communication by one of the finest bridges in Europe, built of white stone, and consisting of eighteen arches; it is 540 feet long, and 36 broad. There is a rule observed in passing this bridge, worthy of imitation; one side being appropriated to the use of those who are going to the Old Town, and the other to those who are going to the New; so that each passenger moves without interruption, and has his right hand constantly next the parapet wall.

The first thing I did, after my arrival, was to wait on Mr. Osborn, our minister at this court, who received me so well, and honoured me with so many kind offices, and marks of regard, during my residence at Dresden, that, to forget or conceal them, would be the highest ingratitude.

He was no sooner informed of my musical curiosity, than he made me acquainted with Signor Bezozzi,¹ the celebrated hautbois player, in the service of this court; and, upon conversing with this able performer, I found that he was not only possessed of an excellent understanding, but that he had thought more profoundly concerning the theory of his art, than most practical musicians with whom I had conversed, who had devoted so much time to any one instrument, as he must have bestowed upon the hautbois, in order to acquire that high degree of perfection upon it, to which he has attained. The father of signor Bezozzi, who is still living,² and in the service of the elector of Saxony, is brother to the famous Bezozzis of Turin.

Mr. Osborn was so kind, during this interview with Signor Bezozzi, as to desire him to collect together in a few days the best band of musical performers which Dresden could furnish, in order to afford me an opportunity of hearing, in a concert at his house, whatever that city could furnish, most perfect in practical music.

The day after my arrival, Mr. Osborn did me the honour of carrying me to dine with several of the foreign ministers, at the house of Dr. Bayley, a worthy English physician, no less remarkable for skill in his profession, than for hospitality: and in the evening to the prime minister, count Sacken, who occupies the first floor of the late count Brühl's palace, of which his eldest son, the Starost,³ has only the second. Here we staid till the Electoral family arrived from the country, to go to the opera.

A burletta of Salieri's

It was only a burletta, that was represented to-night in the little theatre, which is small, but neat; it has four rows of boxes, nineteen in each. *L'Amore innocente* was the name of the piece, of which Signor Salieri⁴ was the composer.

¹ *Signor Bezozzi*. The member of that numerous family here presented is Carlo (born at Naples in 1738), a nephew of Gaetano Besozzi of Paris. (For other members of the family see *Italian Tour*, pp. 16, 57.)

² *The father of signor Bezozzi*. Antonio (1714-81). He remained in Dresden until 1774. *Still living*: his age was about fifty-six!

³ *Starost*. Governor of a district.

⁴ *Salieri*. See pp. 84, 124.

The music was as innocent of design, as the drama and performance: nothing in the least seducing or inflammatory was to be heard or seen; but all was tranquil, unmeaning, and as truly soporific as a nurse's lullaby.

The best singer in this placid pastoral, was Signora Calori,¹ who, twelve or fourteen years ago, when in England, wanted only spirit to make her an excellent performer; for then her voice, shake, and execution, were good; her person elegant, and features regular; but now, some of these particulars being rather impaired by time, her performance passed as unnoticed as that of the rest, which was insipid to a very tiresome degree.

I must, however, mention, that in the second act of this opera, Signora Calori sung a long *bravura* song, accompanied on the violin, *obligato*, by M. Hunt,² the principal violinist of this place, in which both these performers executed many great difficulties with little effect. He has indeed a very strong hand, and clear tone; but neither his taste nor expression are of the most delicate or touching kind.

The Frauenkirche

Sunday, 20th September. I went this morning to the *Frauen Kirche*, or great Lutheran church of our Lady, placed on the side of a spacious square; it is a very noble and elegant building, of white stone, with a high dome in the middle; this church is square without, but formed into an amphitheatre within. There is a projection for the communion table, over which is placed a most magnificent organ. This is the only instance I can recollect, of an organ being placed at the *east* end of a church. I had hitherto only seen it at the west window, at the west end of the choir, or on one side.

The singing here, with so fine an instrument, has a very striking effect. The whole congregation, consisting of near three thousand persons, sing in unison, melodies almost as slow as those used in our parish churches; but the people being better musicians here than with us, and accustomed from their infancy to sing the chief part of the service, were better in tune, and formed one of the grandest chorusses I ever heard.

The building is very high and spacious, and there are four galleries in elegant forms, one over the other, between the columns; the seats below are circular, and all facing the organ and communion table; upon the whole, this was one of the most decent and respectable congregations which I had ever seen.

The King of Prussia, in his last bombardment of Dresden, tried every means in his power to beat this church, as well as the other public buildings, about the ears of the inhabitants, but in vain, for the orbicular form of the dome threw off the balls and shells, and totally prevented their effect: however,

¹ *Calori, Angiola* (1732-c. 1790). She made a brilliant reputation by her striking successes in London in 1755-6 and in 1770 did the same in Dresden.

² *Hunt, Charles*, born in Dresden. He was the son of a court musician in the service of the Elector of Saxony. He early made himself a reputation as violinist and composer and, like his father, took service in the Elector's orchestra.

he succeeded better in five or six other churches, which he totally demolished. This of our Lady constitutes the great feature of the city, like St. Peter's at Rome, and St. Paul's in London.

When I quitted this church, I stepped into the Elector's chapel, which is a new, large, and elegant building, adorned with several capital paintings, by Mengs, and Battoni. I was too late to hear the organ, or anything but the ordinary ritual of the Romish church.¹

The Elector

At noon Mr. Osborn carried me to court, where, after waiting about an hour, in the drawing-room, among the ambassadors and great officers of state, for the arrival of the Elector, I had the honour of being presented to his highness as soon as he entered: he pleased to enquire, 'from whence I came last?' I answered, from Vienna; but Mr. Osborn informed his highness, that I had been at Munich, and had had the honour of being presented to the Electress dowager, his mother, and added something concerning my musical enquiries; this seemed to awaken curiosity. 'You love music?' 'Yes Sir.' 'Have you been in Italy?' and upon my answering in the affirmative, his Electoral highness appeared to be pleased, and desirous of entering into a more particular conversation; but, throwing his eyes around, and seeing the foreign ministers, officers of state, and a number of strangers, and people of condition eager for notice, and expecting their share of his attention, he turned about, and spoke two or three words to prince Beloselsky, the Russian minister; then one or two to the Prussian and Austrian ministers, after which he retired.

His Electoral highness was born 1750, and succeeded to the electorate, upon the death of his father, in 1763; he is of a reserved disposition. Naumann, his *maestro di capella*, and Gasman, had informed me, that his highness was so good a musician as to accompany readily, and in a masterly manner, on the harpsichord, at sight; but was so shy of playing before company, that even the Electress, his consort, had hardly ever heard him. His favourite amusement is dancing, and to oblige him, his subjects and courtiers are dancing for ever.

When the Elector quitted the drawing-room, every one hastened up another pair of stairs, to the apartment of the Electress. I had the honour of being presented to her highness, as she passed by, in her way to dinner; she was a princess Palatine of Deuxponts [Zweibrücken], and born in 1752; she is tall and thin, of a fresh rosy complexion, and has strong indications of good humour in her countenance.

After dinner, Mr. Osborn honoured me so far as to carry me with him in a round of visits to all the foreign ministers, and to the houses of several other persons of distinction.

Mr. Tunnerstick

There was at this time in Dresden, an Englishman, Mr. Tunnerstick, who was born at Pool, in Dorsetshire, but brought up in France, and who, last

¹ The court is of a different religion from the people, who are Lutherans (B).

summer, in several parts of Germany, had undertaken to perform a very curious experiment: it was no less, than to drive a nail through the brain of a horse, by which he would be, to all appearance, dead; but, after extracting the nail, and pouring into the wound a chymical liquor prepared by himself for that purpose, the horse in five or six minutes time, was to recover sufficiently to carry any one of the spectators.

Mr. Tunnerstick was at Vienna at the same time as myself, and performed before thousands of spectators; but the account of the operation seemed to me so extraordinary, that imagining there was some quackery or deception in it, I would not make one of the number. However, upon my arrival at Dresden, I found that he had repeatedly performed the same thing there, before physicians, anatomists, and the whole court; one of the horses that had undergone this singular operation, and was recovered, had been killed by command of the Elector, in order, by dissection to ascertain the fact, whether the nail had really penetrated the brain; and it was allowed by all the physicians and surgeons of the place, to have passed through the most dangerous part of it. Another horse that had been *assassinated* in the same barbarous manner, at the same time and place, was recovered, and continued perfectly well, when I left Dresden.

The Elector wishing to have this medicine turned to some useful account, and not merely employed in healing wounds made through wanton cruelty, had asked this equestrian operator, whether it would be equally efficacious if applied to fresh wounds in other parts of the body? Dr. Tunnerstick answered in the affirmative; but afterwards, pretending to take offence at some doubts, that had been expressed, concerning the success of this second experiment, evaded making it, and went away in a pet.¹

In the evening I was again carried to court, where the Electoral family, with their principal attendants were at cards. I here had the honour of being presented to the Elector's three brothers; prince Charles Maximilian, presumptive heir to the Electorate, born in 1752; prince Anthony Clement, born in 1755, intended for the church; and prince Maximilian Emanuel, born in 1759. The eldest of these princes has the misfortune to be so lame, that he is obliged to wheel himself about in a chair; having not only lost the use, but almost the appearance of his legs; he seems, however, very intelligent and curious in conversation. The other two are far from robust.

The next day I was presented to the two princesses, sisters of the Elector; the eldest, though but fifteen, is formed, and perfectly well-bred; she honoured me so far as to speak a considerable time to me concerning the Electress dowager, her mother, whom Mr. Osborn had told her, I had seen frequently at Munich. The youngest sister, about twelve years of age, is very pretty, and has a sharp and intelligent countenance; she spoke but little, however that little was pertinent and obliging.

¹ *Tunnerstick*. See for him and his feat *Notes and Queries*, ii. v. 356 and ii. vii. 265, the latter giving a quotation from the *Nederlandsche Mercurius* of 30 December 1772, of which all the details tally with those of Burney.

The Dresden Gallery

Dresden still affords matter of great amusement to the eye of a stranger, though much less to the *ear*, than formerly. If I quit my musical remarks for a moment, in order to give the reader an idea of the contents of the Elector's celebrated picture gallery, I hope I shall be pardoned; as the catalogue is but in few hands, and the collection is, without doubt, the first and most considerable in Europe, both for the number and excellence of the paintings it contains.¹

The collection was begun by Augustus II. but was greatly augmented by his successor, Augustus the III. who, in 1745, purchased, for sixty thousand pounds, the whole gallery of the duke of Modena, in which were all the paintings of Correggio, as well as most of those by Annibal Carrach, which enrich the present collection; and, in 1748, he added to it the imperial gallery of Prague, which he purchased of the Empress queen; this collection he acquired at a very easy rate, having had sixty-eight capital pictures of eminent masters for sixty thousand florins, which is less than six thousand pounds sterling: but, even since that time, the collection has been augmented by such a number of different purchases, that many hundred excellent pictures are placed against the wainscot of the gallery three or four deep, for want of room to hang them up; and though the printed catalogue makes the outward gallery contain only eight hundred and thirty, and the interior three hundred and fifty-seven, I was assured by the Cicerone, or Interpreter, that the Elector was in possession of two thousand original paintings, and two thousand four hundred copies.

In the cabinet of crayon paintings, there are no less than a hundred and fifty-seven portraits by Rosalba, among which is that of Faustina,² when young, and in the service of this court. She was very handsome when this was painted, or was very much flattered; there is likewise in this cabinet, a portrait, in crayons, by Mengs, of Mingotti,³ when young, with a music paper in her hand; and if the resemblance was exact, she was then nearer a beauty, than it is now easy to imagine her ever to have been; she is here painted in youth, plumpness, and with a very expressive countenance.

There are only two Raphaels, in this immense collection; the St. George is the best; the other, an ascension of the Virgin, with the *Bambino* in her arms, and pope Sextus Quintus and St. Barb. in the act of adoration, has suffered greatly in the colouring; the heads, however, are charming. There is not one piece by Domenichini in the gallery, though there are eleven capital works by Guido; eleven by Albano, twelve by Guercino, seventeen by Paul Veronese, ten by Annibal Caracci, seventeen by Vandyke, four by Parmegiano, thirteen by Nic. Poussin, eleven by Spagnolet, thirty-nine by Rubens, and fifteen by Titian, with three by Leonardo da Vinci.

¹ The collection of prints, commonly called, the Dresden gallery, was never finished, and only contains engravings from a small number of these pictures (B).

² *Faustina*. See p. 193.

³ *Mingotti*. See p. 45.

But the most precious pieces of this collection, are the Correggios, of which charming painter, there are six capital pictures.

First. The *Virgin* sitting on a throne, with Jesus on her knee; she is surrounded by St. John the Baptist, St. Catherine, St. Anthony of Padua, and St. Francis d'Assisi, all as big as the life; this is in his first manner; he has written his name on it: the colouring is less bright than in his succeeding works; but the elegance and grace of the figures are very striking.

Second. The *St. George*, exquisite in colouring and keeping.

Third. The *Magdalen*, which is beautiful and delicate beyond description.

Fourth. The *Nativity*, known by the name of the *Night-piece* of Correggio; all the light comes from the child; it is the most perfect of his works. The King of Prussia stopped half an hour to admire it, when he first entered Dresden. The Electress Queen offered it to him, but he declined taking it; however, he had a fine copy made of it by Dietrich, at a very high price.

Fifth. The *St. Sebastian*, a large and capital picture, in which the Virgin and Child are in glory, surrounded by a choir of angels: below are St. Sebastian, St. Geminiano, and other figures.

Sixth. A *Portrait* of Correggio's physician; and supposed to be the only portrait that he ever painted.

There are in the cabinet, copies of the capital pictures of Raphael and Correggio, in water colours, and in enamel, uncommonly large, by Mengs, father, son, and daughter, which are delicious. To examine and describe this vast collection, minutely, would require ten years, and ten folios.

A concert at Mr. Osborn's

I had the honour of dining, to-day, with a large company, at Mr. Osborn's. After dinner, Signor Bezozzi, and a band of musicians, which he had provided, were ready to begin a concert in a different part of the house from that where the company had dined. During the performance, all the foreign ministers came in and out, and, at times, the rooms were full of the first people in Dresden.

The concert was opened by a symphony of Hasse; after which, a solo on the violin by M. Hunt, who, as was before observed has a clear tone, and strong hand; but he wants high finishing, and plainly discovered that he was not much accustomed to solo-playing; the music which he performed was by Tartini.

The next piece was a German flute concerto, played by M. Götsel.¹ I did not much like the composition, there was noise in the chorusses,² and, in the solo parts, there were repetitions of old and common passages; but it was not composed by the performer, who manifested, in the course of it, great execution, a clear and sweet tone, always even, and perfectly in tune; though not so full above the middle D as below it.

¹ Götsel. Franz Joseph Götsel. In 1741 he had replaced Quantz in the Dresden court orchestra. He lived to a great age, dying in 1823.

² Chorusses. The tuttis.

After this, Signor Bezozzi played an extremely difficult concerto on the hautbois, in a very pleasing and masterly manner; yet I must own that the less one thinks of Fischer, the more one likes this performer. However, I tried to discriminate, and to discover in what each differed from the other: and first, Fischer seems to me the most natural, pleasing, and original writer of the two, for the instrument, and is the most certain of his reed; which, whether from being in less constant practice, or from the greater difficulty of the passages, I know not, more frequently fails Bezozzi in rapid divisions, than Fischer: however, Bezozzi's *messa di voce*, or swell, is prodigious; indeed, he continues to augment the force of a tone so much, and so long, that it is hardly possible not to fear for his lungs.

His taste and ear are exceeding delicate and refined; and he seems to possess a happy and peculiar faculty of tempering a continued tone to different bases, according to their several relations: upon the whole, his performance is so capital, that a hearer must be extremely fastidious not to receive from it a great degree of pleasure.

The second part of the concert began with an admirable symphony of Van-hall, produced in those happy moments of effervescence, when his reason was less powerful than his feeling.

After this, a solo of Nardini,¹ by M. Hunt, which he executed correctly; but the composition was full of repetitions of passages, neither very new nor interesting; and these were not meliorated by any thing remarkable in the taste or expression of the performer.

This solo was succeeded by another concerto on the German flute, by M. Götsel, which he played much better, and, indeed, it was a much better composition than the former.

Signor Bezozzi performed, after this, a new concerto on the hautbois, which was very graceful and ingenious. The *Allegro* was more rapid, and of a still more difficult execution, than that in his preceding piece. He exerted himself very much in this performance, which ended with a pleasing rondeau, and left the company in great good humour. He afterwards was prevailed on, though not without difficulty, to play, by way of *bonne bouche*, Fischer's well-known rondeau minuet, which he had performed here so frequently, and with such applause, that I had been assured he made more of it than the author himself; but I cannot say that his present performance of it convinced me of the truth of this assertion. However, after being accustomed to the exquisite manner in which Mr. Fischer has played it in England, it is no small praise to say, that I heard Signor Bezozzi perform it with great pleasure.

A Silbermann organ

On Tuesday the 22nd September at nine o'clock in the morning, I went to the *Frauen Kirche*, to hear the organ played by M. Hunger, the organist, who

¹ *Nardini, Pietro* (1722-93). He was in his day one of the most highly reputed violinists and composers for his instrument.

met me there, by appointment. This instrument, of which the largest pipe in the pedals, is thirty-two feet long, was made by old Silbermann, of Neuburg: it is one of the best works of this celebrated builder, and was constructed about twenty-three years ago. There are forty-eight stops, three sets of keys, in the manual, which extend from double D, in the base, to D in alt; and two octaves in the pedals; there is likewise a spring of communication, by which the three sets of keys may be played together, in order to augment the force of the chorus; but this renders the touch so heavy, that each key requires a foot, instead of a finger, to press it down.

The reed stops in this instrument are but seven in number, so that the imitations and changes are very few. The best solo stops it contains are the viol da gamba, bassoon, vox humana, trumpet, schalmo, tremulant, and *Schwebung*:¹ this last, as the name implies, is to imitate a close shake.

M. Hunger possesses neither great fancy nor finger: but his performance was masterly, and manifested a perfect knowledge of his instrument.

This being the first organ which I had met with, that was built by Silbermann, I entered the inside case, and found the work strong, neat, and well disposed: it is remarkable that to so immense a machine, there are but five bellows.

On Sundays and festivals, the school singers frequently perform in this church *Cantatas*, which in Germany is a different word for anthems; at other times the whole congregation sings in unison, accompanied only by this organ, of which the chorus, assisted, perhaps, by the form of the building, is the most noble I ever heard.

The opera-house

From hence I went to the great theatre, where the serious opera used to be exhibited. It was built in 1706, by Augustus the second; but was afterwards decorated, and the stage much enlarged, by Augustus the third.

I was extremely curious to see this celebrated scene of action, where *general Hasse*, and his well-disciplined troops, had made so many glorious campaigns, and acquired such laurels; all his best works having been expressly composed, as some of Metastasio's dramas were written, for its use.²

¹ *Schwebung*. *Schweben* is 'to hover' and *Schwebung* is a name for a sort of tremulant.

² Italy is very desirous of adopting Hasse for her son. Count Algarotti, in an epistle addressed to Augustus the third, speaking of this theatre, says,

Ivi d'Italia l'armonia divina
 Ne' bei concenti suoi varia, e concorde
 Risuona d'Hasse sotto all' agil dito,
 Che gli affetti del cuor, del cuor Signore,
 Irrita, e molce a un sol toccar di lira,
 E pietà, com' ei vuol sdegno, od amore
 Nuovo Timoteo in sen d'Augusto inspira.

Op. del Conte Algarotti, tom. viii (B).

(In that place was heard the divine music of Italy, a varied and harmonious consort under Hasse, whose skilful hand arouses the emotions and soothes them again with one touch of his lyre and, like another Timotheus, inspires at will pity, anger, or love in the bosom of Augustus.)

No money was ever taken for admission into this theatre, which is nearly as large as that at Milan. It has five rows of boxes, thirty in each, is of an oval form, like the theatres of Italy, and has an orchestra capable of containing a hundred performers.

In the year 1755, the late king of Poland had in his service, for this theatre, ten *soprano* voices, four *contralto*, three tenors, and four bases. Among these were Faustina, Mingotti, Pilaia, Monticelli, Pozzi, Anibali, Amorevoli,¹ and Campagnari. The instrumental performers were of the first class, and more numerous than those of any other court in Europe; but, now, not above six or eight of these are to be found at Dresden.²

It was from the dispersion of this celebrated band, at the beginning of the last war, that almost every great city of Europe, and London among the rest, acquired several exquisite and favourite performers.

At present, this theatre is shut up, for oeconomical reasons, no use having been made of it since the marriage of the present Elector, three years ago; at which time two operas were performed in it, one set by Hasse, and another by Naumann, the present chapel master of this court.

The opera house being in the neighbourhood of the picture gallery, I could not resist the desire of entering it again, in order once more to contemplate the divine Correggios; but in the way to them, through the interior gallery, my eye was caught by the magic of Battoni's Magdalen, and Pordenone's queen of Cyprus, both of which are exquisitely beautiful. The *Night-piece* of Correggio struck me more now than before; though the three figures on the left side seem ill drawn, and one of them is too much hidden: however, the light from the Child is thrown on them so admirably, and the expression of these figures is so natural, her eyes blinking, and hand held up to keep off the glare, that a little defect in the drawing may be well excused. The figures in the air are truly divine; and the Virgin and Child seem superior to any thing I ever saw expressed on canvas.

The little *Magdalen* is all beauty, softness, expression, and grace. The frame is ornamented with precious stones; and the late duke of Modena prized this piece so much, that he never quitted his capital without taking it with him, nor could sleep if it was not in his chamber.—But, as I had little time to spare from my musical pursuits, for these *pictoresque* enjoyments, after this slight mention of them, I shall return to business.

Mr. Osborn, whose friendly offices supplied me every hour with opportunities of gratifying my curiosity, had engaged M. Binder,³ the court organist, to meet me this afternoon, at the Elector's chapel, where there is a still larger organ than that at the *Frauen Kirche*.

This instrument was begun by old Silbermann, who dying before it was

¹ *Amorevoli*. Probably Angelo Amorevoli is meant (born in Venice in 1716 and died in Dresden in 1798). He was a tenor with a particularly beautiful voice.

² Signor Bezozzi was so obliging as to furnish me with a list of the court and chapel musicians, now at Dresden; but, by comparing it with that published by Marpurg, in 1756, I find only the two Bezozzis, Binder, Götsel, Hunt, Neruda, and Adam, remaining of the old corps (B).

³ *Binder*, *Christlieb Sigismund* (1723–89). He was a pupil of Hebenstreit (see next page).

finished, his nephew of Strasburg was called to Dresden to put the last hand to it. I entered the inside of the case of this as well as of the other organ, found the work very well finished, very ingeniously arranged, and the pipes so highly polished, that they had the appearance of silver, even when nearly examined.

The chorus is amazingly rich and powerful; but so great is the echo, and long the continuance of the sound in this building, particularly when empty, that no melody can be heard distinctly.

M. Binder, the organist, was a scholar of the famous Hebenstreit,¹ inventor of the *Pantaleone*, an instrument much celebrated in the beginning of this century, in the practice of which M. Binder spent all his youth; but though he applied to the organ and harpsichord late in life, he is a very able performer on both. He played three or four *fugues* in a very full and masterly manner, making great use of the pedals. I did not indeed find him possessed of much fancy; but in the German manner of playing, there is not much opportunity of shewing it. To use the pedals of these huge instruments much, at the same time as two hands are fully employed on the stiff and heavy manuals, is a very laborious business.

The multiplicity of stops in this organ, amounting to 54, only augments noise, and adds to the weight of the touch. The *vox humana* is bad; and there are very few solo stops that are agreeable; no *swell* has ever been heard of in an organ at Dresden; and the echos to common stops, are all that can be called sweet, by themselves. The great merit of all the German organs that I had yet seen, was in the richness and power of the chorus; indeed little else is wanted, for voluntaries, like those in our parish churches, are unnecessary, where there is singing; as are imitative stops to play ritornellos, where the real instruments abound.

Signor Bezozzi and M. Hunger, with several other masters, were in the chapel to hear M. Binder; who, when he had done, was in as violent a heat with fatigue and exertion, as if he had run eight or ten miles, full-speed, over ploughed lands in the dog-days.

The Pantaleone

At night I went to M. Binder's house to see the ruins of the famous *Pantaleone*. This instrument, and the performance on it, at Paris, in 1705, gave birth to a very ingenious little work, under the title of *Dialogue sur la Musique des Anciens*, by the Abbé Chateauneuf: the inventor went by the name of his instrument ever after; it is more than nine feet long, and had, when in order, 186 strings of catgut. The tone was produced by two *baguettes*, or sticks, like the dulcimer; it must have been extremely difficult to the performer, but seems capable of great effects. The strings were now almost all broken, the

¹ *Hebenstreit*. Full name, 'Pantaleon Hebenstreit' (born at Eisleben in 1669 and died in Dresden in 1750). The instrument he invented had evidently, unknown to Burney, had an English performer, since in 1767 the following appeared in a Worcester newspaper: 'Mr. Noel will perform several Grand Overtures on the newly invented instrument, the Pantaleone. The instrument is eleven feet in length and has 276 strings of different magnitudes.'

present Elector will not be at the charge of furnishing new ones, though it had ever been thought a court instrument in former reigns, and was kept in order at the expence of the prince. M. Binder lamented, that he could not possibly afford to string it himself, as it was an instrument upon which he had formerly employed so much of his time.

Poverty and wretchedness

Every one here is in the utmost indigence; this poor man has a small nominal pension, as court organist, but it is ill-paid; and most of the nobility and gentry are too much impoverished, to be able to afford to learn, or to let their children learn music.

The Saxons of old, so remarkable for patience, industry, and probity, are now reduced to knavery and chicane, beyond the inhabitants of any other country. Dresden is at present a melancholy residence; from being the seat of the Muses and habitation of pleasure, it is now only a dwelling for beggary, theft, and wretchedness. No society among the natives can be supported; all must retrench; the court is obliged to abandon genius and talents, and is, in turn, abandoned by them!

Except the wretched comic opera, there is no one spectacle, but that of misery, to be seen at Dresden; no *guinguette*,¹ no public diversion in the city or suburbs, for the people, and not a boat or vessel either of pleasure or business can be descried on the river Elbe, which is here nearly as wide as the Thames at London-bridge.²

The horses in this Electorate have had no corn allowed them, nor the soldiers powder for their hair, these three years; but though every species of oeconomy seems now put in practice, yet, it is thought with little effect, as to restoring the inhabitants and state to their ancient affluence and splendour.

During the reign of Augustus the III^d this city was regarded by the rest of Europe, as the Athens of modern times; all the arts, but particularly, those of music, poetry, and painting, were loved and cherished by that prince, with a zeal and munificence, greater than can be found in the brightest period of ancient history; but, perhaps, some part of the late and present distresses of this country, have originated in this excessive magnificence.

The gardens of the late minister, count Brühl, which are situated on the banks of the Elbe, and open to the public, command a delightful prospect of that river, of its hilly and fertile banks, towards Pirna, and of the New Town, and beautiful bridge, leading to it.

A most magnificent and elegant temple in these gardens was reduced to a heap of rubbish, in which it still lies, during the Prussian bombardment; and

¹ *Guinguette*. Cabaret, pleasure-garden.

² The Saxon traffic *up* this fine river, is said to be ruined by some commercial disputes with Austria; and *down* it, by the King of Prussia not permitting a single vessel from Dresden to pass by his fortress at Magdeburg; so that besides paying heavy duties, all goods must be removed into Prussian vessels before they are suffered to proceed to Hamburg (B).

the Saxons accuse his Prussian majesty¹ of carrying personal resentment against their minister so far, as to order his engineer to point his artillery at the temple and other buildings, as well as statues in these gardens. However this may have been, not a street of this once charming city has recovered from the devastations of the last war.

The present Elector is a great encourager of honesty and good morals in his subjects; and has manifested himself to be susceptible of the tender feelings of humanity, by the abolition of racks and tortures, to which criminals were exposed in his dominions, during former reigns.

The late minister, count Brühl, left three sons at his decease, of whom the eldest only, known by the name of the *Starost*,² now resides at Dresden. I had the honour of being presented to this nobleman, whose figure and appearance are the most perfect and pleasing I ever saw; he is said to be very accomplished, and a great musician; he condescended to desire Mr. Osborn to bring me with him to one of his country residences, to see his books, hear music, and converse about it at leisure; but the tasks I had assigned myself would allow of no such tranquil enjoyment.

However, I remained one day longer at Dresden than I intended, at the obliging instance of his excellency count Sacken, minister for foreign affairs, who did me the honour to invite me in the most pressing manner to dine with him. This nobleman gives a public dinner once a week to the foreign ministers, to persons of condition, and to strangers, in a truly hospitable and splendid manner; and though his appointment is not great, so considerable is his private fortune, that he is able to support the dignity of his office at his own expence, without aggravating the present miseries of the people, by appropriating the public money, either to enrich himself or maintain magnificence.

The count's entertainment was one of the most sumptuous I ever saw; the company consisted of near forty persons, of both sexes, most of whom were of high rank and condition; each course was served on the most elegant plate, and beautiful Dresden china.—But to return to music.

The Singschüler

I have had frequent occasion, in the course of my journey, to mention the *Singkñüler* or singing boys of the *music school*, commonly called *poor scholars*; and during my residence at Dresden, I procured all the information I was able concerning the origin of this institution, and the following is the result of my enquiries.

When the Roman catholic religion was the only one professed in this country, the clergy, who officiated in cathedrals and collegiate churches, used to employ boys, that had good voices, to sing part of the divine service in the choirs, in nearly the same manner as the choristers, in English cathedrals, sing

¹ *His Prussian majesty*. Frederick the Great.

² *Starost* is a Polish title given to the lord, and principal judge of a starosty, or fief. Count Brühl is starost of Warsaw, *starosta Warszawski* (B).

at present. In recompense, the clergy maintained and educated these boys, and prepared all such as had a literary genius for the priesthood.

The change of religion propounded to the Saxons, by Martin Luther, though supported by powerful protectors, and forwarded by favourable circumstances, had great obstacles to surmount: the chief part of the people of the city of Dresden were so far from having a propensity to embrace the new preached doctrine, that they obstinately refused to give in to any religious innovations. This is so true, that the custom of shutting the city gates, during divine service, which custom is observed to this day, had its rise from the peoples dislike to the new liturgy: for the citizens having been observed to go in great numbers to walk in the fields while the public prayers were performing, rather than assist at them, the gates were ordered to be shut, to prevent the inhabitants from going out, and they were forced to church by the soldiers then in garrison. At present, the army is never made use of for that purpose, for the Saxons are now as strongly attached to the tenets of Luther, as they were then to the Roman catholic religion.

Upon the secularization of bishopricks, the suppression of abbies, and the alienation of their lands, the singing boys lost the only means of subsistence that they had. But the clergy of the new religion soon began to employ these voices, by making them sing canticles in the streets, which dwelt on the impropriety of such articles, in the Roman catholic religion, as were to be rejected, and extolled the tenets they began to preach, in order to accustom and familiarize, by degrees, the ears of the people to Luther's religious sentiments, and insensibly to gain them universal approbation.

It is generally thought that these scholars or singing boys contributed greatly to the rapid progress of the Lutheran religion in Saxony. There being no fixed foundation to provide for the continual support of these singers, such families as favoured the reformation, readily consented to contribute towards it, by voluntary gifts; and when the people became all Protestants, these discretionary charities encreased. The method prescribed to them to follow and observe, is this: the town is divided into certain wards; when they begin to sing, the first of the month, for instance, before the doors of the principal ward, they sing the second of the month at the next, and so on, till they have successively made their singing rounds over all the wards of the city, which they commence again in a perpetual rotation.

Besides the usual turn, it is customary with families of distinction, and some citizens who maintain the strictest appearance of devotion, to appoint these scholars to sing before their houses once or twice in the week, for which they receive extraordinary payment, and although that is discretionary, yet it is so far regulated, that no one should give them less than two *groschen*, or four pence for every canticle they sing. Some families employ them to sing gay genial airs on birth-days and name-days; and they are frequently engaged to sing mournful ditties and dirges at night, with lighted torches in their hands, before the houses of the rich and opulent, when they die; and they accompany the funerals to the place of interment, singing the *neniæ*, in the

same manner the preaeificae, or weeping women, at the burials of the ancients, used to do.

It is to be observed, that besides the laborious way of singing in the streets during the whole winter, in severe climate, they are obliged to sing in different churches every Sunday and festival. They are generally divided into troops of sixteen or eighteen together, and what they collect during the whole week, is put into a common box, which is opened every Saturday by the rector of the school, and what remains over and above their necessary expences, he divides into small sums among them, in proportion to their musical merit; for when he that leads the vocal band gets a dollar to his share, the next that excels gets but a florin, or two thirds of a dollar. These shares are not entrusted into their own hands immediately, but are kept for them by the rector, till they have also finished their classics, and then, at their quitting the school, they respectively receive their savings.

Those who know Latin and Greek tolerably well, become school masters in the different parishes throughout Saxony; but they must be able to play upon the organ, because every parish church, even the smallest, in Saxony, is furnished with an organ, and a set of such instruments as are usually employed in church-music.

Those, among the singing scholars, who are found to have the best genius, and the greatest disposition to the learned professions, are sent either to the university of Leipsic, or to that of Wittemberg, where they are established, as vacancies happen, on the foundation, in those seminaries of literature called *Convectoria*, where they are maintained without any expence to their friends.

The two universities support above 300 of these poor students; when they have finished the common course of philosophy, they apply themselves, as their different inclinations lead them, either to divinity, law, or physic, and often become very useful in different branches of learning. Those who discover a particular genius and propensity to music, confine themselves entirely to that art, as a regular profession.

Even at the common boarding-schools of this city, children are taught to sing hymns in parts. The school singers who frequent the streets, not excepting the little boys, wear a black undertaker-like uniform, and large grizzle wigs; and as every house pays annually something towards their support, the ambassadors generally give them a crown a quarter, for *not* singing at *their* doors.

However, from the musical establishments in this city, as well as from those in other places, a musical spirit is universally diffused throughout the empire, both in the protestant and catholic states, for which it is not difficult to account; if it be considered that the musical genius of each inhabitant, from the highest to the lowest order of the people, has a fair trial, and an opportunity of expanding. Hence the great number of performers and critics, as well as lovers of the art, in this country; for such is the insinuating power of music, that to acquire friends and admirers it needs only to be heard.¹

¹ This paragraph does not appear in the first edition: no doubt it was inserted to please the susceptibilities of Burney's German correspondent, Ebeling.

Musical airs, known by the name of Polonoises, are very much in vogue at Dresden, as well as in many other parts of Saxony; and it is probable, that this was brought about during the long intercourse between the Poles and Saxons, during the reigns of Augustus the second and third.

The *strohfil*,¹ which is a musical instrument, made of pieces of glass of different lengths, instead of wood or metal, and is played on by sticks, like the *sticcado*,² is much used by the common people throughout Saxony.

M. Homilius,³ cantor of the *Kreuzkirche* in this city is a great contrapuntist, and church-composer, and in high esteem throughout Germany; and M. Adam, a veteran musician, one of the few remaining performers in the celebrated opera-band, under the direction of Signor Hasse, has established a great reputation by his composition of the music to the dances performed at this opera in its most flourishing state.

Leipsic

This city has not yet recovered from its rigorous treatment during the last war; and its celebrated fair, which used to be the rendezvous of the rich, the gay, and the industrious citizens of every quarter of the globe, as well as an assembly of the sovereign princes and nobility of all the northern parts of Europe, seems now dwindled into a common mart, or quarterly fair, such as is held in a small English market-town.

M. Ebeling,⁴ of Hamburg, a man of letters, and an extremely well-informed *dilettante* in music, on the publication of my account of *The present State of Music in France and Italy*, had voluntarily favoured me with several very intelligent letters, and useful communications, concerning the musical History of Germany; and, upon his being informed of my intention to travel through that country, he carried his zeal so far as to write to several of his friends, and to able professors in the different cities of my route, pressing them, in the most urgent manner, to afford me all possible information and assistance in my enterprise.

On coming to Leipsic, I experienced the good effects of his friendship, in the reception I met with from M. Hiller,⁵ music-director of this city, whom he had prepared, by letter, for my arrival. This gentleman, who is not only an eminent writer on the subject of music, but the first and most popular composer of comic operas in the German language, was indefatigable in his endeavours to serve me the whole time I remained at Leipsic.

¹ *Strohfil* (*strohfidel*, *strohffedel*). A xylophone. The sounding parts (in Burney's time of glass; formerly blocks of wood) were supported on ropes of straw, which left them free to sound.

² *Sticcado*. The sticcado-pastrole, popular at this period, was an instrument similar to the *strohfil* above, with the sounding parts of glass. It was played by a striker consisting of a little ball, half wood and half ivory, mounted on a porcupine quill.

³ *Homilius*, *Gottfried August* (1714-85). He was one of the ablest musicians in Germany and highly reputed both as organist and as composer of cantatas and other works for use in church.

⁴ *Ebeling*. See pp. 211 ff.

⁵ *Hiller*, *Johann Adam* (1728-1804). In 1766 he prepared a version of the English ballad opera, *The Devil to Pay*, and, going further in the provision of popular theatre pieces, became the founder of the German *Singspiel*. See index for many references to him.

Breitkopf

I expected to receive much information concerning music and musicians from M. Breitkopf,¹ the most considerable vendor of musical compositions in Europe, whom I visited immediately on my arrival in this city; but I found him rather taciturn than communicative. He claims the honour of being the inventor of musical types, and seems entitled to it, as he has, for thirteen or fourteen years, furnished his own country, as well as other parts of Europe, with a prodigious quantity of music from his press, of all kinds, by the greatest composers of the present age, of which he prints catalogues quarterly; he seems likewise to have been the first who gave to his catalogues an index *in notes*, containing the *subjects*, or two or three first bars, of the several pieces in each musical work; by which a reader is enabled to discover not only whether he is in possession of an *entire* book but of any part of it's contents.

Besides *printed* copies of works of the most celebrated composers of all nations, he sells in manuscript, at a reasonable price, single pieces of any work already printed, as well as of innumerable others which have never been published.

M. Hiller, who hardly ever quitted me from my arrival to my departure, was so obliging, the first evening as to take me with him into his box at the comic opera. This city, before the last war, used to find constant employment for a company of comedians; but since that time no one has been long stationary there: the present company was just arrived from Berlin, where they had been during eighteen months. The piece they represented this night, was the *Déserteur*, in German; but to M. Grétry's original music. The performers did not charm me, either by their singing or acting; all were out of tune, out of time, and vulgar. I hardly ever was more tired; but indeed, after travelling all night in an open wagon, a better performance would with difficulty have kept me awake. However, from hence, I went home with M. Hiller, whose great good nature and intelligence, furnished a much better and more interesting entertainment than the theatre had done.

A rehearsal

The next morning, September 25, M. Hiller was so obliging as to conduct me to the play-house, where one of his comic operas was rehearsing. The overture, and one song, had been performed when we entered, but all was begun again. I found this music very natural and pleasing, and deserving of much better performers than the present Leipsic company can boast; for, to say the truth, the singing here is as vulgar and ordinary as our common singing in England, among those who have neither had the advantage of being taught, nor of hearing good singing. There is just the same pert snap in taking the high notes, which they do with a kind of beat, and very loud, instead of

¹ *Breitkopf, Johann Gottlob Immanuel* (1719-94). The German edition inserts at this point a long note taken from the *Manuel typographique* of Fournier (Paris, 1764), which gives in some detail the history of Breitkopf's improvements in printing from music-type. The first work printed by the new system appeared in 1756.

a *messa di voce*, or swell. The instrumental parts went ill; but as this was the first rehearsal, they might have been disciplined into good order, if M. Hiller had chosen to bounce and play the tyrant a little, for it is a melancholy reflection to make, that few composers are well treated by an orchestra, till they have used the performers roughly, and made themselves formidable.

I endeavoured to account for the bad manner of singing which prevails so generally among the performers on the Leipsic stage, and I could suggest nothing that was so likely to explain it, as the distance which this town is at present from an Italian opera, which being usually supplied by Italians, is an excellent school for singing, to the inhabitants of places where operas are constantly performed: as at Manheim, Ludwigsbourg, Munich, Vienna, and Dresden, where I found the common singing very pleasing, the expression natural, and the carriage of the voice far from vicious; in all these places, Italian operas have long been established, which have certainly had an effect on the public taste, and manner of singing.

At the latter end of the last century, and in the beginning of this, Italian operas very frequently made a part of the public amusement at Leipsic, during the three annual fairs, at New Year's tide, Easter, and Michaelmas: and so great was the passion for these exhibitions, in 1703, that six new operas were performed there within the compass of that year. In 1720, these representations were discontinued; and I do not find any memorial of their having been revived since that time.

When the rehearsal of M. Hiller's burletta was over, he was so kind as to attend me through the town, in search of books. It seems, by the catalogues published in this city, at the two great fairs of Easter and Michaelmas, that more books are printed in Germany, than in any other country of Europe: and perhaps Leipsic has a greater share in these publications, than any other city of Germany.

In a second visit to Breitkopf, I mounted his printing office, and found a great number of presses at work, of various kinds, for his publications are not confined to music. Among the several questions which my curiosity put to the workmen, one was, how many different characters were used for letter-press, and what proportion they bore in their number to the types used in printing? and I was much surprised to find, that the different characters employed in the music-press, were upwards of three hundred, and that there were not more than one hundred used in common printing.

J. S. Bach

I entered some of the principal churches here, and found them in general very fine, and very dirty.¹ There are, however, in several of them good organs,

¹ In Charles the fifth's time, before religious disputes were adjusted, a kind of truce was agreed on between the catholics and reformers, under the title of *Interim*, which stipulated, that the ornaments and vestments of the church, as well as some of the ceremonies, should remain in *statu quo*, till, by a general council, religious peace was finally concluded; and this *Interim* was afterwards adopted in some of the free cities, where the churches, though still in the possession of Lutherans, retain all the ancient ornaments of the Roman catholic times (B).

particularly in the reformed church; but I heard no great player in any one of them, nor did I find, upon enquiry, that this city is at present in possession of many performers of the first class, upon any instrument. It must not be inferred from hence, that Leipsic has been less the residence of genius than other places, as it would not be difficult to trace a succession of able masters with which it has been supplied for near a century past; but the musical history of this city can furnish no circumstance more interesting to the lovers of harmony, than its having been the residence of the great Sebastian Bach, father of the present eminent musicians of that name, from the year 1723, to his death in 1754.¹

This celebrated master, who was successively cantor, organist, and music-director, at Leipsic, was born at Eisenach, in Saxony, 1685. There has been a constant succession of great musicians in his family, for more than two hundred years. All the musical writers of Germany, for these last fifty years, have given testimony to his abilities: M. Quantz, in his *Art of Playing the Flute*, written during the life of Sebastian Bach, says, that this admirable musician had brought organ-playing to the highest degree of perfection; and M. Marpurg, in his *Treatise upon Fugues*, published soon after his death, in speaking of him, says, that he united in himself the talents of many great men: deep science, a fertile and lively genius, an easy natural taste, and the most powerful hand that can be imagined.

The challenge which he received, and accepted, from the celebrated French organist, Marchand,² at Dresden, is well known in Germany. Upon the arrival of Marchand in that city, after he had vanquished all the organ-players of France and Italy, he offered to play extempore, with any German whom the King of Poland could prevail upon to enter the lists against him; no one at Dresden had the courage to encounter so successful a champion, but an express being sent to Sebastian Bach, who was at that time a young man, and residing at Weymar,³ he came away immediately, and, like another David, vanquished this Goliath. It must not, however, be concluded from hence, that Marchand was a mean performer; if that had been the case, the victory over him would have added nothing to the fame of his competitor. It was an honour to Pompey that he was conquered by Caesar, and to Marchand to be only vanquished by Bach.

Besides many excellent compositions for the church, this author produced *Ricercari*, consisting of preludes, and fugues, for the organ, upon two, three, and four subjects; in *Modo recto & contrario*, and in every one of the twenty-four keys.⁴ All the present organ-players of Germany are formed upon his

¹ The German editor corrects this slip—1750.

² *Marchand, Louis* (1669–1732). The legend is that Marchand's challenge being accepted by Bach, Marchand, after hearing him perform, quietly slipped away from Dresden rather than be heard after a player so much his superior.

³ Sebastian Bach resided at Weymar, from the year 1708, to 1717 (B).

⁴ The German editor confirms our impression that this muddled allusion is to the '48': in fact, although Bach may have adopted a modified version of 'equal temperament' for some of the organs he played on, his organ works are written in a relatively restricted variety of keys.

school, as most of those on the harpsichord, and *piano forte* are upon that of his son, the admirable Carl. Phil. Emmanuel Bach; so long known by the name of Bach of Berlin, but now music-director at Hamburg.

As Leipsic was the last considerable town in the Electorate of Saxony to which I extended my musical enquiries, it seems here the place to remark, that the two circles of Upper and Lower Saxony have been extremely fertile in musicians of extraordinary genius and abilities: for they have given birth to Keiser, Handel, the Bach family, to Hasse, and to Graun.

* * * * *

More about travelling conditions

A word or two more of travelling in Germany, and I have done with description and complaints.

The road to knowledge is rough and rugged in every country, but in none more than Germany.

—Alpestre, scosceso, erto e selvaggio,
Degno d'un alma audace.

After suffering the usual hardships of bad fare, bad roads, bad carriages, and bad horses, for two days and a night, in my way from Leipsic to Berlin; and being obliged, during that time, to wait three or four hours, either in my open vehicle, or the open air, at each post-house, while horses were sought and fed with straw, wheels greased, and inevitable squabbles about the number of horses which I was to have, were adjusted, I arrived at SCHWARMUTH, within one post of Berlin.

When a traveller comes to a post-house, in this part of the world, with two horses, he is rudely teased to go out with *three*; and if he arrive with three, *four* are forced upon him, if possible, at his departure, and so on, *crescendo*, let the first number be what it will; and all this is transacted on the part of the post-master and his people, with an insolence and brutality so determined, that reasoning and remonstrating operate no otherwise than in rendering them more obstinate and malevolent. It seems a thing of necessity, for postilions, in every part of the world, to be greater brutes than those they drive: here, it is the case, *par excellence*; and so insatiable in their demands and expectations, are these sworn foes to man and beast, that I have frequently tried to part in peace and good humour with them, by more than doubling their stated and accustomed fees, but in vain: each claim was a hydra.

I quitted Schwarmuth at seven o'clock in the evening, in hopes of getting to Berlin before midnight. The weather was now extremely disagreeable; rain was coming on with a cold and furious north wind full in my face. The wagon with which I had been furnished, at the last post-house, was the worst and most defenceless that I had hitherto mounted; before nine o'clock, it rained violently, and became so dark, that the postilion lost his way, and descended from his place, in the front of the wagon, in order to feel for it with

his hands; but being unable to distinguish any track of a carriage, he mounted again, and, in driving on, at a venture, got into a bog, on a bleak and barren heath, where we were stuck fast, and obliged to remain from eleven o'clock at night, till near six the next morning; when day-light enabled us to disentangle the horses and carriage, and discover the road to the capital of Brandenburg. It had never ceased raining and blowing the whole night; the cold was intense, and nothing could be more forlorn than my condition.

XI

Berlin

(28 SEPTEMBER—6 OCTOBER)

When I arrived at the gates of this city, about nine o'clock in the morning, Sept. 28th, I had hopes that I should have been suffered to pass peaceably to an inn, having received a passport at Trauenbritzen [Treuenbrietzen], the first Prussian town I entered on the Saxony side, where I had submitted to a thorough rummage of my baggage, at the persuasion of the custom-house officers, who had assured me that it would prevent all future trouble upon entering Berlin. But this was merely to levy fees upon me, for, notwithstanding my passport, I was stopped three quarters of an hour at the barrier, before I was taken into the custody of a centinel; who mounting my post-wagon, with his musket on his shoulder, and bayonet fixed, conducted me, like a prisoner, through the principal streets of the city, to the custom-house. Here I was detained in the yard more than two hours, shivering with cold, in all my wet garments, while every thing was taken out of my trunk and writing box, and examined as curiously as if I had just arrived at Dover, from the capital of France.

As I had long wished to visit the capital of a prince, no less renowned for his protection and cultivation of the liberal arts, than for his military skill and heroism; so I was impatient to begin my musical enquiries in a place where operas had long been established, and where both the theory and practice of music had been more profoundly treated than elsewhere, by professors of great and acknowledged abilities, who are still living; and who have published the result of their long experience and superior skill in treatises which are regarded throughout Germany as classical. Among these, *The Art of Playing the Flute*, by M. Quantz; *The Art of Playing upon Keyed Instruments* by M. C. P. E. Bach; *The Art of Singing*, by M. Agricola; the numerous and well-written dissertations, *Practical, Historical, and Critical*, by M. Marpurg; *Musical Institutes*, by M. Kirnberger; and *The Theory of Polite Arts*, by M. Sulzer, stand foremost.¹

¹ The original titles of the above books are as follow: Johann Joachim Quantzens, Königl. Preussischen Kammermusikus, Versuch einer Anweisung die Flötentraversflöte zu spielen. Berlin 1752. Versuch über die wahre Art das Clavier zu spielen, von Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach. Berlin. This work is in two vols. of which the first was published in 1753, and the second in 1762. Anleitung zur Singkunst aus dem Italiänischen, mit Erläuterungen und Zusätzen von Joh. Friedr. Agricola. Berlin 1757. Marpurgs Anleitung zur Singcomposition. Berl. 1758. *Traité sur la Fugue*. Handbuch bey dem General-Basse, und der Composition. 1762, 1c. 1c. Die Kunst des reinen Satzes in

My zeal for the business in which I had embarked, was not so much cooled by the sufferings of the night, as to prevent me from hastening, as soon as I had obtained my liberty at the custom-house, to Mr. Harris,¹ his majesty's envoy extraordinary at the court of Berlin. Mr. Harris received me with the utmost politeness, and honoured me in the kindest manner with his counsel concerning the most expedient methods to be pursued in making my enquiries.

Agricola

In this afternoon I visited M. Nicolai,² an eminent and learned bookseller, who had been previously apprized of my journey, and its object, by my zealous friend, M. Ebeling, of Hamburg; so that he expected my arrival, and entered upon business directly. After a long conversation, concerning the state of music in Berlin, M. Nicolai was so obliging as to conduct me to M. Agricola, the present composer of his Prussian majesty's serious opera; a station which he has held ever since the death of the late chapel-master, Graun.

John Frederic Agricola³ was born at Dobitz, a village near Altenburg, in Upper Saxony, in the year 1720. His mother was a near relation of the late Mr. Handel, and in correspondence with him till the time of his death. M. Agricola was educated at Leipsic, and studied music there, under the famous Sebastian Bach. He has resided at Berlin ever since the year 1741; and in 1751 he was taken into his Prussian majesty's service, under the title of Hof-componist, or composer to the court. His life has been very active in the exercise of his profession, and the number of his compositions, both for the church and stage, are a proof of the fertility of his genius.

He is more corpulent than Jomelli, or than his relation Handel ever was. He received me very politely; and though he was indisposed, and had just been blooded, he obligingly sat down to a fine *piano forte*, which I was desirous of hearing, and touched it in a truly great style. He is regarded as the best organ-player in Berlin, and the best singing master in Germany. He now shewed me some of his compositions for the church, in score, and afterwards was so obliging as to present me with others, which have great merit; but, he said that it was a style of writing that was but little cultivated, at Berlin, as the King will not hear it. Indeed, I had been told before my arrival that his

der Musf. Berl. 1771. Allgemeine Theorie der Schönen Künste, von Joh. Geo. Sulzer, Mitglied der Königl. Academie der Wissenschaften in Berlin. 1771 (B).

¹ Harris, James (1746-1820). Diplomatist, serving his country as its representative in various capitals—at that period in Berlin. Later in life created Earl of Malmesbury. (His father, also James Harris, was a Member of Parliament, a Lord of the Admiralty, &c., a literary and musical man, and a warm personal friend of Burney and his family and an attendant at their musical evenings.)

² Nicolai, Christoph Friedrich (1733-1811). A bookseller and the son of a bookseller, he was a respected and influential figure in the literary life of his day, and a prolific writer and critic whose reactionary views brought him into conflict with Goethe and Schiller.

³ Agricola, Johann Friedrich (1720-74). He was a pupil of Bach at Leipzig and then of Quantz in Berlin. He enjoyed the high opinion of the public as an organist and as an opera composer and a composer of instrumental music, and also as a theorist. For his wife see next page.

Prussian majesty carries his prejudice against this kind of music so far, that when he hears of any composer having written an anthem, or oratorio, he fancies his taste is contaminated by it, and says, of his other productions, every moment, *Oh! this smells of the church.*

From hence I went to the French theatre, more to see the building than to hear singing. However, as actors, the company is excellent: they were performing *Le Mercure Galant*; and though I had seen this piece at Paris, more than once, I was very much pleased with it now. For *Petite Piece*, the comic opera of the *Cadi Dupé*, was said and sung. The piece itself has very little musical merit, and the performers of to-night contrived to make that little, still less.

Sept. 29th. This morning M. Nicolai did me the favour of introducing me to M. Joseph Benda,¹ brother of the celebrated violin-player of that name, who is master of his Prussian majesty's band. This able musician was so obliging as to play to me a very pleasing solo, composed by his brother, which he executed with great neatness and delicacy. He was accompanied by his son, under whose direction there is an *Academia of Dilettanti*, every Friday night, to which I had the honour of an invitation.

Upon quitting M. Benda, we called on M. Lindner,² an eminent performer on the German flute, and scholar of M. Quantz. His Prussian majesty's attachment to this instrument has rendered the practice of it very general at Berlin. M. Lindner invited me to another concert that was to be on the ensuing Sunday, to which he was so kind as to promise to conduct me.

After this I made a second visit to M. Agricola, accompanied still by my obliging friend M. Nicolai, who dedicated this whole day to my service. I was now presented to Signora Agricola,³ whose name before marriage, was Benedetta Emilia Molteni; she is now near fifty years of age, and yet sings songs of *bravura*, with amazing rapidity. The thinness of some parts of her voice, discovers the loss of youth, but yet she has fine remains of a great singer; her compass extends from A in the base, to D in *alt*; and she has a most perfect shake and intonation; she was born at Modena, and had instructions from all the great masters of her time; among whom she numbers Porpora, Hasse, and Salinbeni. She has been upwards of thirty years settled at Berlin, and in the service of the court. She now performs the second woman's part in his Prussian majesty's serious opera. During this visit, she was so obliging as to favour me with three airs in different styles, a *Grazioso*, an *Allegro*, and an *Adagio*, all composed by M. Agricola.

From hence we went to the great opera-house; this theatre is insulated in a large square, in which there are more magnificent buildings than ever I saw,

¹ *Benda, Josef* (1724-1804). He was a member of the distinguished musical family of that name. (For his brother, the master of the royal band, see many allusions cited in the index.)

² *Lindner, Johann Josef Friedrich* (born in Franconia early in the eighteenth century and died in East Prussia in 1790). His distinction seems to have been purely as a performer on his instrument.

³ *Agricola, Benedetta Emilia, née Molteni* (born at Modena in 1722 and died in Berlin in 1780). She married Johann Friedrich Agricola. Frederick the Great is said to have objected to this marriage and in consequence to have made life difficult for the couple.

at one glance, in any city of Europe. It was constructed by his present majesty soon after his coming to the crown. The principal front has two entrances; one level with the ground, and the other by a grand double escalier; this front is decorated with six Corinthian pillars, with their entablature entire, supporting a pediment ornamented with *reliefs*, and with this inscription upon it:

FRIDERICUS REX,
APOLLINI ET MUSIS.

This front is decorated with a considerable number of statues of poets, and dramatic actors, which are placed in niches. The two sides are constructed in the same manner, except that there are no pillars.

A considerable part of the front of this edifice forms a hall, in which the court has a *repass* on *ridotta*¹ days; the rest is for the theatre, which, besides a vast pit, has four rows of boxes, thirteen in each, and these severally contain thirty persons. It is one of the widest theatres I ever saw, though it seems rather short in proportion.

The orchestra is very large, and arranged after that at Dresden. The band consists of about 50 performers, among whom are,

Two composers.
The Concert-master.²
Eleven violins.
Five violoncellos.
Two double basses.
Two harpsichord-players.
One harp.
Four tenors.³
Four flutes.⁴
Four hautboys.
Four bassoons, and
Two French horns.⁵

His Majesty's musicians

The most eminent professors in his majesty's service, are:

M. John Johachim Quantz, composer and chamber-musician in ordinary to the king; no less celebrated for his performance and compositions, than for

¹ *Ridotta* (or *Ridotto*, or *Redoute*). In Burney's day the word was freely used in England for an assembly at which masks could be worn and dancing by the general company was one of the attractions. In Vienna the hall used for this type of entertainment was known as the *Redoutensaal*, and Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, and other eminent composers, did not disdain to compose for it.

² *Concert-master* (in German *Konzertmeister*). The principal violinist of an orchestra (and so used in the United States today). In Burney's day there was no baton-conducting and the concert-master controlled the forces by his example as leader and a tactful occasional use of the bow as baton as passing circumstances demanded.

³ *Tenors*. Here, of course, the word means 'violins'.

⁴ *Flutes*, *hautboys* (*oboes*), *bassoons*. Note the importance of the wood-wind in those days (but no clarinets).

⁵ Note the absence of trumpets.

having had the honour of instructing his Prussian majesty on the German flute. But few of his *Concertos* for that instrument are published; however, he has composed more than three hundred for the use of his royal scholar.¹

M. Joh. Frederic Agricola, composer and director of the opera, mentioned above; his name is as well known in Germany by his writings on the subject of music, as by his compositions.

M. Francis Benda,² musician in ordinary to his majesty, and master of his concert, has acquired a great reputation in his profession, not only by his expressive manner of playing the violin, but by his graceful and affecting compositions for that instrument.

His Prussian majesty's favourite operas, are those of his late *Maestro di capella*, Charles Henry Graun,³ to which he is so much attached, as to hear, unwillingly, those of any other master; and the overtures and concertos for violins of his brother, the concert master, M. Joh. Gottlieb Graun,³ but lately deceased, are still in high reputation at Berlin, though not of the first class for taste or invention.

The chief singers of this serious opera, in the female parts, are Mademoiselle Schmeling,⁴ Signora Agricola, and Signora Gasparini, seventy-two years of age; a time of life, when nature seldom allows us any other voice, than that of complaint, or second childhood.

The principal male parts are performed by Signor Ant. Uberti Porporino,⁵ whose voice is a *Contralto*; he has been more than twenty years in the service of his Prussian majesty, and is extremely admired for his taste and expression, particularly in singing *adagios*. And Signor Carlo Concialini, a *soprano*; his voice is feeble, but extremely sweet, and his manner of singing slow movements is delicate and touching.

Besides the composers and performers just mentioned, the theatre royal employs twenty-four chorussingers, a ballet master, a great number of dancers of both sexes, and the Abate Landi, as poet.

The king being at the whole expence of this opera; the entrance is *gratis*, so that any one, who is decently dressed, may have admission into the pit. The first row of boxes is set apart for the royal family and nobility; the boxes

¹ 'Quantz died (in this year, 1773) on the 12th July, in Potsdam, in his 77th year, of a seizure. He had been in His Majesty's service for over thirty years, and remained to the end of his life an affecting flute-player. The King wishes to have a monument erected to his memory. Quantz composed 299 flute concertos, and not a bad one among them; but as they were all made for the King, none of them became generally known until sixteen or twenty years after it was written. This diligent man died while at work on the three-hundredth. It is said that the King wishes to supply the missing last Allegro himself. (From the journal *Der Deutsche*, or *Wandsbeckerbothe*.)' (Note in the German edition.)

² Benda, František (born at Stáre Benátky in 1709 and died at Potsdam in 1786). For a sketch of his life see pp. 173-7.

³ Graun (the brothers)—Johann Gottlieb (1703-71), director of Frederick the Great's orchestra, and Carl Heinrich (1704-59). There are many later references to the brothers. For J. G. Graun see, especially, p. 206 and for C. H. Graun p. 205. And consult also the index to this book.

⁴ Schmeling, Mademoiselle. See p. 166.

⁵ Porporino. Real name Antonio Uberti (born of German parents at Verona in 1697 and trained as a singer by Porpora). He died in Berlin in 1783.

that are even with the pit, and those of the second and third row, are appropriated to the use of ministers of state, foreign ministers, and persons of rank, who have offices about the court; and a stranger of distinction, by application to the baron Pölnitz, chamberlain and director of public spectacles, is sure of being accommodated with a place in the theatre, according to his rank.

The performance of the opera begins at six o'clock; the king, with the princes, and his attendants, are placed in the pit, close to the orchestra; the queen, the princesses, and other ladies of distinction, sit in the front boxes; her majesty is saluted at her entrance into the theatre, and at her departure thence by two bands of trumpets and kettle drums, placed one each side of the house, in the upper row of boxes.¹

The king always stands behind the *maestro di capella*, in sight of the score, which he frequently looks at, and indeed performs the part of director-general here, as much as of *generalissimo* in the field.

Such is the *present state* of the opera at Berlin, and history must shew what is *has* been in times past. I shall only just mention, that from the death of Frederic the First, in 1713, till the year 1742, there were no operas performed in this capital. Soon after the accession of his present majesty to the throne, in 1740, a new theatre was constructed, which was opened on the birth-day of the Queen-mother, in 1742; at which time, the most able German instrumental performers, Italian singers, and French dancers, were engaged, and music saw herself established in more than her former splendor.

Ever since this period, operas have been exhibited in the theatre royal at each carnival with spirit and magnificence; the brilliancy of their success has somewhat varied according to the talents of the vocal performers, which have been in general, very numerous, and very eminent; however, one of the most shining periods in the musical annals of Berlin seems to have been in 1752, when Carestini and the Astrua performed the two principal parts. At this time, the whole band of vocal and instrumental performers was the most splendid in Europe; among the latter, we find the celebrated names of Bach, Benda, Czarth, Graun, Hesse, Quantz, and Richter.

A considerable part of this afternoon was spent in visiting such churches, as are most remarkable for good organs. In general I found the organs of Berlin large, coarse, and crowded with noisy stops, which, if they had been in tune, would have produced no pleasing effects; but as it was, such a number of dissonant and ill-voiced pipes, more tortured than tickled my ears.

Before I left England, M. Snetzler had told me, that I should doubtless find *swells*² in Berlin organs, though he was not certain that this improve-

¹ This species of music, as it is the most ancient, so it seems to be that for which the northern inhabitants of Europe have, in spite of new fashions and refinements in music, the greatest passion. There is scarce a sovereign prince in Germany, who thinks he can dine comfortably, or with proper dignity, without a flourish of drums and trumpets; and this love of noise, perhaps first introduced music at our city entertainments, at my lord mayor's feast, and at the feast of every mayor in the kingdom (B).

² *Swell* (in organ). A device by which the player, by foot pressure, can open or close a box in which pipes are enclosed, so increasing or diminishing the power. The 'swell organ' is that manual whose pipes are enclosed in this way. The introduction of this device is attributed to the London organ

ment, which was English, had been adopted in other places on the continent; for Mr. Handel, several years ago, had desired him to describe, in writing, the manner in which the swell was produced, that he might send it to a particular friend in Berlin, who very much wished to introduce it there.

But I enquired in vain of musical people in that city, whether they knew of any such machine, as a swell, worked by pedals, in any of their organs; no such contrivance had ever been heard of, and it was difficult to explain it.

At the *garrison church* built in 1722, which is an oblong square, supported by massive pillars, there are eight doors, and over each there is a black eagle, which is the crest of the Prussian arms, taking his flight, towards a golden sun, with a thunder-bolt in his talons; and above, is this inscription, *non soli cedet*.

I found a large organ in this church, built by Joachim Wagner; it is remarkable for compass, having 50 keys in the manuals, and for its number of pipes, amounting to 3220; but still more so, for the ornaments and machinery of the case, which are in the old Teutonic taste and extremely curious.

At each wing is a kettle drum, which is beat by an Angel placed behind it, whose motion the organist regulates by a pedal; at the top of the pyramid, or middle column of pipes, there are two figures, representing Fame, spreading their wings, when the drums are beat, and raising them as high as the top of the pyramid; each of these figures sounds a trumpet, and then takes its flight.

There are likewise two suns, which move to the sound of cymbals, and the wind obliges them to cross the clouds; during which time, two eagles take their flight, as naturally as if they were alive.

I was much more pleased with four monumental pictures, which are placed in the same church, than with this ecclesiastical puppet-show. They were presents from M. Bernard Rode, history-painter, and member of the royal academy, who in 1762, painted them in honour of four Prussian heroes, who fell in battle during the last war.

I. Marshal Schwerin, dying, and embracing Victory, by whom he is crowned. The colours are leaning against him, which he had in his hand when he was slain at the battle of Prague, in 1757.¹

II. The monument of general Winterfeldt,² upon which the historical Muse is seated, and writing his history.

III. Marshal Keith,³ whose monument Glory is covering with laurels.

builder, Jordan, who in 1712 included it in the organ at St. Magnus's Church, London Bridge. (It is said, however, that the builder of the organ in the cathedral of Seville anticipated this by a few years.) Cf. p. 221.

¹ *Marshal Schwerin* (Kurt Christoph Schwerin, born in Pomerania in 1684 and killed in the Battle of Prague in 1757).

"There is a marble statue of this brave general, lately erected at Berlin, in the square called *Place Guillaume*, where the soldiers are daily exercised; an animating sight to military men" (B).

² *General Winterfeldt* (Hans Karl von Winterfeldt. Born in Pomerania in 1707 and killed at the Battle of Prague in 1757).

³ *Marshal Keith* (James Keith, born near Peterhead in 1696 and in the Seven Years War killed at Hochkirch in 1758). Like his brother (see p. 170), he took part in the Jacobite rising in 1715 and took up a continental military career.

IV. Major Kleist,¹ the celebrated poet, killed at Kunnersdorf, upon whose urn Friendship is weeping. Beneath the monument, his sword and lyre are entwined in a laurel wreath.

Marpurg

This evening I had the pleasure of being introduced to the acquaintance of M. Marpurg, a person who had so long laboured in the same vineyard as myself, that he was a perfect judge of the difficulties I had to encounter. Nothing could be more flattering than the manner in which he received me. I found him to be a man of the world; polite, accessible, and communicative. His musical writings may justly be said to surpass, in number and utility, those of any one author who has treated the subject. He was perhaps the first German theorist that could patiently be read by persons of taste; so addicted were former writers to prolixity and pedantry.

This author, besides the works which I have already mentioned, p. 159, has published five volumes of Essays and Dissertations towards the history and practice of music; A History of Ancient Music; and a great number of correct compositions of various kinds, both vocal and instrumental. It is a misfortune to music, that he has now wholly quitted his former studies, being invested, by his majesty, with the title of counsellor of war, and the office of director of the royal lottery.

His History of Music was intended to be general, and to comprise modern times; and he had projected a continuation of Walther's Musical Dictionary,² and several other interesting works to lovers of music; but he is prevented from exercising these designs, by his new office.

He kindly undertook to furnish me with several books and papers, of which I was in search: and offered, in a most obliging manner, to conduct me to such persons and things, as the nature of my enquiries rendered the most essential for me to see, during my residence at Berlin.

After this visit, I went home with my guide, M. Nicolai. He had provided a small concert of *dilettanti*, his friends, with whom I spent a very agreeable evening.

A rising star

Wednesday, 30th. This morning was fixed upon, by previous arrangement, for visiting Mademoiselle Schmeling.³ How much my expectations had been

¹ *Major Kleist* (Ewald Christian von Kleist, born in Pomerania in 1715 and, being wounded at Kienersdorf in 1759, died at Frankfurt on the Oder). His chief poem is *Der Frühling* ("Spring"), which owes something to Thomson's *Seasons*.

² *Walther's Musical Dictionary*. This *musikalisches Lexikon oder musikalische Bibliothek* appeared first in 1732 (facsimile reprint by Bärenreiter, Basle, in 1953).

³ *Schmeling, Gertrude Elisabeth* (1749-1833). She is known to us today under her married name of Mara. She began musical life as a violinist but early turned to singing. Then she studied for five years at Leipzig under Hiller. She then attained fame as one of the musicians attached to the court of Frederick the Great. From 1784 she spent a good deal of time in London, and she took a prominent place in the great Handel Festival in Westminster Abbey, of which Burney wrote the official account. Thereafter she spent a good deal of time in England up to 1802. Her husband was the violoncellist, Mara. (See also pp. 167, 199.)

raised concerning this performer, the reader will be able to judge, by the following extract of a letter which I had received from a very intelligent musical correspondent, in Germany, before my departure from England.

At Berlin there is now a German opera singer, that astonishes every one who hears her. People who have been a long time in Italy, and who have formerly heard Faustina, Cuzzoni, and Astrua, assure me that she surpasses them all. Indeed, when I heard her at Leipsic, two years ago, I was enraptured. I never knew a voice so powerful and so sweet, at the same time: she could do with it just what she pleased. She sings from G to E in *altissimo*, with the greatest ease and force, and both her *portamenta di voce*, and her volubility are, in my opinion, unrivalled; but when I heard her, she seemed to like nothing but difficult music. She sung at sight, what very good players could not play, at sight, on the violin; and nothing was too difficult to her execution, which was easy and neat. But after this she refined her taste, insomuch that she was able to perform the part of *Tisbe*, in Hasse's opera, which requires simplicity and expression, more than volubility of throat; and in this she perfectly succeeded, as Agricola, the translator of Tosi's *Arte del Canto*, and our best singing master in Germany, assures me. The King of Prussia, a great connoisseur, was astonished at it. Her name is *Schmeling*, she is about twenty-four years of age, and was in England, when a child, where she played the violin; but she quitted that instrument, and became a singer, by the advice of English ladies, who disliked a *female fidler*.

This account had been corroborated since my arrival on the continent, where I had been informed that his Prussian majesty was at first, with difficulty, prevailed on to hear mademoiselle Schmeling: 'A German singer? I should as soon expect to receive pleasure from the neighing of my horse.' However, after he had heard her sing one song, his majesty is said to have sought among his manuscript music for the most difficult airs in his collection, in order to try her powers, as much as to gratify his own ear; but she executed, *at sight*, whatever he commanded her to perform, in all styles; as well as if she had practised each of these compositions during her whole life.

Mademoiselle Schmeling received me very politely and unaffectedly. She is short, and not handsome, but is far from having any thing disagreeable in her countenance; on the contrary, there is a strong expression of good nature impressed upon it, which renders her address very engaging. Her teeth are irregular, and they project too much, yet, altogether, her youth and smiles taken into the account, she is rather agreeable in face and figure.

I found that she had preserved her English; indeed she sometimes wanted words, but, having learned it very young, the pronunciation of those which occurred, was perfectly correct. She was so obliging as to sing, at my request, very soon after my entrance. She began with a very difficult *aria di bravura*, by Traetta, which I had heard before at Mingotti's.² She sung it admirably, and fully answered the great ideas which I had formed of her abilities, in every thing but her voice, which was a little cloudy, and not quite so powerful

¹ Tosi, Pier Francesco (1646-1732). He was a composer and singing master. In old age he published the very practical book here mentioned of which in 1742 an English translation appeared (*Observations on the Florid Song*) and in 1757 Agricola's German translation (*Anleitung zur Singkunst*).

² See p. 61.

as I expected. However, she had a slight cold and cough, and complained of indisposition: but with all this, her voice was sweetly toned, and she sung perfectly well in tune. She has an excellent shake, a good expression, and a facility of executing and articulating rapid and difficult divisions, that is astonishing.

Her second song was a *Larghetto*, by Schwanenburg, of Brunswick, which was very pretty in itself; but she made it truly delightful by her taste and expression: she was by no means lavish of graces, but those she used, were perfectly suited to the style of the music, and idea of the poet.

After this, she sung an *Andante*, in the part which she had to practise for the ensuing carnival, in Graun's *Merope*; and in this acquitted herself with great taste, expression, and propriety.

His Prussian majesty¹ very seldom resides at Berlin, except during the carnival, which generally commences about the middle of December, and terminates with the month of January.

When his majesty and the court arrive at Berlin, every day of the week, except Saturday, which is a day of rest, has its particular amusements allotted to it, according to the following regulations.

On *Sunday*, the Queen has a great court. On *Monday*, there is an opera. *Tuesday*, a ridotta, or masqued ball, in the opera-house. *Wednesday*, a French play, at the court theatre. *Thursday*, the princess dowager has a drawing-room; and on *Friday*, there is another opera.

At other times, his majesty's usual residence is at Sans-Souci, a palace near Potsdam, five miles from Berlin, where he is attended by his musicians in ordinary, who are there in monthly waiting, by turns.

The celebrity of his majesty's performance on the German flute, had long excited in me a strong desire to hear him play, and I had now, in concert with several friends, taken the most likely measures for gratifying that wish. I was furnished with letters to several persons of distinction at Potsdam, who were entreated to use their utmost endeavours to procure me the honour of being admitted into the royal apartments, at Sans-Souci, during the performance of his majesty's usual evening concert.

As the court was now at Sans-Souci, and several of the most eminent musicians of the King's band were there in waiting, I was impatient to go thither, in hopes of satisfying my curiosity relative to his majesty's musical abilities. I therefore set off for Potsdam this morning, immediately after quitting mademoiselle Schmeling, and taking leave of my worthy friend, M. Nicolai, who, unluckily for me, was going to Leipsic fair; which I regarded as a real loss to myself, for his knowledge of music, and musical people, joined to his zeal for my service, rendered him a most agreeable and useful acquaintance.

¹ *Frederick the Great* (born at Berlin in 1712 and died at Potsdam in 1786). His musical proclivities are well known. Emanuel Bach was for long his chief harpsichordist and Quantz his master and chief composer for the flute. The king himself added considerably to the flute repertory, and much of his music has been published in recent times. (It is said, however, that the keyboard parts were provided not by the king but by Agricola—as to whom see p. 160.)

Potsdam

The road from Berlin hither, is through a deep running sand, like the worst parts of Norfolk and Suffolk, where there are no turnpikes, till within a few miles of the town; and then it is through a wild forest of fir-trees, with lakes frequently in sight. Upon a nearer approach, there is a fine opening on the left hand, to a very large piece of water, and a beautiful view of the town, in which three towers, of the same size and shape, only appear, but these are elegant. The rest of the way is through a wood, cut into walks and rides, which intersect each other, and lead to different towns and villas.

The examination at the gates of this city, is the most minute and curious, both in going in, and out, which I have ever experienced in my travels; it could not be more rigorous at the postern of a town besieged. Name, character, whence, where, when, to whom recommended, business, stay, and several other particulars, were demanded, to which the answers were all written down.

However, a stranger, upon his entrance into this city, is made some amends, by the variety and splendor of new objects, for the bad road, and difficulty of admission, which he has previously encountered.

The streets are the most regularly beautiful which I ever remember to have seen; the houses all seem to be built of brick, stuccoed over, in imitation of stone. A canal, supplied by the river Havel, runs through the middle of the town, which is situated on an island, called the *Werder* of Potsdam, which implies *an island in a river*. This island is four German miles in circumference: the approach to Potsdam is over a very wide piece of water, by a stone bridge.

The number of houses in this city has been very much encreased during the reign of his present majesty, and that of his father. At the beginning of this century there were only two hundred houses, and at present there are at least two thousand, and seventeen thousand inhabitants, exclusive of the military, which amount to about eight thousand men.

Four battalions of foot guards, with the squadron of life guards, and the regiment of the prince of Prussia, compose the constant garrison of Potsdam. The uniform of the first battalion of foot-guards, is blue, embroidered with silver, and turned up with red; the waistcoats are of pale yellow; the hats, which are extremely large, have a very broad silver lace, in imitation of *point d'espagne*, and are cocked in the old Kevenhuller¹ fashion, which, added to huge black whiskers, give the men a most formidable appearance. The fourth battalion, called the Lestewitz battalion, is formed of the remains of the late king's *tall* grenadiers.

The squares, public buildings, and houses of individuals, in this city, are elegant and noble. The architecture of Palladio, in the Venetian state, is here very frequently and successfully copied. His majesty's present passion is for architecture, in which he is said to expend 200,000 l. sterl. a year.

¹ *Kevenhuller*. A high cocked hat.

Potsdam is almost entirely new built, from his own designs, besides his new palace, near Sans-Souci, and innumerable houses and palaces in Berlin, constructed since the last war. Whenever a citizen is about building a house, either in his capital, or at Potsdam, his majesty furnishes the design, and is at the expence of building the front.

Lord Marischal

The instant I arrived at Potsdam, I went to M. Benda, in hopes of seeing him before his duty called him to the king's concert; but he was already gone thither, and I was told that the performance was begun, so that there was no possibility of my hearing his majesty that evening. It was now near seven o'clock, and rather late for a first visit, to a great personage; however, time was so precious, that I could not be exact in observing forms; in defiance of which, I ventured to wait upon lord Marshal,¹ to whom Mr. Harris² had kindly honoured me with a letter.

His lordship lives in a neat small house, in the suburbs, built for him by the king, as the coachman, unasked, informed me. The porter, an honest Scotsman, asked immediately if I spoke English, and told me that his lord was at home, but in his night-gown. I acquainted him with the letter which I had to deliver, sent in my name, and said if my visit would at all incommode his lordship, I would return in the morning. The porter soon came back, and desired me to walk in.

I was instantly conducted to my lord; it was so dark that I could hardly see him. He desired me to sit down, with a very benevolent tone of voice, in a Scots accent. I presented to him my letter, and acquainted him that I was extremely pressed in time, or should not have broken in upon his lordship at so late an hour: he said he was glad to see me at any time. When lights were brought in, I was as much pleased with his face, as I had been before by his voice; it is the most pleasing, elegant, and benign that can be imagined.

I continued with his lordship three hours, during which time he entertained me with a great number of anecdotes, many of which related to music. When he had perused Mr. Harris's letter, in which mention was made of my Italian tour, and the translation of it into German, he told me, that he had ceased to go to court on account of his age, though the king frequently told him, that he kept a cover for him constantly at his table; but he would send what I had in German of my book,³ and my plan, to his majesty in the

¹ *Lord Marshal.* George Keith, tenth Earl Marischal (born at Peterhead in 1693 and died at Potsdam in 1778). He served under Marlborough and on the death of Queen Anne joined the Jacobite forces and commanded cavalry at Sheriffmuir (1715); after the retreat he escaped to the Continent and his estates were forfeited to the Crown. He took part in the Spanish expedition on behalf of the Chevalier in 1719. He was welcomed to Potsdam by Frederick the Great, whom he served in various capacities. He was a friend of Voltaire and of Rousseau. Through the intercession of Frederick, he regained his Scottish estates in 1759.

² See p. 160.

³ At this time I was in possession of only a few loose sheets of the German translation of my former tour, which has since been published at Hamburg, under the title of, *Burnenſſches*

morning. His lordship did me the honour of inviting me to dine with him at twelve o'clock the next day, and informed me of whatever was best worth seeing at Potsdam and Sans-Souci; as to music, he said, that I was unfortunate in being addressed to him, for he was such a Goth, as neither to know anything of it, nor to like any music, but that of his own country bagpipes. On this occasion, he was very pleasant upon himself: here ensued a discussion of Scots music, and Erse poetry; after which, his lordship said, 'but lest you should think me too insensible to the power of sound, I must tell you, that I have made a collection of *national tunes* of almost all the countries on the globe, which I believe I can shew you.' After a search, made by himself, the book in which these tunes were written, was found, and I was made to sing the whole collection through, without an instrument; during which time, he had an anecdote for every tune. When I had done, his lordship kindly wrote down a list of all such tunes as had pleased me most by their oddity and originality, of which he promised me copies, and then ordered a Scots piper, one of his domestics, to play to me some Spanish and Scots tunes, which were not in the collection; 'but play them in the garden, says he, for these fine Italianised folks cannot bear our rude music near their delicate ears.'¹

The conversation afterwards turned upon French music, and the comparative merit of that and the Italian, upon which subject his lordship told me a story, that very much resembled one related by Rousseau, in his *Lettre sur la musique Française*.

A young Greek lady being brought from her own country to Paris, some years since, was, soon after her arrival in that city, carried to the opera by some French ladies, supposing, as she had never heard any European music, that she would be in raptures at it; but, contrary to these expectations, she declared, that the singing only reminded her of the hideous howlings of the Calmuc Tartars; and as to the machinery, which it was thought would afford her great amusement, she declared her dislike of many parts of it, and was particularly scandalized, by what she called, the impious and wicked imitation of God's thunder. Soon after this experiment, she went to Venice, where another was made upon her uncorrupted ears, at an Italian opera, in which the famous Gizziello sung; at whose performance she was quite dissolved in pleasure, and was ever after passionately fond of Italian music.

Upon mentioning this story to an excellent judge of music and of human nature, who had been at Paris when M. de Bougainville² brought thither a

Tagebuch einer Musikkalischen Reise durch Frankreich und Italien aus dem Englischen überjetzt von C. D. Ebeling, Aufseher der Handlungs Akademie zu Hamburg. Ben Bode 1772 (B).

¹ *Scots Piper*. If the instrument he used was (as we suppose) the Highland bagpipe it is difficult, on account of its strange scale, to see how Spanish (or any but Scottish Highland) tunes could be played on it.

² *Bougainville, Louis Antoine de* (1729-1811). French navigator and rival in his explorations of Captain Cook, with whom Burney's son James was then serving. Putaveri, the native of Otaheite mentioned a little lower, was brought to Europe by Bougainville, as Omai, from the same island, was by Cook (becoming a familiar friend of the Burney family).

native of the new discovered island of Otaheite, he told me, that the effects of *French* music had been fairly tried upon *Putaveri* immediately on his arrival. 'I wish,' said my friend, 'you had been there, to have observed with me, what a strange impression the French opera made upon him; as soon as he returned to his lodgings, he mimicked what he had heard, in the most natural and ridiculous manner imaginable; this he would repeat only when he was in good humour; but as it was just before his departure that I saw him, he was melancholy, and would not dance, however entreated. I proposed to send for music, and one of the servants was ordered to play on his bad fiddle just without the door of the room; upon hearing this, *Putaveri* suddenly sprang up, and seizing two of the candlesticks, placed them on the floor, and danced his own country dance; after this, he gave the company a specimen of the French opera, which was the most natural and admirable parody that I have ever heard, and accompanied with all its proper gestures. I wished at this time to try the power of *Italian* music upon him; but there was no opportunity, for how could it be properly executed at Paris?'

Among the anecdotes relative to the strange effects of music, which were given to me by Lord Marshal, he told me of a Highlander, who always cried, upon hearing a certain slow Scots tune, played on the bagpipe. General G. whose servant he was, stole into his room one night, when he was fast asleep, and playing the same tune to him very softly, on the German flute, the fellow, without waking, cried like a child.

His lordship next confirmed to me the account of the *Maladie du Païs*, or home-sickness, being brought on by the tune, called the *Rens de Vache*,¹ if heard by any of the Swiss troops in foreign service. Five soldiers at Valadolid, in Spain, who had heard one of their countrymen play this tune, on the top of the steeple, were all seized with this distemper, and obliged to be sent home. An effect which can only be accounted for by reminiscence of former liberty and happiness, in their native country.

The Tarantula story,² his lordship allowed to be all a lye, as to the musical cure; but not the bite, which was to his knowledge certain; however, some of the inhabitants of Apulia had confessed to him, that the only salutary effect of music, was to keep the patient awake, as sleep was usually fatal, if indulged before the poison is extracted.

I had frequently been told by persons who were well acquainted with lord Marshal many years ago, that his character approached nearer perfection, than that of any other human being; and this now became my own opinion. It was with great reluctance that I quitted him, in order to return to my inn; he had attached me as much during this visit of three hours, by his sociable, entertaining, easy, and benevolent manner, as any one else had ever done in as many years.

¹ The *Rens des Vaches*. The Swiss mountain melody (differing in the different districts) sung, or played on the Alphorn, to call the cattle home, and supposed to have a remarkable effect if heard by the exile from home. (See *OCM*.)

² The *Tarantula story*. The story that the south Italian malady of Tarantism, caused by the bite of the Tarantula spider, could be cured by the active dancing of the Tarantella. [cont.]

Franz Benda

Thursday, October 1st. My first visit this morning was to M. Benda,¹ whom I found to be a plain, obliging, sensible man, and possessed of all the modesty of a truly great genius. I was furnished with a letter to him from Mr. Giardini, with whose remembrance he appeared to be much pleased, and said, that though it was more than twenty years since he had seen or heard him, he had not forgot his fine tone, so remarkably clear, full, and sweet; and added, that he should always retain a precise and pleasing idea of his graceful manner of playing, of his fancy in extempore cadences, and facility in executing whatever was possible to be performed on the violin.

Mr. Giardini, in his letter, had desired M. Benda to indulge me with the pleasure of hearing him perform; when he read his request, he shook his head, and said, *non sum qualis eram*, 'I have ceased to play *solos* even to the king my master, these five years; however, such as they are, you shall hear my feeble endeavours to oblige you.'

He performed to me an admirable solo, of his own composition, *con sordino*; his hand, he said, wanted force sufficient to play without. The gout has long enfeebled his fingers; however, there are fine remains of a great hand, though I am inclined to suppose him to have been more remarkable at all times for his feeling than his force. His style is so truly *cantabile*, that scarce a passage can be found in his compositions, which it is not in the power of the human voice to sing; and he is so very affecting a player, so truly pathetic in an *Adagio*, that several able professors have assured me he has frequently drawn tears from them in performing one. How he acquired this style of writing and playing, it may be of some use to musical students to trace and develope: the productions and performance of this master are indeed so truly original and pleasing, that I hope every lover of music, among my readers, will excuse me if I here insert a sketch of his life, the principal incidents of which I obtained from himself, during my visit; the rest are extracted from a printed account of him, published at Leipsic, 1766, in a work which was then carried on by M. Hiller, under the title of *Weekly Intelligence, and Observations concerning Music*.²

Francis Benda was born at Alt Benatky, in Bohemia, 1709. He was brought up in the choir at Neubenatky, as a singing boy. At nine years old, he was conducted to Prague, by one of his relations, and employed at the church of the Benedictines, as a *soprano*. Soon after this, his voice became so excellent, that he was enticed away to Dresden, without the consent of the Benedictines, in order to sing in the Elector of Saxony's chapel. After continuing a year and half in this service, he ran away with a lighter-man,

(Pepys, in his diary, records a meeting with a gentleman who 'is a great traveller' and told him that in the districts where the disease occurred 'fiddlers go up and down the fields everywhere in expectation of being hired by those that are stung'.) Cf. *Italian Tour*, p. 255.

¹ Benda. For further references consult index.

² *Nachrichten und Anmerkungen die Musik Betreffend*. 4to. This publication, which was begun in 1766, continued till 1769 (B).

intending to return to his friends; but in going with him up the Elbe, he was stopt at Pirna, and carried back to Dresden; however, not being used to the water, and the night before having been very cold, he lost his treble voice.

This misfortune immediately removed the difficulty of obtaining his dismissal: he now found himself at full liberty to go whither he pleased; and, returning to his parents, they were much perplexed to know what to do with him: but, at the performance of the Easter music, he was persuaded to attempt a *contralto* part in the church. At first, his voice was coarse, but it very soon grew so much better, that the same afternoon M. Benda found himself able to sing the counter-tenor, as well as he had formerly done the *soprano*.

Having discovered his new voice, he went to Prague, where he was engaged at the Jesuit's seminary, though there were already six counter-tenors in that service. But his manner of singing, together with his having performed in the chapel-royal at Dresden, were two cogent reasons for his being well received.

In 1723, Benda was one of the chorus singers in the music performed at Prague, on occasion of the Emperor Charles the sixth being crowned king of Bohemia. An event which forms a very important æra in the life of this eminent musician, who had now attained his fifteenth year. He confessed to me, that the excellent singing which he then heard, was of the utmost use to him in his future studies, and particularly the performance of Gaetano Orsini, a *contralto*, with which he was beyond measure affected. Soon after this solemnity was over, a drama was performed, at the Jesuit's college, by young Bohemian noblemen, in which music was introduced; it was composed by the famous Zelenka, the King of Poland's chapel master.

Benda, with another descant¹ of the Kreuzhern, and an Italian, with a base voice, were the singers employed on this occasion: three airs were given to each of them, but Benda was so superior to the rest, that he not only acquired great applause by his performance, but a new appointment, with a large salary, at the Kreuzhern convent; which being extremely rich, and appropriated to the reception of the nobility who devote themselves to the defence of the christian religion against the Turks, is regarded by musicians at Prague, as the post of honour.

Here he first applied himself to composition, and set to music the *Salve Regina* twice; once accompanied by the organ only, and once by two violins. Heaven knows, says Benda, how many of the rules of counterpoint were broken in this attempt! not long after this, he lost his counter-tenor voice, and was again obliged to return to his friends at Benatki.

Being now deprived of all hope of gaining a livelihood by singing, and unable to bear the thoughts of becoming a burden to his relations, he applied himself seriously to the violin, upon which he had made a beginning, but he knows not when, nor under what master. It must, however, have been early in his life, as he was remembered to play the tenor, in the concerts performed

¹ *Descanter*. The dictionary of Burney's friend Johnson gives 'descant' as 'to sing in parts'.

by the singing boys at Dresden, and to work hard on the violin, at Vivaldi's concertos.

After losing his voice, he had no other means of turning his musical talents to account, than by playing dances about the country with a company of strolling Jews; in which, however, there was a blind Hebrew, of the name of Löbel, who in his way, was an extraordinary player. He drew a good tone from his instrument, and composed his own pieces, which were wild, but pretty: some of his dances went up to A in *altissimo*; however, he played them with the utmost purity and neatness.

The performance of this man excited in Benda so much jealousy, that he redoubled his diligence in trying to equal him; and not to be inferior in any part of his trade, he composed dances for his own hand, which were far from easy. He often speaks of his obligations to the old Jew for stimulating him to excel on the violin.

After strolling about in this manner, for some time, he shut himself up in a garret at Prague, where he practised two things, music, and temperance: here he obtained a few lessons from Konyczek, violinist to prince Lobkowitz, by which he qualified himself for the service of a nobleman, with whom he travelled to Vienna: here he was transferred to a new patron, count Uhlefeld, with whom he had frequently the advantage of hearing the famous Francischello, who taught the count, and of playing trios with this great musician and his scholar.¹

When he quitted this service, he travelled on foot to Breslau, with three other musicians, who afterwards became very eminent. These were M. Höckh,² the present chapel-master to the prince of Zerbst, the late M. Weidner, and M. Czarth,³ formerly in the Prussian service, but now at Mannheim.

After staying a short time at Breslau, these four adventurers set off in the *Guhr-wagen* or common wagon, for Warsaw. Within four miles of the capital of Poland, they found, in a forest, a well-furnished portmanteau; and, after trying, in vain, to discover the owner of it, they divided the contents among themselves. By this partition, a coat luckily fell to the share of Benda, of which he was in great want, and which fitted him as well as if it had been made by a Paris tailor.

¹ *Francischello*, or *Franciscello* (died, probably at Genoa, c. 1750). Little is known of this violoncellist—of very high repute in his day.

² *Franciscello*, was the most exquisite performer on the base-viol of his time. Geminiani related of him, that in accompanying Nicolini, at Rome, in a cantata composed by Alessandro Scarlatti, for the violoncello, the author, who was at the harpsichord, would not believe that a mortal could play so divinely; but said, that it was an angel who had assumed the figure of Francischello; so far did his performance surpass all that Scarlatti had conceived in composing the cantata, or imagined possible for man to express' (B).

³ *Höckh, Karl* (born near Vienna in 1707 and died in the year in which Burney mentions him, 1772). His first occupation was as a military oboist in Hungary and Poland, in which latter country and in Berlin his companion was Franz Benda. For forty years he was in the service of the Prince of Anhalt-Zerbst as director of his music.

⁴ *Czarth, or Zarth, Georg* (born at Deutschenbrod in 1708 and died in 1774). He was eminent as a performer on the flute and the violin and known also as a composer for these two instruments. He was, successively, in the employ of the King of Poland, Frederick the Great, and the Elector Palatine at Mannheim.

Being arrived at Warsaw, they took possession of an apartment in the old Cassimir palace, which, for fifty years before, had had no other inhabitants than rooks and jackdaws: none of the primitive saints ever practised the virtue of abstinence more rigidly than these four young sinners did now, though guests of a royal palace; without a plan of future conduct, without money, and without friends, their heads had as yet furnished no employment for their hands, but that of amusing themselves on their several instruments in their retirement; so that they practised incessantly. During this time the palace was supposed to be haunted, but by what kind of spirits, none of the neighbours had the courage to examine; till the Starost Suchaczewski, Szaniawski, being told that the ghosts were musical, was sufficiently intrepid to wish to hear them, and being pleased with their performance, he engaged them in his service.

It is a rule in Poland, when a nobleman has more than four musicians in his service, to appoint a *maestro di capella* over them; and as the band of the Starost Suchaczewsky now consisted of nine performers, this honourable office was conferred upon Benda by his new patron.

Our hero remained at Warsaw two or three years, after which, returning to Germany, he was a short time employed in the Elector of Saxony's chapel at Dresden; during which period, he received a letter from M. Quantz, inviting him to enter into the service of the prince of Prussia, at Ruppín, where his present majesty usually resided before his accession to the throne.

It was by stealth that this prince indulged his passion for music, during the life of his father, the late king, who had forbid him, not only to study and practise music, but to hear it. M. Quantz told me afterwards, that it was the late queen mother, who at this time encouraged the prince in his favourite amusement, and who engaged musicians for his service; but so necessary was secrecy in all these negotiations, that if the king his father had discovered that he was disobeyed, all these sons of Apollo would have incurred the danger of being hanged. The prince frequently took occasion, to meet his musicians a hunting, and had his concerts either in a forest or cavern.

M. Benda, who entered into the service of the prince of Prussia, in 1732, found already with his royal highness the two Grauns, with whom he studied, and from whom he confesses to have received signal services, as well as from M. Quantz.

He still leads the band at the great opera, where he is seconded by his brother Joseph; and he can boast of having had the honour of accompanying his majesty, during the forty years he has been in his service, in near 50,000 different concerts.¹

The father of M. Benda was a linen manufacturer, but not less musical than other Bohemians, his countrymen; for he played a little on several instruments, particularly the hautbois, bagpipe, and dulcimer. In 1742, being the second year of his present majesty's reign, M. Benda had the

¹ A considerable 'boast', implying as it does about four concerts a day for forty years. But Burney is often vague in his dealings with figures.

satisfaction of bringing his parents to Berlin, and of establishing them there, under his roof. In 1756, this venerable pair celebrated the *Hochzeit Jubiläum* or marriage jubilee, usually solemnized in Germany, by persons who have lived together in wedlock, *fifty years*.

M. Benda has two sons, both able musicians; his three brothers all applied themselves to music, in consequence of his success. John, the eldest, whose instrument was the violin, died in the service of his Prussian majesty; George, the second brother, is at present an eminent chapel-master, and elegant composer in the service of the duke of Saxe-Gotha; and Joseph, the third, is one of his Prussian majesty's band.

A word more, concerning the musical abilities of the worthy concert-master, Francis, shall terminate this long article. His style is not that of Tartini, Somis, Veracini, nor that of the head of any one school or musical sect, of which I have the least knowledge: it is *his own*, and formed from that model which should be ever studied by all instrumental performers, *good singing*.

When I quitted M. Benda, I waited on Col. Quintus Icilius,¹ to whom I was honoured with letters; he is a member of the royal academy of sciences, author of a celebrated treatise, written in French, upon the military art of the ancients, and a great collector of *Virtu*; he is a *connoisseur* in all the arts, except music; and has a well-chosen library, in which I found several scarce and curious books.

After this I had the honour to visit Col. de Forcade, to whom I had likewise letters. I had been recommended to this gentleman, who is court-marshal, with a view to his doing me the honour of presenting me to his royal highness, the prince of Prussia, to whom I had been charged with a parcel of books from England.

It was now twelve o'clock, the general hour for dining at Potsdam; at my lord Marshal's, I was so fortunate as to see and converse with the Grecian lady, who had been so offended with the French music, and so pleased with Italian, upon her first arrival in Europe. The dinner was quite English, and the conversation of his lordship was entertaining to a very uncommon degree.

The new palace

After dinner I went to see the king's *new palace*, das neue Schloß built since the last war. The ground on which it is erected, was a morass eight years ago, as was the whole country round it, which is a dead flat, and still

¹ Colonel Quintus Icilius—originally Karl Gottlieb Guichard, born at Magdeburg in 1724 and died at Potsdam in 1775.

'This officer's original name is Guichard, and that of Quintus Icilius, only his *Nom de Guerre*, given to him, in pleasantry, by his majesty, who when he conferred upon him a command in a regiment, hastily raised and collected from the refuse of all nations, during the heat of the last war, honoured him with the appellation of the commander of Caesar's tenth legion, a name which has since been adopted by the whole Prussian nation' (B).

He was a very remarkable man, and there is a long and interesting account of his versatility and activities in the *Allgemeine deutsche Biographie* (x. 104).

very naked and barren; it was however in consequence of the rapidity with which this palace was constructed, and the face of the country changed, that a German wit said, 'it must be allowed, that his majesty performs miracles, though he believes none.'

It is not my design to give a minute description of this superb palace; I shall only observe, in general, that it appeared to me, one of the most elegant and perfect, which I had seen in Europe. It is constructed, as well as most of the magnificent buildings in Potsdam, from his majesty's own designs; the front is decorated with fluted pilasters, of the Corinthian order, before each of which there is a statue; these pillars are of a pale yellow colour, and the rest of the wall in imitation of red brick. A cupola appears above the pediment, upon which are placed on a high pedestal, the three Graces; and the statues and groupes of figures which embellish the Attic story, and the balustrades, are scarcely to be numbered.

The apartments are fitted up with the utmost magnificence and taste. There is a *suite* of rooms appropriated to almost every branch of the royal family. Those of the king, of his sister princess Amelia, and the prince of Prussia, are the most splendid. In each of these apartments, there is a room dedicated to music, furnished with books, desks, a harpsichord, and other instruments.

His majesty's concert room is ornamented with glasses of an immense size, and with sculpture, partly gilt, and partly of the most beautiful green varnish, by Martin of Paris: the whole furniture and ornaments of this room, are in a most refined and exquisite taste. There is a *piano forte* made by Silbermann of Neuberg [Neuburg], beautifully varnished and embellished; and a tortoise-shell desk for his majesty's use, most richly and elegantly inlaid with silver; on the table lay a catalogue of concertos for the *new palace*, and a book of manuscript *Solfeggi*, as his majesty calls them, or preludes, composed of difficult divisions and passages for the exercise of the hand, as the vocal *Solfeggi* are for the throat. His majesty has books of this kind, for the use of his flute, in the music room of every one of his palaces.

In another apartment, there is a most magnificent harpsichord, made by Shudi,¹ in England; the hinges, pedals, and frame are of silver, the case is inlaid, and the front is of tortoise-shell; this instrument which cost 200 guineas, was sent to Hamburg by sea, and from thence to Potsdam, up the Elb and the Havel, which, I was told, had injured it so much, that it has been useless ever since; however, it is natural to suppose, that some jealousy may have been excited by it, and that it has not had quite fair play from those employed to repair it; for I never heard of any one of the great number of

¹ *Shudi* or *Tschudi*. The allusion is to Burkat Shudi the elder, a Swiss (1702-73). He came to England in 1718 as a joiner, and took to harpsichord-making. He became a friend of Handel. In 1766 he made a present of a harpsichord to Frederick the Great—and later in the same year Frederick bought two more of his instruments. John Broadwood, one of his employees, married his daughter and became a partner in the business, which, of course, still exists. (See Dale, *Tschudi, the Harpsichord Maker*, 1913.) Grove's *Dictionary*, 5th edition, s.v. 'Shudi', gives particulars of three harpsichords supplied to Frederick the Great.

harpsichords, which are annually sent from England to the East and West Indies by sea, receiving so much damage as this is said to have done, in a much shorter passage. And now I am upon the subject of musical instruments, I must observe, that the Germans work much better out of their own country, than they do in it, if we may judge by the *harpsichords* of Kirkman¹ and Shudi; the *piano fortes* of Backers;² and the *organs* of Snetzler;³ which far surpass, in goodness, all the keyed instruments that I met with, in my tour through Germany.

But to return to his Prussian majesty's *new palace*: in every apartment through which I was conducted, there appeared a studied elegance and delicacy in the furniture, which I had never met with before; the taste, indeed, is rather that of France than Italy; however, it is the best of the kind, and includes both elegance and convenience. The hall, called the *Marble Gallery*, is truly superb, and worthy of royalty; it is extremely spacious, and lofty, and is totally encrusted with red spotted marble, called *Red Carolini*, mixed with white Italian marble. The pavement likewise is of white marble, and the ceiling is ornamented with three large pictures, in gilt stucco frames, painted by Rode, the subjects of which, are *morning*, *noon*, and *night*.

Though his majesty's principal collection of painting, is in the picture-gallery at Sans-Souci, yet there are two or three rooms in the new palace, very rich in works of capital Italian masters; but it is out of my province to enumerate these; and for the costly gold and silver hangings; the exquisitely varnished wainscots; rich ceilings, or Mosaic floors, they are not to be described.

Opposite to the great front of this palace, there are two elegant buildings of white stone, joined together, by a superb semi-circular colonade of fluted pillars, of the Corinthian order. These buildings are called, *The Great Commons*; in the lower part of which, are the kitchens, cellars, and other offices; and in the upper stories, lodging-rooms for the king's attendants, and for foreigners of distinction. At the front of each building there is a double circular escalier, which leads to a colonade of insulated and fluted Corinthian pillars, which support a pediment, ornamented with statues: at each wing, is placed a small tower, with a cupola. The idea of these buildings, is taken from the ruins of Palmyra; indeed his Prussian majesty has made as frequent use of the remains of Athens, Palmyra, and Balbec, in the temples, ruins, and other buildings, in his gardens as he has at Potsdam, of the designs of Palladio, Sansovino, and Scamozzi.

¹ *Kirkman, Jacob* (1710-92). In early manhood he settled in London and established an important business as a maker of harpsichords. He played an important part in Burney's early London life, and Burney has left us an amusing account of him (see Rees's *Cyclopaedia* and *GDB*, i. 35-36).

² *Backers* (*Bakkers*, or *Beckers*), *Americus* (born in Holland, settled in London). Burney, in Rees's *Cyclopaedia* (s.v. 'Harpsichord') says: 'Backers, a harpsichord maker of the second rank, constructed several piano-fortes and improved the mechanism in some particulars, but the tone . . . lost the spirit of the harpsichord and gained nothing in sweetness.'

³ *Snetzler*. See p. 27.

A concert of Frederick the Great's

There were innumerable curiosities of various kinds, in and about this palace, which merited a minute examination; but I was obliged to hasten away, in order to be present at his majesty's evening concert, at Sans-Souci. I was carried thither between five and six o'clock in the evening, by an officer of the household, a privileged person, otherwise it would have been impossible for a stranger, like myself, to gain admission into a palace where the king resides; and even with my well-known guide, I underwent a severe examination, not only at going out of the gates at Potsdam, but at every door of the palace. When we arrived at the vestibule, we were met by M. de Catt,¹ lecturer to his majesty, and member of the royal academy, to whom I had been furnished with a letter, who very politely attended my conductor and me the whole evening.

I was carried to one of the interior apartments of the palace, in which the gentlemen of the king's band were waiting for his commands. This apartment was contiguous to the concert-room, where I could distinctly hear his majesty practising *Solfeggi* on the flute, and exercising himself in difficult passages, previous to his calling in the band. Here I met with M. Benda, who was so obliging as to introduce me to M. Quantz.

The figure of this Veteran musician, is of an uncommon size:

The son of Hercules he justly seems,
By his broad shoulders, and gigantic limbs;

and he appears to enjoy an uncommon portion of health and vigour, for a person arrived at his 76th year. We soon began a musical conversation; he told me, that his majesty and scholar played no other concertos than those which he had expressly composed for his use, which amounted to 300, and these he performed in rotation. This exclusive attachment to the productions of his old master, may appear somewhat contracted; however, it implies a constancy of disposition, but rarely to be found among princes. The compositions of the two Grauns and of Quantz, have been in favour with his Prussian majesty more than forty years; and, if it be true, as many assert, that music has declined and degenerated since that time, in which the Scarlattis, Vincis, Leos, Pergolesis, and Porporas flourished, as well as the greatest singers that modern times have known, it is an indication of a sound judgment, and of great discernment, in his majesty to adhere thus firmly to the productions of a period which may be called the Augustan age of music; to stem the torrent of caprice and fashion with such unshaken constancy, is possessing a kind of *stet sol*, by which Apollo and his sons are prevented from running riot, or changing from good to bad, and from bad to worse.

¹ Catt, *Henri de* (born in Switzerland in 1725 and died in Potsdam in 1795). Frederick, travelling in Holland *incognito*, made the chance acquaintance of Catt, then studying at the University of Utrecht. Later he engaged him as his 'reader' (really his confidential companion and salaried admirer), a post which Catt continued to occupy over twenty years. Catt's interesting memoirs have been published, and an English translation by F. S. Flint, with an Introduction by Lord Rosebery (2 vols., Constable, 1916; reprinted 1929).

These reflections, which occurred to me while I was conversing with M. Quantz, were interrupted by the arrival of a messenger from the king, commanding the gentlemen of his band to attend him in the next room.

The concert began by a German flute concerto, in which his majesty executed the solo parts with great precision; his *embouchure* was clear and even, his finger brilliant, and his taste pure and simple. I was much pleased, and even surprised with the neatness of his execution in the *allegros*, as well as by his expression and feeling in the *adagio*; in short, his performance surpassed, in many particulars, any thing I had ever heard among *Dilettanti*, or even professors. His majesty played three long and difficult concertos successively, and all with equal perfection.

It must be owned, that many of the passages, in these pieces of M. Quantz, are now become old and common; but this does not prove their deficiency in novelty, when they were first composed, as some of them have been made more than forty years; and though M. Quantz has not been permitted to publish them, as they were originally composed for his majesty, and have ever since been appropriated solely to his use, yet, in a series of years, other composers have hit upon the same thoughts: it is with music as with delicate wines, which not only become flat and insipid, when exposed to the air, but are injured by time, however *well-kept*.

M. Quantz bore no other part in the performance of the concertos of to-night than to give the time with the motion of his hand, at the beginning of each movement, except now and then to cry out *bravo!* to his royal scholar, at the end of the solo parts and closes; which seems to be a privilege allowed to no other musician of the band. The cadences which his majesty made, were good, but very long and studied. It is easy to discover that these concertos were composed at a time when he did not so frequently require an opportunity of breathing as at present; for in some of the divisions, which were very long and difficult, as well as in the closes, he was obliged to take his breath, contrary to rule, before the passages were finished.

After these three concertos were played, the concert of the night ended, and I returned to Potsdam; but not without undergoing the same interrogatories from all the centinels, as I had before done in my way to Sans-Souci.

The king's 'diurnal motions'

I have already given an account of the regularity with which the pleasures of the court succeed each other every week during the king's residence at Berlin: and as some of my readers may, perhaps, be curious to know in what manner his majesty spends his time each day, at Sans-Souci, I shall here present them with a detail of that regular disposition of it, to which he has strictly adhered, during peace, ever since he began his reign: indeed, the evolutions of his soldiers, on the parade, cannot be more exact than his own diurnal motions.

His majesty's hour of rising, is constantly at four o'clock in the morning, during summer, and at five in winter; and from that time till nine, when his ministers of different departments attend him, he is employed in reading letters, and answering them in the margin. He then drinks one dish of coffee, and proceeds to business with his ministers, who come full fraught with doubts, difficulties, documents, petitions, and other papers, to read. With these he spends two hours, and then exercises his own regiment on the parade, in the same manner as the youngest colonel in his service.

At twelve o'clock he dines. His dinner is long, and generally with twelve or fourteen persons; after this he gives an hour to artists and projectors: then reads and signs the letters, written by his secretaries, from the marginal notes which he had made in the morning. When this is over, he thinks the *business* of the day is accomplished; the rest is given to amusement; after his evening concert, he gives some time to conversation, if disposed for it, and his courtiers in waiting constantly attend for that purpose; but whether that is the case or not, he has a lecturer to read to him, every evening, titles and extracts of new books, among which he marks such as he wishes to have purchased for his library, or to read in his cabinet. In this manner, when not employed in the field, reviewing his troops, or in travelling, he spends his time: always retiring at ten o'clock after which, however, he frequently reads, writes, or composes music for his flute, before he goes to bed.

A visit to Quantz

Friday 2d. I this morning visited M. Quantz; he was so obliging as to play, at my request, three solos of his own composition, and, notwithstanding his advanced age, he still executes rapid movements with great precision. His music is simple and natural; his taste is that of forty years ago; but though this may have been an excellent period for composition, yet I cannot entirely subscribe to the opinion of those who think musicians have discovered no refinements worth adopting, since that time. Without giving in to tricks and caprice, and even allowing composition to have been arrived at its *acme* of perfection, forty years ago, yet a simple melody may surely be embellished by the modern manner of taking *appoggiaturas*, or preparing and returning shakes, of gradually enforcing and diminishing whole passages, as well as single notes, and, above all, by the variety of expression arising from that superiority in the use of the bow, which the violin players of this age possess over those of any other period since its invention.

But even at the best time of M. Quantz, the elder musicians, and those in years, cried out against the innovation and levity of the younger. And no period can be named since the time of Plato, who likewise complained of the degeneracy of music, in which it has not been said to be corrupted by the moderns. Things of sentiment, and mere objects of taste and feeling, cannot, I fear, be reduced to any standard of perfection. In painting, we have nature to copy, and to judge by; in poetry, though there is a fashion in language, and

the newest and least debased by vulgar use, are the best words, yet grammar and common sense must remain the same.

As to *simplicity* in music, there are degrees of it, which border upon dryness, rusticity, and vulgarity; and these, it is the business of every composer to avoid. However, some who call themselves lovers of simplicity, would reduce music to the same metrical laws as poetry, and make long and short syllables determine melody; which would be neither suffering more than one sound, to be given to one syllable, nor a longer or shorter duration to that sound, than the poetical rhythmus requires; but in this case, what would vocal music be, but a mere *Recitative*, with which every one is tired and disgusted! Mankind will certainly judge of their own pleasures; and it is natural to suppose, that when a new style of composition or performance *generally* prevails among the refined part of them, that it has something more captivating in it than that which they quitted. However, caprice, vanity, and a fondness for singularity, on one side; and obstinacy, pride, and prejudice, on the other, will always make it difficult to reconcile different sects, or to draw a line between truth and falsehood.

M. Quantz told me, that the first concerto which his Prussian majesty had played the night before, was made twenty years ago, and the other two had been made forty years. Considering this, and the great desire that every composer has to deviate from his predecessors, these pieces have stood their ground very well. There were *traits* both of melody and harmony, which must be good to unprejudiced ears, at all times, and in all places.

Besides the three hundred concertos which his majesty plays, in turn, he has nearly as many solos, which he performs in the like rotation. Upwards of a hundred of these have been composed by himself, the rest by M. Quantz.

M. Quantz, and his royal scholar, use only two keys to the German flute; and these, with a method of lengthening the mouth-piece, correct, they say, all the imperfections of this instrument, in point of bad notes and false tuning.

In the year 1754, M. Quantz drew up, in the German language, an account of his own life, which was printed in Marpurg's Musical Essays: and, as it contains several circumstances relative to music, as well as to himself, I shall make no apology to my readers, for giving them an abstract of it; selecting only such parts as are most interesting, and connecting them with such particulars as I obtained in my conversations with the author.

Quantz's life

John Joachim Quantz was born at Oberscheden, a village in the electorate of Hanover, in 1697. His father, who was a blacksmith, obliged him to work at the anvil before he was nine years old; which must have afforded him an opportunity of making the famous Pythagorean experiment, mentioned by

Jamblicus, *de Vit. Pythag.*¹ and by all the musical writers of antiquity. Indeed the ear of our young Ardalus² had been already formed, in his excursions with his brother, a village musician, who used to play about the country, on holydays and festivals, whom he accompanied upon these occasions, on the base-viol, when but eight years old, and without knowing a note of music; but this performance, bad as it was, pleased him so much, that he determined to chuse music for his profession; though his father, who died when he was only ten years of age, recommended to him, on his death-bed, to continue in the honourable profession of his ancestors.

Quantz, after losing his father, had no other friends to depend upon for his counsel and protection, than two uncles, who lived at Merseberg in Saxony; and these, sending for him, gave him the choice of their several professions, the one being a taylor, and the other a *Stuntpfeifer*, or town-wait.

Upon this occasion, the passion for music in the young Quantz overpowered all other considerations, and, preferring the fiddlestick to the anvil or shears, he bound himself apprentice to his uncle, the musician, for five years; but this uncle dying three months after, he was transferred to his son-in-law, Fleischhack, who was of the same profession; and it was under him that he first practised the violin, an instrument to which his inclination at this time impelled him, preferably to any other.

Soon after this, however, he practised the hautbois, and the trumpet, with which instruments, and the violin, he chiefly filled up the term of his apprenticeship; but as a true town musician, in Germany, is expected to play upon all kinds of instruments,³ he had been obliged, occasionally, to apply himself, during this period, to the sackbut, cornet, base-viol, French-horn, common-flute, bassoon, viol da gamba, and the lord knows how many more. These were in the way of business, but for pleasure, he now and then took lessons on the harpsichord, of the organist, Kiewewetter, who was likewise his relation; by which he laid the first foundation of his knowledge of harmony, and love for composition.

Luckily for Quantz, his master Fleischhack, was not like other country musicians, fond only of old, dry, stiff, and tasteless compositions, but had sufficient discernment to chuse his pieces out of the newest and best produc-

¹ *Jamblicus* (born in Syria in the fourth century). One of the chief philosophers of the neo-Platonic school. His writings include a *Life of Pythagoras*, of which several Latin translations exist. The 'experiment' referred to must (as Burney points out in his *History of Music*, Book I, ch. vi) be fictitious, for it is supposed to have established as a fact that if an anvil was struck by various hammers the relative sizes of the hammers would determine the relative pitch of the notes (whereas, of course, that would be determined not by the size of the hammers—the same for all of them—but by the size of the anvil).

² Ardalus was the son of Vulcan, by Aglaia, one of the Graces, and inventor of the pipe called *tibia* (B).

³ 'The variety of instruments with which an apprentice *Kunstpfeifer* is plagued keeps many a musical genius from achieving real excellence on *one*. When we know that in many parts of Germany the town musicians have the exclusive right of all public music-making, we have found one of the factors which prevent music in Germany, in spite of German abilities, from being everywhere as good as it might be.' (Note in German edition.)

tions of the times, by Telemann,¹ Melchior Hofmann,² and Heinechen,³ which were published at Leipsic; from the perusal, and practice of which, our young performer derived great advantage.

The duke of Merseburg's band not being very numerous, the town-waits, at this time, were often called in, to assist at the musical performances, both of court and chapel. Here Quantz frequently heard foreigners play and sing, in a manner far superior to any professors whom he had hitherto met with, which excited in him a strong desire to travel. Dresden and Berlin were at this time the most renowned cities in Germany, for the cultivation of music, and the number of able musicians. He eagerly wished to visit one of those cities, but was destitute of the means. However, he now began to feel his strength, and trusting to his feet and his fiddle, he boldly set off for Dresden.

It was in the year 1714 that he arrived in that city. His first entrance was not auspicious, being wholly unable to procure employment: on this account, he made an excursion to Radeburg, where a journeyman fidler being wanting, he entered into the service of the town-musician, Knoll; but alas! he was soon driven from this post, by the fatal accident of the town being burnt down by lightning. Again reduced to the state of a fugitive, and a wanderer, he levied contributions round the country, by the power of his violin, which was now his principal instrument, till he reached Pirna.

Here, destined still to be *servus servorum*, he could procure no other means of exercising his profession, than by accepting the office of deputy to a sick journeyman musician of the town. It was during this time, that he first saw Vivaldi's concertos for the violin, which were so congenial to his own feelings and ideas of perfection, that he made them his model as long as he continued to practise that instrument.

Still regarding Dresden as his centre, he eagerly accepted an offer that was made to him, of being temporary assistant there, to one of the town-waits, who was then ill; an employment which he preferred, for the opportunities it afforded him of hearing good music and good musicians, to the more honourable post of being the best of bad musicians at Berenburg, where he might have been appointed first violin, with a good salary.

His second arrival at Dresden, was in the year 1716, where he soon discovered that it was not sufficient for a musician to be able to execute the mere notes which a composer had set on paper; and it was now that he first began to be sensible of the existence of taste and expression.

Augustus the second, was at this time King of Poland, and Elector of

¹ *Telemann, Georg Philipp* (1681-1767). Busy organist and general practitioner. He was a perfect master of all contrapuntal devices and composed with such facility that his list of works grew to great dimensions, comprising oratorios and cantatas, 40 operas, concertos, 600 overtures, &c. Burney discusses his output on pp. 210-211.

² *Hofmann, Melchior* (born in the later seventeenth century). He was trained at Dresden and succeeded Telemann in 1704 as organist of the New Church at Leipzig, where he was also musical director of the opera. His compositions included operas (to German words) and some church music.

³ *Heinichen, Johann David* (1683-1729). He was a pupil of the St. Thomas School at Leipzig and then studied law, but turned to music, composing operas, conducting, and writing an important theoretical work, his list of compositions growing meanwhile to large dimensions.

Saxony, and the orchestra of this prince at Dresden was in a flourishing condition; however, the style which had been introduced there, by the concert-master Volumier,¹ was French; but Pisendel,² who succeeded him, introduced a mixed taste, partly French, and partly Italian, which he afterwards brought to such perfection, that Quantz declares, he never heard a better band in all his future travels.

No orchestra in Europe could now boast of so many able professors, as that of the Elector of Saxony, among whom, were Pisendel and Veracini, on the violin; Pantaleone Hebenstreit, on the pantaleone; Weiss,³ on the lute; Richter, on the hautbois; and Buffardin,⁴ on the German flute; not to mention several excellent performers on the violoncello, bassoon, French horn, and double-base.

Upon hearing these great performers, Quantz was filled with such wonder, and possessed of such a rage for improvement, that he laboured incessantly to render himself worthy of a place among such honourable associates.

For, however prejudiced he may have been in favour of his own reputable calling of *kunstpfeifer*, he began now just to think it possible for him to be prevailed upon, to relinquish that part of it, at least, which required him to play country dances, though in itself so jovial, pleasant, and festal an employment.

He continued, however, to be the *kunstpfeifer*'s delegate in this city, till the death of Augustus the second's mother, in 1717, at which time, the general mourning proscribing the use of every species of convivial music, he again, in his usual manner, commenced traveller, and fiddled his way through Silesia, Moravia, and Austria, to Vienna; and in the month of October, of the same year, returned through Prague to Dresden; which journey, he thinks, contributed more to his knowledge, in *practical geography* than in any other art.

The jubilee of the reformation, brought about by Dr. Luther, happening to be celebrated soon after his return, he was called upon, among others, to perform a part upon the trumpet, at church, where the chapel-master Schmidt having heard him, offered to prevail on the king to have him regularly taught that instrument, in order to qualify him for the place of court trumpeter; but Quantz, however ardently he might have wished for an office at court, declined the acceptance of this, well-knowing that the

¹ *Volumier, Jean Baptiste* (born c. 1670, possibly in Spain, and died at Dresden in 1728). He was Flemish by descent. He composed operas, ballets, &c., and enjoyed a reputation as violinist and became concert director of music at Dresden. Bach was a friend of his.

² *Pisendel, Georg Johann* (1687-1755). Early in life he attained high proficiency as a violinist. In 1712 he was appointed to the position here mentioned, then passing on to Paris and elsewhere—in Italy studying with Vivaldi. His chief importance seems to have been as a performer and composer for the violin.

³ *Weiss, Sylvius Leopold* (1686-1750). He was the son of a highly qualified lutenist and himself likewise such. It is said that he was the highest paid performer in the orchestra here mentioned. He was a personal friend of Bach.

⁴ *Buffardin, Pierre Gabriel* (c. 1690-1768). From 1715 to 1749 he was in court employment at Dresden. His reputation as a flautist was a huge one, and Quantz became one of his pupils.

good taste to which he aspired, was not to be learned upon that instrument, at least as it was then played in Dresden.

In 1718, the Polish or royal chapel was instituted; it was to consist of twelve performers, eleven were already chosen, and a hautbois-player, only, was now wanting, to complete the number. After undergoing the several trials, and giving the requisite proofs of his abilities, he had the happiness to be invested with that employment, by the director, baron Seyfertitz, with a salary of 150 dollars, and a lodging.

This was an important period in his life, and in the exercise of his profession. The violin, which had hitherto been his principal instrument, was now laid aside for the hautbois, upon which, however, he was prevented from distinguishing himself, by the seniority of his brethren. Mortified at this circumstance, he applied himself seriously to the German flute, upon which he had formerly made some progress without a master; but his motive now for resuming it, was the certainty of his having no rival, in the king's band, as M. Friese, the first flute, had no great passion for music, and readily relinquished to him his place.

In order to work upon sure ground, Quantz took lessons at this time of the famous Buffardin, with whom, however, he only played quick movements, in which this celebrated flute-player chiefly excelled. The scarcity of pieces, composed expressly for the German flute, was such, at this period, that the performers upon that instrument were obliged to adopt those of the hautbois, or violin, and by altering or transposing, accommodate them to their purpose, as well as they could.

This stimulated Quantz to compose for himself; he had not as yet ever received any regular instructions in counterpoint, so that, after he had committed his thoughts to paper, he was obliged to have recourse to others to correct them. Schmidt,¹ the chapel-master, had promised to teach him composition, but delayed keeping his word from time to time, and Quantz was afraid of applying to Heinichen, his colleague, for fear of offending Schmidt, as these masters were upon bad terms together. In the mean time, for want of other assistance, he diligently studied the scores of great masters, and without stealing from them, endeavoured to imitate their manner of putting parts together, in trios, and concertos.

About this time he had the good fortune to commence a friendship with Pisendel, now appointed concert-master, in the room of Volumier. Quantz is very warm in his praises of Pisendel, whom he calls a profound theorist, a great performer, and a truly honest man. It was from this worthy concert-master that he learned to perform an *adagio*, and to compose in many parts. Pisendel had in his youth been taught to sing by the famous Pistocchi, and had received instructions, on the violin, from Torelli;² however, having

¹ Schmidt, *Johann Christoph* (1644-1728). He was long attached to the court at Dresden and was sent to Italy to attain further proficiency. He became Kapellmeister at Dresden and composed music for use at court.

² Torelli, *Giuseppe* (1658-1709). He held a high position as violinist and composer and for a time (1701-9) held a position as leader of the orchestra of the Margrave of Brandenburg-Ansbach.

travelled through France and Italy, where he had acquired the peculiarities in the taste of both countries, he so blended them together as to form a third genus, or mixed style of writing and playing, which was half French and half Italian. Influenced by his example, Quantz declares, that he always preferred this compound style, to that of Italy, France, or the national style of his own country.

A constellation of singers

At the marriage of the prince royal of Poland, in 1719, several Italian operas were performed at Dresden. Lotti,¹ the famous Venetian *maestro di capella*, together with the most celebrated singers of Italy, male and female, were called thither upon this occasion; these were the first Italian operas which Quantz had heard, and he confesses, that the performance of them gave him a very favourable idea of the genuine and sound Italian music, from which he thinks later times have too much deviated.

The principal singers in these operas, were Senesino, Berselli, the wife of Lotti, the Tesi, Durestante, and Faustina.² M. Quantz characterises several of them in so discriminate and masterly a manner, that I shall follow him more exactly than I have hitherto done.

Francesco Barnardi, called *Senesino*,³ had a powerful, clear, equal, and sweet *contralto* voice,⁴ with a perfect intonation, and an excellent shake; his manner of singing was masterly, and his elocution unrivalled; though he never loaded *adagios* with too many ornaments, yet he delivered the original and essential notes, with the utmost refinement. He sung *allegros* with great fire, and marked rapid divisions, from the chest, in an articulate and pleasing manner; his countenance was well calculated for the stage, and his action was natural and noble: to these he joined a figure that was truly majestic, but more suited to the part of a hero than a lover.

*Matteo Berselli*⁵ had a thin, high *soprano* voice, the compass of which was so extraordinary, that he could go from the lowest C, in the treble, to F in *altissimo*, with the greatest ease, by which he surprised the audience more than by his art in singing. In *adagios* he discovered very little passion, and in

¹ Lotti, Antonio (c. 1667–1740). Organist of St. Mark's, Venice, composer of a quantity of church music and of operas, &c. His wife, Santa Stella (a Bolognese, who survived her husband by nineteen years, dying, as he did, in Venice), was a soprano of high repute.

² Faustina. The German translator here points out that Burney has at this point presumably misread his notes. The singer referred to by Quantz is not Faustina (Frau Hasse), but the wife of a well-known viola da gamba player named Hesse.

³ Senesino. Real name Francesco Barnardi (1680–1750). One of the most famous vocalists of the earlier part of the eighteenth century. Handel engaged him for London, where he took part in many of his operas and other works, so that he returned to his native place with a fortune.

⁴ M. Quantz calls it a low *mezzo soprano* voice, which seldom went higher than F; but as this account was drawn up, in the younger part of Senesino's life, before he went to England, it is natural to imagine, that his voice may afterwards have lost some of its high notes; for in all the airs which Handel made for him he is strictly confined to the limits of a true *contralto* (B).

⁵ Berselli, Matteo. Soprano vocalist. (Julian Marshall in Grove's *Dictionary* calls him a tenor!) He accompanied Senesino to London, where he appeared in a number of Handel's works.

allegros he ventured at few difficulties; his countenance was rather disagreeable, and his action totally devoid of fire.

*Santa Stella Lotti*¹ had a full, strong, *soprano* voice, a true intonation, and a good shake; high tones gave her little trouble; her principal excellence was in singing *adagios*. It was from her that Quantz first heard what professors call *tempo rubato*: her figure on the stage, was full of dignity, and her action, particularly in elevated parts, could not be surpassed.

*Vittoria Tesi*² had by nature a masculine, strong, *contralto* voice. In 1719 she generally sung, at Dresden *all'ottava*, such airs as are made for base voices; but afterwards, besides the majestic and serious style, she had occasionally something coquettish in her manner, which was very pleasing. The compass of her voice was so extraordinary, that neither to sing high nor low, gave her trouble. She was not remarkable for her performance of rapid and difficult passages; but she seemed born to captivate every spectator by her action, principally in male parts, which she performed in a most natural and intelligent manner.

But, to return to Quantz. After describing the talents of the singers, he informs us, that this famous opera, at Dresden, was broke up by a quarrel between Heinichen, the King of Poland's chapel-master, and Senesino, who this same year, 1719, went to England, for the first time.

Nothing very interesting occurs in the life of Quantz, from this period, till the year 1723, when he took a journey with Weiss, the famous lutenist, and Graun, the composer, to Prague.

About this time, most of the great musicians of Europe were assembled together, in that city, by order of the emperor Charles VI, to celebrate the festival of his being crowned, king of Bohemia. History does not furnish a more glorious event for music, than this solemnity, nor a similar instance of so great a number of eminent professors, of any one art, being collected together.

Upon this occasion, there was an opera performed in the open air, by a hundred voices, and by two hundred instruments. There was not an indifferent singer among the principal performers, all were of the first class. The male parts were filled by Orsini, Domenico, Carestini, Gassati, Borosini, and Braun, a German *baritono*; the female, by the two sisters Amberville, one of whom was afterwards married to Peroni, a famous player on the violoncello, and the other to Borosini, the singer.

The opera was called *la Constanza e Fortezza*, and composed by the famous old Fux, imperial chapel-master at Vienna. The music, which was in the old church style, was coarse and dry; but, at the same time, grand, and had a better effect, perhaps, with so immense a band, and in such an immense space, than could have been produced by more delicate compositions.

The chorusses were in the French style, and served for dances; Caldara

¹ *Lotti, Santa Stella*. Wife of Antonio Lotti (above).

² *Tesi* (or *Tesi-Tramontini*), *Vittoria*. See p. 109 (B).

beat the time; but Fux, who had the gout, was brought into the theatre, in a chair, and placed near the Emperor.

As it was upon the singing in this opera that Benda, formed his style; and as I have been told by the two Bezozzis, of Turin, and others who were present, that it surpassed all the vocal performances of other times, I shall here insert a character of the several singers, for the entertainment of such of my readers as have never heard them, nor are versed in the German language.

*Gaetano Orsini*¹ was one of the greatest singers that ever existed; he had a powerful, even, affecting *contralto* voice, of a considerable compass; his shake was perfect, and his *portamento*, excellent. In *allegros*, he articulated divisions, particularly in triplets, most admirably, and always from the breast. In *adagios* he was so perfect a master of every thing which pleases and affects, that he took entire possession of the hearts of all that heard him; he was many years in the imperial service, and though he lived to an advanced age, he preserved his fine voice to the last.

Domenico had one of the finest *soprano* voices that has ever been heard on the stage; it was so clear and penetrating, as to make its way through all obstructions, and, with this great force, was sweet, and well toned: however he neither sung nor acted with much spirit.

Pietro Gassati was more remarkable as a great actor, than singer.

*Borosini*² had a spirited, and flexible, tenor voice.

Braun,³ though his voice was that of a low pitch, from whence delicacy is not expected, had so much taste and expression, that he sung *adagios* in a most pleasing and affecting manner.

*Giovanni Carestini*⁴ had a strong and clear *soprano* voice, which, afterwards, changed into the fullest, finest, and deepest counter-tenor, that has ever been heard. When he performed at Prague, his compass was sixteen notes, from B in the base, to c in *alt*; he had a wonderful facility of executing difficult divisions from the chest, like Farinelli, and those of the Bernacchi school; and graces, and varied passages, usually with great success, though in this he was sometimes a little licentious and extravagant. His action was admirable, and, like his singing, full of fire; but, after this time he improved, greatly, in his manner of performing *adagios*. He continued on the stage, with the highest reputation, for more than thirty years; in 1735 he was in England, and in 1750 went to Berlin, where he continued till 1755, after which, he retired to Italy, and there, soon ended his days.

M. Quantz, not long after the congress at Prague, went to Italy, in the

¹ *Orsini, Gaetano* (died at Vienna c. 1750). Burney's high opinion of his singing was shared by others.

² *Borosini, Francesco* (born at Modena about 1690). He became one of the principal singers at the opera house of Prague.

³ *Braun*. Burney gives him about as vague an identification as can be imagined. In the big biographical dictionary of Fétis there appear twenty musicians of this name.

⁴ *Carestini, Giovanni*—sometimes surnamed 'Cusanino', from the family which in his boyhood adopted him (born in Ancona c. 1705 and first appeared in public in 1721).

suite of count Lagnasco, with the consent of his royal master, the king of Poland. He left Dresden, in May 1724, and, when he arrived at Rome, he found that Vivaldi had just introduced the Lombard style, in that city, with which the citizens were so captivated, that they would hear no other.

During his residence in Rome, he took lessons in counterpoint of the famous Gasparini,¹ who was, at this time, 72 years of age; and whose good-nature and probity seem to have made as deep an impression upon M. Quantz, as his musical merit.

The cantatas and operas of Gasparini, which were more numerous than those of any other composer of his time, except Ales. Scarlatti, were in the highest estimation, at the beginning of the present century. M. Quantz attributes to him the invention of *accompanied recitatives*; he composed twenty-five operas for the theatre at Venice; and among his learned compositions, a mass in four parts, all in strict *canon*, is extremely celebrated.

M. Quantz, after studying counterpoint, which he calls music for the *eyes*, during six months, under this master, went to work for the *ear*, and composed solos, duos, trios, and concertos; however, he confesses, that counterpoint had its use in writing pieces of many parts; though he was obliged to *unlearn* many things, in *practice*, which *theory* had taught him, in order to avoid that dry, and stiff style, which, too close an adherence to rules, is apt to produce; upon this occasion, he very judiciously observes, that *invention* is the first requisite in a composer, and that it behoves him to preserve a friendship between harmony and melody.

In 1725, he went to Naples, where he met with his countryman Hasse, who then studied under Ales. Scarlatti. Hasse had not, as yet, distinguished himself by any compositions for the stage; however, it was at this time, that a considerable Neapolitan banker employed him to set a serenata for two voices, which he did in the presence of Quantz; the singers who performed in it, were Farinelli and Tesi. Hasse gained so much reputation by this production, that it paved the way to his future success, and he was soon after appointed composer of the great opera at the theatre royal.

Quantz intreated Hasse to introduce him to his master, Scarlatti, to which he readily consented; but upon mentioning him to the old composer, he said 'My son, you know I hate wind instruments, they are never in tune.' However, Hasse did not cease importuning him, till he had obtained the permission he required.

In the visit he made to Scarlatti, M. Quantz says, that he had an opportunity of hearing him play on the harpsichord, which he did in a very learned manner; but he observes, that his abilities on that instrument were not equal to those of his son.²

Before his departure from Naples, M. Quantz frequently heard concerts,

¹ *Gasparini, Francesco* (1668–1727). In Rome he was long in charge of the music of the Lateran and also an opera composer of great activity and high repute. A little of his work attained publication in London.

² Quantz had heard Mino [Domenico] Scarlatti, during his residence in Rome (B).

at the duke of Lichtenstein's, in which Hasse, Farinelli, Tesi, and Franciscello, were employed.

In 1726, he was at Venice, during the performance of two rival operas, *Siface*, composed by Porpora,¹ and *Siroe*, by Vinci;² the latter was most applauded. The Cav. Nicolini, a *contralto*, la Romanina, a deep *soprano*, and the famous tenor, Païta,³ were the principal singers in these dramas.

San Martini,⁴ the celebrated performer, on the hautbois, who afterwards established himself in London, was now at Venice, as was Vivaldi.⁵

At Turin, he met with Somis,⁶ under whom, Le Claire⁷ was at that time a scholar, on the violin.

From Turin he went to Paris, which with respect to music, was going from one extreme to another.

'I was displeased with the French taste now,' says M. Quantz, 'though I had heard it formerly with patience. The old, worn-out, second-hand thoughts, and passages ill-expressed, disgusted me now, as much as a stale dish warmed again. The resemblance between recitative and air, with the affected and unnatural howling of the singers, particularly the women, shocked my ears.'⁸

M. Quantz was the first who applied an additional key to the German flute, in order to correct its imperfections; and it was in the course of this year, 1726, that he made the discovery.

In 1727 he arrived in London, where he found the opera in a very flourishing state, under the direction of Handel. The drama of *Admetus* was now in run, of which, he says, the music was grand and pompous. Senesino performed the first male part, and Cuzzoni and Faustina were the principal women.

I shall present the younger part of my readers with a character of these rival Syrens, Cuzzoni and Faustina, from Quantz, whose judgment seems to be untainted by the partial rage of the times.

Cuzzoni had a very agreeable, and clear *soprano* voice; a pure intonation, and a fine shake; her compass extended two octaves, from C to c in alt. Her style of singing was innocent and affecting; her graces did not seem artificial, from the easy and neat manner in which she executed them: however, they

¹ *Porpora*. See p. 51.

² *Vinci, Leonardo* (1690-1730). He composed a large number of operas, and on the death of Scarlatti was given a post in the royal chapel. In his composition he was a vigorous follower of Scarlatti.

³ *Païta*. He was famous for the perfection of his singing in *adagios*. Later in life he established at Genoa a school for vocalists.

⁴ *San Martini* (or *Sammartini*), *Giuseppe* (born at Milan c. 1693 and died, possibly in London, about 1750). In London he occupied a high position as composer, teacher, and oboist of the King's Theatre. His tone was superior to that of other London performers on his instrument. The prolific composer and organist Giovanni Battista San Martini was his elder brother.

⁵ *Vivaldi*. See p. 185.

⁶ *Somis, Giovanni Battista* (1686-1763). He was a pupil of Corelli and then of Vivaldi. He became leader of the royal orchestra.

⁷ *Le Claire* (or *Leclair*), *Jean Marie* (1697-1764). He was a brilliant player and a famous composer for stringed instruments. A complete edition of his works was begun in 1954.

⁸ Compare Burney's many allusions to French musical taste.

took possession of the soul of every auditor, by her tender and touching expression. She had no great rapidity of execution, in *allegros*; but there was a roundness and smoothness, which were neat and pleasing. Yet, with all these advantages, it must be owned that she was rather cold in her action, and that her figure was not advantageous for the stage.

Faustina had a *mezzo-soprano* voice, that was less clear than penetrating. Her compass was now only from B \flat to G in alt; but after this time, she extended its limits downwards. She possessed what the Italians call *un cantar granito*: her execution was articulate and brilliant. She had a fluent tongue for pronouncing words rapidly and distinctly, and a flexible throat for divisions, with so beautiful and quick a shake that she could put it in motion upon short notice, just when she would. The passages might be smooth, or by leaps, or consist of iterations of the same tone, their execution was equally easy to her, as to any instrument whatever. She was doubtless the first who introduced, with success, a swift repetition of the same tone. She sung *adagios* with great passion and expression, but was not equally successful, if such deep sorrow were to be impressed on the hearer, as might require dragging, sliding, or notes of syncopation, and *tempo rubato*.

She had a very happy memory, in arbitrary changes and embellishments, and a clear and quick judgment in giving to words their full power and expression. In her action she was very happy; and as she perfectly possessed that flexibility of muscles and features, which constitutes face-playing, she succeeded equally well in furious, amorous, and tender parts: in short, she was born for singing and for acting.

The violence of party, says M. Quantz, for the two singers, Cuzzoni and Faustina, was so great, that when the admirers of one began to applaud, those of the other were sure to hiss; on which account operas ceased for some time in London.¹

If the frequenters of musical dramas had not then been enemies to their own pleasure, the merit of these singers consisted of excellencies so different and distinct, that they might have applauded each by turns, and, from their several perfections, by turns, have received equal delight.

Unluckily for moderate people, who seek pleasure from talents wherever they can be found, the violence of these feuds has cured all succeeding managers, of the extravagance of bringing over two singers of the same sex, at a time, of disputable abilities.

Quantz in London

As it is natural to wish to know the opinion of strangers concerning our own country, I shall proceed a little farther with M. Quantz, in his account of the state of music in London, when he was there.

The opera orchestra, which consisted chiefly of Germans, with a few

¹ *Cuzzoni and Faustina*. For more of this rivalry see *Italian Tour*, p. 156 n.

Italians, and two or three Englishmen, was led by Castrucci,¹ and, being under Handel's direction, all went well.

The second opera which M. Quantz heard in London, was composed by Buononcini;² but this was not so much approved as the other, for Handel's depth and solidity overpowered the lightness and grace of Buononcini.

Attilio and Tosi³ were now in London, which at this time did not abound in solo players upon any instrument. The principal were Handel, on the harpsichord and organ; Geminiani,⁴ a great master on the violin; Dubourg,⁵ his scholar, an Englishman, who was a pleasing performer on that instrument; the two Castrucci's,⁶ who were brothers, and tolerable solo players: Weidemann,⁷ a German, and Festing,⁸ an Englishman, on the German flute, with Mauro d'Alaia, who came to England with Faustina; he was a good performer on the violin, and an excellent leader; his manner of playing was clear and distinct, but he never ventured at great difficulties.

M. Quantz acquaints us, that he had the good fortune to be well received by several people of rank, who endeavoured to persuade him to settle in England; Handel advised him to this measure; lady Pembroke, a great judge and encourager of music, proposed to make him a benefit, in which baron Bothmar would have taken care of his interest, but he declined it; for, as he was still a servant of the king of Poland, he did not chuse to perform in public, thinking it a duty to his prince to offer him the first fruits of his travels.

Upon his return to Dresden, he was established in the King's chapel, with an addition to his former salary of 250 dollars a year. He now entirely quitted the hautbois, supposing it hurtful to the *embouchure* of the flute, which, from this time, he made his sole study.

In 1728, he went to Berlin, with baron Seyfertiz, in the *suite* of the king of Poland; where he was obliged, at the command of the Queen of Prussia, but with the permission of his royal master, to remain for some months. Pisendel,⁹ Weiss,¹⁰ and Buffardin¹¹ were, by the same order, called thither.

¹ *Castrucci*. See below.

² *Buononcini* (or *Bononcini*), *Giovanni* (1670–1755). He came to London in 1720 and soon after this there began the great struggle between Handel and him which divided London society into opposing camps and remains famous.

³ *Tosi*. See p. 167.

⁴ *Geminiani*, *Francesco* (born at Lucca in 1687 and died at Dublin in 1762). As a violinist he was a pupil of Corelli and as a composer is believed to have been one of Alessandro Scarlatti. In 1714 he settled in London and in 1733 in Dublin, returning to London in 1741. He wrote a number of books, including *The Art of Playing on the Violin*—the first such book to be published in any country.

⁵ *Dubourg*, *Matthew* (born in London in 1703 and there died in 1767). He was a pupil of Geminiani (see above) and Handel's leader of his orchestra at the first performance of *Messiah* (Dublin, 1742).

⁶ *The two Castrucci*; *Pietro* (1679–1752) and *Prospero* (died in 1760). Pietro was a pupil of Corelli—and apparently his brother also. Both settled in London, where Pietro was the leader of Handel's opera orchestra.

⁷ *Weidemann*, *Karl Friedrich* (died in London in 1782). An eminent German flautist and a composer of flute music who settled in London about 1726. In 1738 he, with Michael Festing, was responsible for the foundation of the Royal Society of Musicians.

⁸ *Festing*, *John* (died in London in 1772). An oboist of high reputation (brother of Michael Festing, the London violinist).

⁹ *Pisendel*. See p. 186.

¹⁰ *Weiss*. See p. 186.

¹¹ *Buffardin*. See p. 186.

After he had had the honour of playing before the queen, two or three times, he was offered a place and pension of 800 dollars a year. He was very willing to accept of them, but the King his master would not grant his consent: however, this prince gave him a general permission to go to Berlin, as often as he was desired.

This year, 1728, the prince royal, his present majesty of Prussia, determined to learn the German flute, and M. Quantz had the honour to teach him. On this account, he was obliged to go twice a year to Berlin, Ruppín, or Reinsberg, the several residences of his royal scholar.

After the death of the king of Poland, in 1733, his son, Augustus III, not chusing to dismiss M. Quantz, raised his appointment to 800 dollars, and confirmed the permission which had been granted by his royal father, for his going occasionally to Berlin.

In 1734, he published his first solos; but he does not acknowledge the sonatas, which were printed under his name, in Holland, about that time.

In 1739, M. Quantz finding a great scarcity of German flutes, undertook to bore them himself for the use of his pupils; an enterprize which, afterwards, he found to be very lucrative.

In 1741, he was again invited to Berlin, in order to enter into the service of his royal scholar, now King of Prussia, with offers of an annual pension of 2000 dollars for life; a separate payment for compositions; 100 ducats for every flute he should deliver; and an exemption from playing in the orchestra or any where else, but in the King's chamber, as well as from dependance on any other commands than those of his majesty; which terms, as the King of Poland was too gracious longer to refuse his dismissal, M. Quantz was unable to resist.

In 1752, he published his *Art of Playing the German Flute*; and it was this year that he invented the new joint for the upper-piece of the flute, by which means, without drawing out the middle piece, and without hurting the tone, the instrument may be raised or lowered, half a note.

And now, having traced our industrious musician throughout the troublesome mazes by which he arrived at the temple of Fortune, we shall leave him to the enjoyment of that reputable ease, that *otium cum dignitate*, to which every artist in years, and in his senses, aspires.

Upon quitting M. Quantz, I went to the parade, in hopes of hearing military music, as well as of seeing military discipline, in its utmost perfection.

The parade at Potsdam is in a field, enclosed by a wall, where no stranger is permitted to enter, without leave from the captain of the guard. With respect to music, the same stability of style, and of taste, is observable here as at court; and I did not find that the Prussians, in their marches, had advanced a single step towards novelty, or refinement, since the first years of his present majesty's reign; for neither the airs that were played, nor the instruments that played them, had any peculiar merit: however, the old-fashioned march,

of *dot and go one*, is perhaps, best calculated to mark the time, and to regulate the steps of the soldiers.

In visiting the principal streets and squares of this beautiful city, which is well-built, well-paved, magnificent, and new, I could not help observing, that foot passengers were here, as well as in every other city of Europe, except London, exposed to accidents from being mixed with horses and carriages, as well as from the insolence and brutality of their riders and drivers, for want of a *foot-path*.¹

I know not whether it has been remarked by writers of travels, that on the *Via Appia*, and other ancient roads in Italy, a place was set apart, on each side, for the convenience of pedestrians; and in visiting Pompeia, where an entire antique Roman street has been dug out, I observed the same thing. A Roman citizen, whether patrician, or plebeian, was a respectable character; and, perhaps, England is the only country, at present, where the common people are sufficiently respected, for their lives and limbs to be thought worth preserving.

The present rage for architecture, in his Prussian majesty, is carried on with such excess, that, in Potsdam, buildings which have all the external grandeur and elegance of palaces, are made the habitations of common soldiers, who rather exist than live in them, upon five *creuzers*, two pence halfpenny, a day. However, this passion is hereditary, for the late King of Prussia made it a condition, in bestowing offices and employments about his court and person, that each incumbent should build a house; reserving to himself the pleasure of planning and constructing the front.

I did not quit Potsdam, before I had again had the honour to partake of Lord Marshal's hospitality, by dining with his lordship a second time; where wit, good breeding, and good humour, crowned the board. After which, while I was preparing for my return to Berlin, I received a message from col. Forcade,² to acquaint me that the prince of Prussia desired me to sup with him, at half an hour past six, and that he would present me to his royal highness. This great and unexpected honour somewhat embarrassed me, as it was my full intention to get to Berlin that evening, time enough to go to the *Accademia*, or concert, to which I had been invited, and which, I had been told, would be made as brilliant in performance as possible, on my account; but the fear of not appearing sufficiently sensible of the prince's condescension, and indeed of not executing properly the commission which I had undertaken concerning the books, determined me to stay.

At half an hour past six in the evening, I therefore went to the palace of the prince royal, where I expected to hear music; but cards, and conversation, filled up the time, till supper. At my first entrance, I had the honour of being presented to his princess, who is fair, rather tall, and possessed of that pleasing degree of plumpness, which the French call *l'embonpoint charmant*: with a person infinitely less agreeable than falls to the share of this princess,

¹ In Paris, a great number of citizens are annually killed and maimed for want of this retreat (B).

² Forcade. See p. 177.

her uncommonly gracious and condescending address and manner would captivate every one whom she honours with her notice.

Her royal highness had heard that I had been with Lord Marshal, and that I was attached to music; and upon these subjects she politely dwelt a considerable time. She plays the harpsichord well herself, as I was assured, and was very curious and conversible about music; even while at cards, she condescended to address herself to me very frequently, and at last asked me if I had known her brother, when he was in England?—I then recollected, and not before, that her royal highness was a princess of Hesse-Darmstadt, and sister to that prince of Hesse-Darmstadt, who last year made the tour of England, and to whom I had the honour of being presented in London.

During this time, a young prince of two years of age, and his sister of only a year old, were brought into the card-room to the princess their mother; and, not long after, the prince of Prussia entered, to whom I had the honour of being presented. His royal highness is tall, and of a manly, plain, natural, and agreeable character. At supper, he was so gracious as to make me sit down on his left hand, and to address the discourse to me almost the whole evening. He was chearful and open, and seemed very well acquainted with the present state of the several countries of Europe, particularly England. Music had a considerable share in the conversation, and it was not difficult to discover that his royal highness is less strongly attached to old music, and to old matters, than his majesty.

Berlin

The evening after my return to this city, October 3d., M. Lintner was so obliging as to conduct me to a private concert, composed of the principal professors, and gentlemen performers of Berlin. It was performed at the apartments of M. Kone, the King of Prussia's first violin, in one of the fine houses of the New Town, built by his majesty.

I here heard a concerto of the late concert-master Graun's composition, performed by M. Kone, with more force than delicacy; a difficult flute concerto, of Quantz, by M. Lintner, very neatly executed; and a concerto, on the same instrument, by M. Riedt,¹ of his own composition, of which, both the style and performance, were rather ancient and coarse, with several symphonies of Hasse and Graun.

Without further discussion of the merits of the several compositions which I heard at this concert, I must observe, that the musicians of many parts of Europe, have discovered and adopted certain refinements, in the manner of executing even old music, which are not yet received in the Berlin school, where *pianos* and *fortes* are but little attended to, and where each performer seems trying to surpass his neighbour, in nothing so much as *loudness*; a contention which very much resembles the old naval sport of running the hoop,

¹ *Riedt, Friedrich Wilhelm* (1710-83). He was a skilful flautist, a composer for his instrument, and an active theorist, publishing especially a series of discussions of the qualities of intervals and similar questions. In 1741 Frederick the Great gave him a musical position at court.

in which each spitefully strives to act with more force than those around him; for as the chief exertion of the sailor is to be *felt*, that of the Berlin musician is to be *heard*.

If I may depend on my own sensations, I should imagine, that the musical performances of this country want *contrast*; and there seems to be not only too many notes in them, but those notes are expressed with too little attention to the *degree* of force, that the instruments, for which they are made are capable of. Sound can only be augmented to a certain degree, beyond that, is *noise*. I have elsewhere said, I confess, that even *noise* is successfully made, in full pieces; but, when this is attempted, it should be for the sake of that contrast and opposition of passages and musical phrases, by which one contributes to the effect of another; for, when a piece is executed with such unrelenting fury, as I have sometimes heard, it ceases to be music; and, instead of a part, the whole deserves no other appellation than that of *noise*.

At this concert I met with M. Rück, formerly musician to prince Henry, his Prussian majesty's brother. This performer visited England during the last war, at which time I frequently heard him play the solos of Benda, on the violin, with great feeling and expression; he has since relinquished music, as a profession, but, as a *dilettante*, he has not been idle; he has a strong hand on the violin, with great knowledge of the finger-board; and has composed several concertos, solos, and symphonies, in a pleasing and brilliant style; but so *modern*, that, at Berlin, he is regarded as a heretic. I went home with him from the concert, and accompanied him in a great number of his own pieces.

Sunday 4th. This morning I was visited by M. Agricola, M. Riedt, the German flute-player, who has been more than twenty years in the service of his Prussian majesty, and M. Schüler, a *dilettante* of great merit, and intelligence in musical matters.

M. Agricola was so obliging as to go with me to St. Peter's church, which has the largest organ, and the best organist in Berlin; this instrument was begun in the time, and at the expence of the late king, and was intended to be the largest in the world. Since the death of this prince it has remained unfinished, as his present majesty's zeal for the church has not hitherto inclined him to complete it, after the original plan. The organ is placed over the pulpit; this instrument was to have contained 150 stops, and to have had six sets of keys, besides pedals; at present its whole contents are 50 stops, with three sets of keys for the hands, and one for the feet; but, even in this diminished state, it is too powerful for the building, and each tone is continued so long, by the reverberation, after the hand is taken off, or removed to another, that all is confused and indistinct.

M. Bertuch,¹ the organist, however, is a good player; he has a strong hand, and great knowledge of the instrument. After playing extempore, a very masterly introduction, he executed a most learned and difficult double *fugue*, composed by old Bach, expressly for the use of organs with pedals.

¹ Bertuch, Karl Volkmar (c. 1730-c. 1782). What we today know of him is what Burney tells us.

In the church of St. Mary, there is a fine organ, built by Wagner; M. Ringk,¹ the organist, is much esteemed as a performer of extempore *fugues*, though he is possessed of less brilliancy of finger than the organist of St. Peter.

I had this afternoon the pleasure of another conference with M. Marpurg. It was a mortifying circumstance to me, that the multiplicity and variety of my enquiries in this city, and the little time allotted me for making them, prevented me from more frequently enjoying the conversation of this gentleman, whose learning and intelligence, on the subject of music, are equally extensive and profound.

Upon quitting M. Marpurg, I made a second visit to mademoiselle Schmeling,² who favoured me with several songs of uncommon rapidity, and compass; her powers, in these particulars, are truly astonishing; but she is frequently compelled to abuse these powers by the airs that are given her to execute, in which she has passages, that degrade the voice into an instrument, indeed, often such as a player of taste would be ashamed to execute upon any instrument.

Breaking a common chord into common *arpeggios* and passages of no meaning, such as may be seen in the second *allegro* of Corelli's third solo, does not seem to me an employment that reflects much honour, either upon a composer, or performer.

There was still a little want of brightness in the middle of Madlle. Schmeling's voice; and I can imagine it possible for her still to improve in singing *adagios*, though not in the execution of *allegros*. She does not seem, at present, to be placed in the best school for advancement in taste, expression, and high finishing; for, besides the partiality of the king, to particular compositions, the principal men singers of this opera are not now at their best period; and, if they were, variety is perhaps more necessary to awaken genius, and ferment the latent seeds of taste in a young performer, than the example of a few individuals, which inspires no other rage than that of mere *imitation*. If Mademoiselle Schmeling were to go to Italy, she would not perhaps meet with greater powers than her own, in any *one* performer; but, by adopting the peculiar excellencies of *many* performers, of different schools, and talents, her style, like the Venus of Apelles, would be an aggregate of all that is exquisite and beautiful.

At the house of mademoiselle Schmeling, I heard this morning M. Mara execute, with great abilities, several pieces on the Violoncello;³ he is a young man, and the son of a performer of the same name, and upon the same instrument, whose talents have been much celebrated in Germany.

¹ Ringk (or Rinck, or Rink), Johann (born in Thuringia c. 1730; date of death unknown). We really know little of him beyond what Burney here relates.

² Schmeling, Mademoiselle. See p. 167.

³ 'Soon after I left Berlin, he was married to mademoiselle Schmeling, who now signs herself, Mara, Née, Schmeling' (B).

Mara, Johann (1744-1808). He gave himself up to intemperance and vice and his wife had to separate from him. He fell into misery and so died.

October 5. I this morning visited M. Sulzer,¹ member of the royal academy of gentlemen at Berlin; he is author of several works in literature, which are much esteemed. This gentleman is particularly attached to music, and has been very diffuse upon it in his *Theory of Polite Arts*, where he has manifested great taste and refinement, as well as depth and learning, in his manner of treating several of the musical articles; this work is written in the form of a dictionary, of which only the first volume, extending from the letter A to I, is, as yet, published; however, the second volume, which will complete the design, is in great forwardness.

We had a long musical conference together; and I found him to be, not only well-read in books concerning music, but, an ingenious and refined thinker, on the subject.

Kirnberger

M. Schüler, the *dilettante*, whom I mentioned before, and who had been so obliging, as to introduce me to this gentleman, conducted me afterwards to M. Kirnberger, a master whom I was very desirous to see, as I was well acquainted with many of his compositions, and had heard much of his musical controversies.

John Philip Kirnberger, was born in 1721, at Saalfeld, in Thuringia, a province of Saxony; at the age of eighteen, he went to Leipsic, where he studied under Sebastian Bach, till 1741, when he went into Poland, where he was admitted into the service of several Polish princes; and afterwards, appointed director of the music at a convent. In 1751 he went to Dresden, where he studied the violin under Fickler, and some time after, entered into the service of the king of Prussia, as a performer on that instrument; at present, he is court musician to her royal highness, princess Amelia of Prussia. The harpsichord, which was his first, is likewise his best instrument; and his compositions for that, and for the organ, are very numerous, as well as his polemical and theoretical writings. Besides these publications, he has been editor of four collections of harpsichord pieces, which include several of his own; and of all these, he has marked the fingering, according to the rules of C. P. E. Bach.

He played at my request upon a clavichord, during my visit, some of his *fugues* and church music, which are very learned and curious; he likewise presented me with a copy of his *musical institutes*,² and a short dissertation upon *temperament*, which he has lately published,³ as well as of several manuscript compositions.

¹ *Sulzer, Johann Georg* (1719–79). Professor of mathematics in Berlin and then director of the section of Philosophy in the Academy of Sciences. Of his several learned treatises the one Burney mentions was the most famous. It went into several editions, of which a posthumous one of 1792–4 included musical articles by other writers. Bode points out in a note to the German edition that collaborators with Sulzer in the musical part of his enterprise were Agricola (in Part I) and Kirnberger (in Part II).

² *Kunst des reinen Satzes*.

³ 'The German title is, *Construction der gleichschwebenden Temperatur*. Berlin, gedruckt bey Fried. Wilh. Birnstein' (B).

Kirnberger died in Berlin in 1783.

After this he had the complaisance to go with me to the house of Hildebrand, the best maker of harpsichords, and piano-fortes, in Berlin: here M. Kirnberger played again, and discovered great strength of hand, as well as knowledge in harmony and modulation.

I was perhaps, the more flattered by the kindness and compliance of this ingenious professor, from his character, which is grave and austere; he is said to be soured by opposition and disappointment; his present inclination leads him to mathematical studies, and to the theory of music, more than the practice, in which he has such great abilities; and in his late writings, he appears to be more ambitious of the character of an algebraist, than of a musician of genius.

A machine for recording music

This afternoon I went to M. Marpurg for the last time, who was so obliging, on this occasion, as to throw out all the temptations which he could suggest, in order to keep me longer in Berlin; but my want of time rendered me inflexible; however, he kindly undertook to procure and transmit to me several interesting particulars relative to the history of German music and musicians, and furnished me with the description of a machine for writing down extempore pieces of music, commonly called voluntaries, of which I had long been in search.

To fix such fleeting sounds as are generated in the wild moments of enthusiasm, while 'bright-eyed fancy—

Scatters from her pictured urn,
Thoughts, that breathe, and *notes*, that burn.'

would be giving permanence to ideas which reflection can never find, nor memory retain.

I had been told, upon mentioning such a machine, among musical *desiderata*, to counsellor Reiffenstein,¹ at Rome, that one had been constructed at Berlin; and, upon my arrival here, this interesting piece of mechanism was among the first objects of my enquiry. I was told, indeed, that such a one had been completed to the satisfaction of the principal musicians of Berlin, but that it was soon neglected and thrown aside; and not long since, a fire happening in a house belonging to the royal academy where it was deposited, this ingenious piece of mechanism was burnt, and has never since been renewed.

Before I speak further concerning the machine in question, I must inform my readers, that the first idea of such a contrivance being practicable, was suggested to the Royal Society of London, in a paper written by the late rev. Mr. Creed,² and sent to the president, 1747, under the following title:

A demonstration of the possibility of making a machine that shall write extempore voluntaries, or other pieces of music, as fast as any master shall be

¹ Counsellor Reiffenstein. See *Italian Tour*, p. 222.

² Creed. See *Italian Tour*, p. 187.

able to play them, upon an organ, harpsichord, &c. and that in a character more natural and intelligible, and more expressive of all the varieties those instruments are capable of exhibiting, than the character now in use.

This paper was published the same year, in *The Philosophical Transactions*, No. 183, and afterwards, in Martyn's Abridgment, vol. x. p. 266; and the author's idea always appeared to me so feasible, that I have long wondered at its not having been executed by some ingenious English mechanic.

The first mention that I can find to have been made at Berlin, of such a contrivance, was in 1752, in a printed *Weekly Account of the most remarkable Discoveries in Nature and Science*. In 1753, an ample description of such a machine appeared in the same weekly publication: and here, in an elaborate preface, the author points out the great want of such a piece of mechanism, its utility, and properties; and concludes with saying, that this machine, so big with advantages to music and musicians, is the *particular invention, besondere erfindung*, of M. Unger.¹

The description preceded the execution some time. The invention was here only recommended to the public, and offered to be completed, and applied to a keyed instrument, at a small expence. It was M. Hohlfeld,² who afterwards constructed the machine, and rendered it so perfect, that I was assured, by a great performer, who tried it upon a clavichord, that there was nothing in music which it could not express, except *tempo rubato*.

The description of the Berlin machine, so much resembles that proposed by M. Creed, that I shall not insert it here, but refer my reader to the *Philosophical Transactions*, where he will find that the machine was to consist of two cylinders, which were to be moved by clock-work, at the rate of an inch in a second of time; one of these was to furnish paper, and the other was to receive it when marked by pins, or pencils, fixed at the ends of the several keys of the instrument, to which the machine was applied. The paper was to be previously prepared with red lines, which were to fall under their respective pencils.

The chief difficulties in the execution, which have occurred to English mechanics, with whom I have conversed on the subject, were, the preparation of the paper for receiving the marks made by the keys; and the kind of instrument which was to serve as a pencil, and which, if hard and pointed, would, in the *forte* parts, tear the paper; and if soft, would not only be liable to break when used with violence, but would be worn unequally, and want frequent cutting.

In the Berlin machine, the pencils were approximated according to Mr. Creed's idea, and made to terminate in a very narrow compass, so that paper

¹ Unger, *Johann Friedrich* (1716–81). He was for a time Burgomaster of Einbeck and there invented the apparatus in question.

² Hohlfeld, *Johann* (died in 1770). For an account of the contrivances of both Unger and Hohlfeld and the mention of other such contrivances see Fétis, *Biographie universelle des musiciens*, s.v. 'Adorno', 'Creed', 'Engramelle', 'Guérin', 'Hohlfeld', 'Unger'. See also Grove (first edition only), s.v. 'Extemporizing Machine', and (in appendix) 'Recording Music'.

of an uncommon size was not requisite; but it was *not* found necessary to prepare the paper, as proposed in the Philosophical Transactions; for the degree of gravity, or acuteness, of each sound, was ascertained by a ruler applied to the marked paper, when taken off the cylinder.

I shall make no farther observations upon this subject, at present, except that though M. Unger seems to lose the honour of the *invention*, by Mr. Creed's more early publication of it; yet, that of the *execution* will wholly remain with M. Hohlfeld, till some Englishman shall participate it with him, by a like fortunate completion of the discovery of his countryman, Mr. Creed.

When I quitted M. Marpurg, I went to a concert, at the house of baron Seidlitz, one of his Prussian majesty's ministers, where I had the honour of being introduced by M. Jos. Benda. The baron is his scholar, and played a concerto, by M. Fran. Benda, reasonably well, for a *dilettante*. M. Grauel, a violoncello performer in the King's band, played a concerto; it was but ordinary music; however, it was well executed, though in the old manner, with the hand under the bow. After this, M. Joseph Benda played one of his brother's concertos very neatly, with a good tone, and true intonation. This piece had no other fault, than that of being too long, which is ever the case here, in every species of composition, where each movement is so protracted, that attention can never be kept awake to the end.

Miscellaneous information

I found, upon enquiry, that the *Current-Schüler* or, chorus of children, who sing about the streets, still subsists in Berlin; they are furnished with a grey uniform and cloaks, and are twenty-four in number. The money which they collect is divided among them.

At the college of Cologne, in this city, the children are taught reading, writing, and *singing*: as are the children of the soldiers at the garrison church.

In most parts of Germany, where the Protestant religion is established, each parish has a cantor to teach singing, and to direct the chorus.

Though *cantor* is a general appellation for a singer, it is in a particular manner applied, in this country, to the person who has the direction of singing psalms and hymns in parish churches. He is precentor, or leader of the psalm, which he likewise ends, by singing the last word of every line: so that he may be called the *alpha* and *omega* of sacred song.

The cantor, who is likewise frequently school-master, besides having a good voice, should necessarily understand counterpoint; if not in a high degree, at least sufficiently to correct such errors as may have crept into compositions, through the ignorance or carelessness of transcribers. He should likewise be able to make an accurate score, and from the score to figure the base, in such a manner as to include all the accidents of modulation. 'Without these qualifications,' says M. Walther, in his Musical Lexicon, 'as a German organist is not gifted with universal knowledge, no perfect harmony can be hoped.'

In the market towns and villages of Thuringia, in Saxony, where two persons are usually employed in a school, he who directs the music in the choir, or leads the psalm or chorus, is called *rector*, or school-master, and the organist is commonly *cantor*.

The Italian comic operas at Berlin are performed at the expence of the King, for which two women, and three men singers, are in salary. The instrumental performers are drawn from his majesty's band, as are the dancers, from his serious opera; the singers, male and female, reside at Potsdam. These operas are performed at no fixed time, but depend upon the King's pleasure to command them, in one of the theatres of his palaces, at Potsdam, Berlin, or Charlottenburg.

The Queen, and the princess dowager of Prussia, frequently give concerts at Berlin, to which the entrance is open and general. At these performances, the principal singers of the opera, and musicians of his majesty's band, are employed.

In assemblies, except minuets, the dances are almost constantly English; the Polonoise, so much in vogue formerly, are now no longer practised,¹ but they still, some times, make use of French dances.

The night watch here, consists of a certain number of armed men, who are distributed in the several streets, throughout the city. They cry the hour in a kind of *chant*, with the sound of a horn, which is likewise the custom throughout Germany.

Among the principal musicians of Berlin, I have not yet mentioned M. Charles Fasch,² chamber-musician to the King, and son of the celebrated chapel-master of that name. In our several attempts to meet each other at Berlin, I was always unfortunate; and his waiting time at Potsdam coming on, just when I quitted that city, I was not so happy as to hear him play: but, if I may judge by his reputation, and by his compositions for the harpsichord, in which the greatest fire and delicacy are united, he must be an excellent performer.

M. Schale³ is likewise an organist and harpsichord-player of reputation in Berlin, whom I was not so fortunate as to hear.

M. Riedt, the performer on the flute, mentioned before, is descended from English parents; he is regarded as an excellent musician; but his style of composition and performance, is dry and uninteresting; he is author of *a Treatise upon musical Intervals*, which has been celebrated in its day; it is full of calculations, which are useless to men of science, and which men of refinement and genius will never submit to study. It is, indeed, a species of learning, among musicians, which is apt to degenerate into pedantry; and it is

¹ *Polonoise*. This (as rather a procession than a true dance) was in use in Leipzig in the late 1870's, and opened all balls (see *OCM*, s.v. 'Polonoise').

² *Fasch, Carl Friedrich Christian* (1736–1800). He was colleague of C. P. E. Bach as accompanist to the flute-playing Frederick the Great. After the king's death he occupied himself in various ways in Berlin and had a high reputation. Beethoven twice visited him and extemporized on a theme from a work of his.

³ *Schale, Christian Friedrich* (1713–1800). He was a distinguished organist and composer.

somewhat remarkable, that from all the learned and operose calculations of professed mathematicians, not a single piece of practical music has ever been produced, that is supportable to the ear of persons of taste; so true it is, that the operations of cool and deliberate reflection, have less power over our feelings, than those of passion and enthusiasm.

Musical controversies in Berlin have been carried on with more heat and animosity than elsewhere; indeed there are more critics and theorists in this city, than practitioners; which has not, perhaps, either refined the taste, or fed the fancy of the performers.

The two Grauns

I must not quit Berlin without a more particular mention of the two Grauns, than I have hitherto had occasion to make; perhaps, in speaking of these composers, the fairest way would be to give the reader two characters of each, the one, that of their partisans and admirers in Berlin, and the other, drawn from the unbiassed judgment of those whom neither habit nor authority have influenced, but who examine their productions, with as little prejudice as they would those of anonymous composers.

The works of the chapel-master <Carl Heinrich> Graun, are very numerous; before his arrival at Berlin, he set three or four operas in the German language at Brunswick, but the words were bad, and it is not fair to judge of his genius by those early productions.

He composed for the Berlin theatre, in the space of fourteen years, from 1742 to 1756, twenty-seven Italian operas; and for the church, a *Te Deum*, and a *Passione*, besides miscellaneous productions of less importance, as odes and cantatas, with the overture and recitatives of the pastoral opera of Galatea, of which his majesty, Quantz, and Nichelman, set the songs.

This composer died at Berlin 1759, at which time innumerable poems and panegyrics were written to his memory. Among the *Critical Letters concerning Music*, published by M. Marpurg, there is an address to M. Fried. Wilhelm Zachariä, the celebrated poet and musician of Brunswick, recommending the death of Graun to his muse. No great stress can be laid on panegyrics; however, there are few of Graun's admirers, who are not ready to burn with fire and faggot all those who dare to doubt of this author's veracity.

Graun, the brightest ornament of the German muse, the noble master of sweet melody, is now no more! creator of his own taste, he spoke not, but to our hearts; tender, soft, compassionate, elevated, pompous, and terrible, by turns;—he could force tears of admiration from us, at his pleasure; an artist, who made no other use of art, than to imitate nature, in the most pleasing, and expressive manner; each stroke of his pencil was equally perfect, full of invention, and of new ideas, his genius was inexhaustible. The model of sacred music, and in the theatre inimitable! a man who commanded our affections, not only by his talents, but by his virtues, of friendship, probity, and patriotism; no man was ever so universally lamented by the whole nation, from the king, to the lowest of his subjects.¹

¹ Kritische Briefe über die Tonkunst. 1. Band. Berlin 1760 (B).

Now, to reverse the medal; it is denied, by the other party, that Graun was the creator of his own taste, which is the taste of Vinci; they deny, that he is ever pompous or terrible, but say, that an even tenor runs through all his works, which never reach the sublime, though the tender and graceful are frequently found in them; they are equally unwilling to subscribe to his great invention, or the originality of his ideas; and think that still more perfect models of sacred music may be found in the chorusses of Handel, and the airs and duos of Pergolese and Jomelli: nor can they well comprehend, how that composer can be called *inimitable*, who is himself an *imitator*.

The concert-master, John Gottlieb Graun, brother to the opera-composer, his admirers say, 'was one of the greatest performers on the violin of his time, and most assuredly, a composer of the first rank; his overtures and symphonies are majestic, and his concertos are master-pieces, particularly those for two violins, in which he has united the most agreeable melody, with all the learning that the art of counter-point can boast; he has likewise frequently set the *Salve Regina*, and composed masses, which are rendered grand and noble by simplicity and good melody, even in the most laboured parts.'

But less quarter is granted to this master, by the admirers of more modern music, than to his brother; they often find his overtures and symphonies too like those of Lully, and too full of notes to produce any other effect, when played at Berlin, than that of stunning the hearers; and in his concertos and church music, when that is not the case, the length of each movement is more immoderate, than Christian patience can endure.

Perhaps the truth may lie between these two opinions; and with respect to the chapel-master Graun, it should be remembered, that he was seldom allowed to follow the bent of his own genius.

It was not at first my intention to detain my reader so long in Berlin, and its environs; but the musical performances in his Prussian majesty's dominions, have been so much celebrated during his reign, that they merited a particular investigation; it is now, however, time to sum up the evidence, and it would be the highest injustice to deny, that Berlin has long had, and still has, a great number of *individuals* among the musical professors, whose abilities are great and striking; but with respect to the *general* and *national* style of composition and performance, it seems at present, to be formed so much upon *one model*, that it precludes all invention and genius. Perhaps, it would be equally rational to suppose, that the blood of a Quantz or a Graun, if injected into the veins of another composer, would circulate better than his own, as to imagine, that *their* ideas and thoughts, when he has adopted them, will suit him better than those which he has received from nature.

Of all the musicians which have been in the service of Prussia, for more than thirty years, Carl P. E. Bach, and Francis Benda, have, perhaps, been the only two, who dared to have a style of their own; the rest are imitators; even Quantz and Graun, who have been so much imitated, formed them-

selves upon the works of Vinci and Vivaldi.¹ M. Quantz is an intelligent man, and talks well concerning music; but talking and composing are different things; when he wrote his book, more than twenty years ago, his opinions were enlarged and liberal, which is not the case at present; and Graun's compositions of thirty years ago, were elegant and simple, as he was among the first Germans to quit fugue and laboured contrivances, and to allow, that such a thing as melody existed, which, harmony should support, not suffocate; but though the world is ever rolling on, most of the Berlin musicians, defeating its motion, have long contrived to stand still.

Upon the whole, my expectations from Berlin were not quite answered, as I did not find that the style of composition, or manner of execution, to which his Prussian majesty has attached himself, fulfilled my ideas of perfection. Here, as elsewhere, I speak according to my own feelings; however, it would be presumption to me to oppose my single judgment to that of so enlightened a prince; if, luckily, mine were not the opinion of the greatest part of Europe; for, should it be allowed, that his Prussian majesty has fixed upon the Augustan age of music, it does not appear that he has placed his favour upon the best composers of that age. Vinci, Pergolese, Leo, Feo, Handel, and many others, who flourished in the best times of Graun and Quantz, I think superior to them in taste and genius. Of his majesty's two favourites, the one is languid, and the other frequently common and insipid,—and yet, their names are *religion* at Berlin, and more sworn by, than those of Luther and Calvin.

There are, however, schisms in this city, as elsewhere; but heretics are obliged to keep their opinions to themselves, while those of the establishment may speak out: for though a universal toleration prevails here, as to different sects of christians, yet, in music, whoever dares to profess any other tenets than those of Graun and Quantz, is sure to be persecuted.

Hence, the music of this country is more truly German than that of any other part of the empire; for though there are constantly Italian operas here, in carnival time, his Prussian majesty will suffer none to be performed but those of Graun, Agricola, or Hasse, and of this last, and best, but very few. And, in the opera house, as in the field, his majesty is such a rigid disciplinarian, that if a mistake is made in a single movement or evolution, he immediately marks, and rebukes the offender; and if any of his Italian troops dare to deviate from strict discipline, by adding, altering, or diminishing a single passage in the parts they have to perform, an order is sent, *de par le Roi*, for them to adhere strictly to the notes written by the composer, at their peril. This, when compositions are good, and a singer is licentious, may be an excellent method; but certainly shuts out all taste and refinement. So that music is truly stationary in this country, his majesty allowing no more liberty in that, than he does in civil matters of government: not contented with being sole monarch of the lives, fortunes, and business of his subjects, he even prescribes rules to their most innocent pleasures.

¹ According to a note in the German edition, C. P. E. Bach did not consider Quantz to have been an imitator of Vivaldi.

Hamburg and Bremen

(9-19 OCTOBER)

After the numberless questions and vexatious taxes to which myself and baggage had been subjected in passing through the despotic states of Germany, it was a very agreeable and unexpected circumstance to me to find the entrance into this city free from examination, or custom-house embarrassments, the name only of a traveller being demanded at the gates. The streets are ill built, ill paved and narrow, but crowded with people who seem occupied with their own concerns; and there is an air of chearfulness, industry, plenty, and liberty, in the inhabitants of this place, seldom to be seen in other parts of Germany.

The city of Hamburg has long been famous for its operas, and it seems, from Mattheson's list of them in his *Musical Patriot*, that those performed there, during the latter end of the last century, and the beginning of this, exceeded, in number, those of every other city in the German empire.¹

The first musical drama, to be found in the annals of the Hamburg stage, is *Orontes*, set by the chapel-master, Theil,² 1678; but this, and most of the operas performed here till the beginning of the present century, were in the German language.

The compositions of Keiser, Mattheson, Handel, and Telemann, for this theatre, are the most renowned; of Keiser, some account has been already given, (page 119) to which I shall only add, that he composed a hundred and seven operas chiefly for the Hamburg stage; that he was born in 1673, and died 1739.

Mattheson and Handel

Of Mattheson,³ it will be necessary to be somewhat more particular, as he was not only a native of Hamburg, but one who long figured there in the triple character of singer, composer, and theorist. It was his boast, before his death, in 1764, at the age of eighty-two, that he had printed as many books,

¹ *Der musikalische Patriot*, one of Mattheson's important works, appeared in 1728.

² *Theile, Johann* (1646-1724). He was a pupil of Schütz. He was a notable composer of church music and with the composition of the work Burney mentions became Germany's earliest opera composer.

³ *Mattheson, Johann* (1681-1764). He was a remarkably versatile member of Hamburg society—a linguist, a lawyer, a harpsichordist and organist, a vocalist, a composer, and a prolific author.

on the subject of music, as he had lived years;¹ and that he should leave to his executors an equal number, in manuscript, for the use of posterity.

In 1761, he published a translation of the *Life of Handel*, from the English,² with additions and remarks, which are neither very candid nor liberal. But how should the author of that book expect quarter from him, in which it is asserted, that 'Mattheson was no great singer, and only employed occasionally'. In refutation of which he assures us, that he constantly sung the principal part in the Hamburg operas, during fifteen years, and with such success, that he could command the passions of his audience, by exciting in them, at his pleasure, joy, grief, hope, and fear. And who shall venture to doubt of his having possessed these powers, when their effects are thus attested *by himself*?

Indeed, this author was not only captious and minute, in his criticisms upon the writers under his consideration, but perpetually quarrelling with his readers: however, he was diligent in finding, and exact in stating facts.

Whoever wishes to be acquainted with the particulars of Handel's younger years, before his arrival in England, or journey into Italy, will find them in the writings of M. Mattheson: indeed, tradition has preserved so many anecdotes concerning Handel's performance at Hamburg, that many musical people there, who came into the world too late to hear him, think they have been born in vain.

It was in this city that Handel began his career, as a composer, though, upon his first arrival, he was only employed in the orchestra, as a performer on the violin, upon which he played the second *ripieno* part.

He then pretended to know nothing though he used to be very arch, and had always, says M. Mattheson, a dry way of making the gravest people laugh without ever laughing himself; it was upon occasion of the harpsichord player at the opera happening to be absent, that he was first persuaded to take his place; but he then shewed himself to be a great master, to the astonishment of every one, except Mattheson, who had accidentally met with him at an organ in one of the Hamburg churches in 1703; at which time, he was nineteen, and Mattheson twenty-two years of age.

After this he used frequently to dine with Mattheson, at the house of his father, and he then, according to his own confession obtained, from Handel, a knowledge in modulation, and a method of combining sounds, which no one else could teach him. These young performers had at this time frequent contests together, for pre-eminence on keyed instruments; and in their several trials Handel had constantly the advantage on the organ, though Mattheson sometimes was thought to equal him on the harpsichord.

Upon a vacancy in an organist's place at Lubec, they travelled thither together, and in the wagon composed several double *fugues*, *da mente*, says

¹ A note in the German edition observes that this is an incorrect statement, as in fact Mattheson included in his count such non-musical writings as translations of state papers, and a treatise on the Psalms of David.

² *Life of Handel, from the English*. The book alluded to is Mainwaring's *Memoirs of the Life of the late G. F. Handel* (London, 1760). This was the earliest Life to appear of any composer.

Mattheson, not *da penna*. Buxtehude was then at Lubec, and an admirable organ-player; however, Handel's powers on that instrument astonished even those who were accustomed to hear that great performer.

Handel and Mattheson were prevented from becoming candidates for the place of organist at Lubec, by a condition that was annexed to the obtaining that office, which was no other than to take with it, a wife whom their constituents were to nominate; but thinking this too great an honour, they precipitately retreated to Hamburg.

About this time was performed there an opera composed by Mattheson, called *Cleopatra*, in which he acted the part of Anthony himself, and Handel played the harpsichord; but Mattheson being accustomed, upon the death of Anthony, which happens early in the piece, to take the harpsichord, in the character of composer, Handel refused to indulge his vanity, by relinquishing to him this post; which occasioned so violent a quarrel between them, that at going out of the house Mattheson gave him a slap in the face, upon which both immediately drew their swords, and a duel ensued, in the market-place before the door of the opera-house: luckily, the sword of Mattheson was broke against a metal button upon Handel's coat, which put an end to the combat, and they were soon after reconciled.

Such is the account, which, long before the death of Handel, Mattheson himself published,¹ concerning the difference that happened between them, during their youth, at Hamburg.

Handel remained five or six years in this city, and composed here, in 1705, his first opera of *Almira*, which being greatly approved, he next year produced his second opera of *Nero*. From this time, till 1708, when he set two other operas, *Florino*, and *Daphne*, he furnished nothing for the stage, though he composed harpsichord pieces, single songs, and cantatas innumerable; but, according to Mattheson, who is not addicted to flattery, without taste or delicacy, though excellent with respect to harmony: indeed, during the last century, harmony was so much attended to by composers, that melody was utterly neglected.²

During his residence at Hamburg, Mattheson allows, that Handel improved his style greatly, by his constant attendance at the opera, and says, that he was even more powerful upon the organ, in extempore fugues and counterpoint, than the famous Kuhnau³ of Leipsic, who was, at this time regarded as a prodigy.

Telemann

Telemann, born at Magdeburg, in 1681, succeeded Keiser as opera composer at Hamburg, for which city he produced thirty-five operas. His

¹ *Mattheson's duel with Handel*. The account of this comes from Mattheson's *Grundlage einer Ehrenpforte* (Foundation of a Triumphal Arch), Hamburg, 1740. A modern edition appeared in Berlin in 1910.

² *Melody utterly neglected*. Here speaks our very Italianate critic.

³ *Kuhnau, Johann* (1660-1722). He was in 1684 appointed organist of St. Thomas's Church and, later, cantor of that church and musical director of the university. He also qualified as barrister. He wrote satirical poems, theoretical works on music, and a quantity of choral music and (especially important) harpsichord sonatas which are still published and played.

compositions for the church and chamber, are said to be more numerous than those of Ales. Scarlatti; in the year 1740 his overtures amounted to six hundred. This author, like the painter Raphael, had a first and second *manner*, which were extremely different from each other. In the first, he was hard, stiff, dry, and inelegant; in the second, all that was pleasing, graceful, and refined. This varied and voluminous composer, died at Hamburg, 1767, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.¹

And now, having dispatched the four principal musicians of past times, whose works have been the delight and ornament of this city, I shall proceed to give an account of what it contains most remarkable in music at present.

The first visit I made in this city, was to my worthy friend and correspondent, M. Ebeling² with whose conversation I was now as much captivated, as I had been before by his letters. As this gentleman had been previously apprized of my intention to take Hamburg into my tour, and was a perfect judge of the nature of my enquiries, he had collected all his musical curiosities, of which he is in possession of a great number, and laid them ready for my inspection.

Though this city has been so famous for its opera in times past, it is a species of exhibition that has been discontinued here for some years. Indeed, I saw no serious opera while I was in Germany. But this drama being usually supplied by Italians, I did not regard it as the principal object of my present tour, which was to enquire after music, and musicians, purely German.

C. P. E. Bach

Hamburg is not at present, possessed of any musical professor of great eminence, except M. Carl Philip Emanuel Bach;³ but he is a legion! I had long contemplated, with the highest delight, his elegant and original compositions; and they had created in me so strong a desire to see, and to hear him, that I wanted no other musical temptation to visit this city.

M. Ebeling having been so kind, before my arrival, as to communicate to him the translation, which he has done me the honour to make in German, of my Italian Tour, and to acquaint him with my intention of coming to Hamburg, undertook to introduce me to him, the morning of my arrival. M. Bach received me very kindly, but said that he was ashamed to think how small my reward would be, for the trouble I had taken to visit Hamburg. 'You are come here, said he, fifty years too late.'

He tried a new *piano forte*, and in a wild, careless manner, threw away

¹ 'The Author says far too little of Telemann, being insufficiently acquainted with the works of this genius, with his virtues and failings. It is a pity that he did not have the obituary poems and newspaper articles' (note in German edition).

² Ebeling, Christoph Daniel (1741-1817). He was on the staff of the *Academy of Commerce* of Hamburg and on reading Burney's *Italian Tour* had become one of his warmest admirers. He translated into German that book and was in part the translator of the German Tour (see *GDB*).

³ Bach, Carl Philip Emanuel (1714-88). He is the most important of J. S. Bach's sons.

thoughts and execution upon it, that would have set up any one else. He desired me to fix a time for coming again, and said, that he must have me for a whole day to himself, which would not be half sufficient for the exchange of our ideas. He offered to accompany me to every church in Hamburg, where a good organ was to be found; said he would look out for me some old and curious things; and told me at my departure, that there would be some poor music of his, performed in St. Catharine's church, the next day, which he advised me not to hear. His pleasantry removed all restraint without lessening that respect and veneration for him, with which his works had inspired me at a distance.

After quitting M. Bach, I spent the rest of the day in delivering of letters, viewing the town, and in visiting booksellers, of which, there is a great number in Hamburg. Among these, I must make my acknowledgments to M. Bode,¹ an eminent printer and publisher, and a good musician, who rendered me many services.

In the evening, M. Ebeling, after shewing me part of his excellent collection of music and musical writers, did me the favour of introducing me to M. Busch, professor of mathematics, at whose house, and with whose family, I spent a most agreeable evening; which, indeed, was productive of no musical event, or new discovery; for I had long been convinced that there is no harmony more enchanting, than that arising from the coincidence of hearts, and accord of sentiments in society.

M. professor Busch [Büsch], and M. Ebeling are at the head of the *academy of commerce*, established at Hamburg, in 1768, an institution admirably calculated for the education of young persons, intended for merchants, in the several parts of the world, where the German, English, French, Italian, and Dutch languages are required; with which the pupils are taught book-keeping, geography, and even history, as far as it is connected with the commercial interests of the several inhabitants of the globe.²

Saturday, 10th October. Dr. Mumsen, an eminent physician, as well as a person of refined taste and literature, and the arts, to whom I was honoured with a letter from England, obligingly carried me this morning to the celebrated poet, Klopstock, who is called, the Milton of Germany. I had the

¹ Bode, *Johann Joachim Christoph* (1730–93). He was Ebeling's collaborator in the translation and publication of Burney's *Tours*. He was a working man who became a keen instrumentalist (oboist and bassoonist) and composer, a linguist (translator of works of Sterne, Smollett, Goldsmith, and Fielding), a printer and publisher of a newspaper and various books, &c.

² Messieurs Busch and Ebeling are assisted in this undertaking, by nine different masters, two of whom are experienced merchants, skilled in every branch of trade. I visited the young students while they were receiving their instructions from the several masters, and never before saw so much order, decorum, and application among young persons, who seemed under so little restraint. The society at present is numerous, and consists of young gentlemen from Spain, France, England, Holland, Russia, and different parts of Germany; two years only are required for completing the course of their mercantile studies, at the end of which, with a tolerable genius, they will have acquired a sufficient knowledge in languages and traffic, to be usefully employed in a counting-house. The same care that is taken in forming these young persons for commercial concerns, is likewise bestowed in preparing them for the commerce of the world, by rendering them intelligent and amiable members of society; seventy pounds a year, includes every expence of lodging, board, and instructions (B).

pleasure of conversing with him, and several persons of learning and discernment, for a considerable time; during which, many curious subjects were started and discussed. I am unable to speak of M. Klopstock's¹ poetical abilities; but it is the opinion of his countrymen, that he has left all other bards far behind him: his *Messiah*, which is but lately finished, is the first poem of the Germans, as the *Iliad* is of the Greeks.

They speak of his odes, as of a *novum atque inauditum scribendi genus*; and say, 'that old Greece and Rome might decide about the force, sublimity, truth, and harmony of these poems; the numbers are sometimes taken from the Greek; but many are of his own invention. Klopstock's merit in the German language, will be best known to future ages; his odes require a reader of good natural sense, well acquainted with the history of his own country, its language, antiquity, and the harmony of verse; the more they are studied, the more they will please; they are by many reckoned unintelligible, merely because they are analogous to no other species of writing.'

After this visit, M. Bach accompanied me to St. Catharine's church, where I heard some very good music, of his composition, very ill performed, and to a congregation wholly inattentive. This man was certainly born to write for great performers, and for a refined audience; but he now seems to be out of his element. There is a fluctuation in the arts of every city and country where they are cultivated, and this is not a bright period for music at Hamburg.

At church, and in the way home, we had a conversation, which was extremely interesting to me: he told me, that if he was in a place, where his compositions could be well executed, and well heard, he should certainly kill himself, by exertions to please. 'But adieu music! now, he said, these are good people for society, and I enjoy more tranquility and independence here, than at a court; after I was fifty, I gave the thing up, and said let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die! and I am now reconciled to my situation; except indeed, when I meet with men of taste and discernment, who deserve better music than we can give them here.'

After this, when our conversation turned upon *learned music*, he spoke irreverently of canons, which, he said, were dry and despicable pieces of pedantry, that any one might compose, who would sacrifice his time to them; but it was ever a certain proof to him, of a total want of genius, in any one that was fond of such wretched studies, and unmeaning productions.

He asked, if I found many great contra-puntists in Italy; and upon my answering in the negative, he replied, nay, if you had, it would have been no great matter; for after counterpoint is well known, many other more essential things are wanting to constitute a good composer. He said, he once wrote word to Hasse, that he was the greatest cheat in the world; for in a score of twenty *nominal* parts, he had seldom more than three *real* ones in action; but

¹ Klopstock, Friedrich Gottlieb (1724-1803). The noted German poet. He later was (for a time, at any rate) offended by Burney, on account of his passing allusions to Germany, which could be taken as reflecting on the natural talent of the Germans for music as distinct from their culture of the art (see *GDB*, i. 249, &c.). The German translator points out that Burney speaks of Klopstock's 'poetical abilities' but of Metastasio's 'genius'.

with these he produced such divine effects, as must never be expected from a crowded score; upon this occasion I observed, that as it is the part of a wise man in conversation, to wait for an opportunity of saying something to the purpose before he speaks; so a good composer should do in writing accompaniments; and not, like those eternal praters, who have a rage for saying something, when there's nothing to be said, stun an audience with worse than unmeaning notes, which destroy all melody and expression in music; as a large company speaking all at once destroys conversation; and instead of reason, good sense, and good humour, makes social intercourse consist of nothing but clamour, impertinence, and noise: to this he entirely assented.

In the evening, M. Ebeling was so kind as to collect together all the Hamburg performers and lovers of music, he could muster, in order to treat me with a concert; and M. Bach was there to preside. I have great reason to be thankful for the pains that were taken in order to entertain me on this occasion. Several of M. Bach's vocal compositions were performed, in all which great genius and originality were discoverable; though they did not receive the embellishments, which singers of the first class might have given to them. M. Bach has set to music, a *Passione*, in the German language, and several parts of this admirable composition were performed this evening. I was particularly delighted with a chorus¹ in it, which for modulation, contrivance, and effects, was at least equal to any one of the best choruses in Handel's immortal Messiah. A pathetic air, upon the subject of St. Peter's weeping, when he heard the cock crow, was so truly pathetic as to make almost every hearer accompany the saint in his tears.

Several symphonies and detached airs with an accompanied harpsichord *sonatina*, consisting of a very curious mixture of pathetic and *bravura*, were performed, in which the band had very hard duty, and though they are not in such constant practice as to be under exact discipline, yet they executed several very difficult pieces, with a reasonable degree of accuracy.

I mention M. Bach's vocal and miscellaneous compositions, in order to prove the ductility of his genius; but it is not on these that I would rest his reputation, so much as on his productions for his own instruments, the clavi-chord, and *piano forte*, in which he stands unrivalled; of these I shall have occasion to speak hereafter; as to the rest, perhaps as good songs, chorusses, and symphonies, have been made by others: for though his genius is equal to every thing in music, yet he has not had the practice, the experience, nor the singers, or orchestra, to write for, which others have had before him: however, each candid observer and hearer, must discover, in the slightest and most trivial productions, of every kind, some mark of originality in the modulation, accompaniment, or melody, which bespeak a great and exalted genius.

October 17th. I spent this day in a most agreeable manner, at the villa of John Hanbury, esq. in the neighbourhood of Hamburg, where true English

¹ The chorus is identified in the German edition as *Fürwahr er trug unsere Krankheit* (Surely He hath borne our griefs); the 'pathetic air' as *Wende dich zu meinem Schmerze*.

hospitality reigns. I was carried thither by Mr. Mathias, his majesty's Resident, to whom I had letters, and who countenanced and honoured me with the same notice as his majesty's ministers had bestowed upon me in other parts of Germany.

At my return to Hamburg, in the evening, on the Altena side of the city, there were such crowds of people walking and sauntering up and down the road, it being Sunday, that carriages could, with infinite difficulty, approach the gates. It gave me a great idea of the populousness of Hamburg: and, upon enquiry, I was assured that it contains 120,000 inhabitants, within the walls, and 80,000 without.¹ The common people were to-day clean, and looked free from want; a sight not very frequent in the other parts of Europe through which I had passed.

At night I was carried to a concert, at the house of M. Westphal,² an eminent and worthy music-merchant. There was a great deal of company, and the performers, who consisted chiefly of *dilettanti*, were very numerous. This kind of concert is usually more entertaining to the performers than the hearers; however, there were many young musicians of this party, who had promising hands upon their several instruments, and who, with pains and experience, would become excellent performers. But in these meetings, more than others, anarchy is too apt to prevail, unless the whole be conducted by an able and respectable master.

Monday 12th. This was one of the busiest days of my German tour; I spent the early part of the morning among the musical curiosities of my friend M. Ebeling, and the rest of it, at M. Westphal's musical warehouse. As M. Westphal is in correspondence with all the great printers and publishers of music in Europe, his catalogue is not merely local, and confined to Hamburg, or even the German empire; but is general, and that of all Europe: besides compositions that are printed and engraved, he has a great collection of manuscript music, which he disposes of, at a very fair and reasonable price. I was now unable to examine half the contents of his catalogue, before it was time to go to M. Bach, with whom I was engaged to dine and spend the day.

Life of C. P. E. Bach

But, previous to the making my readers more intimately acquainted with the talents and character of this excellent musician, I shall present them with a few particulars relative to his life, which will be rendered more interesting, by a list of his works, than by his adventures.

If a narration of the still, but successful efforts of genius in the closet, could render a book equally entertaining with the public transactions of the field;

¹ 'Whoever told Mr Burney that Hamburg had 200,000 inhabitants was certainly purposely or accidentally exaggerating' (note by German translator).

² *Westphal, Johann Christoph* (c. 1718-90). He was in great repute for his enormous and comprehensive stock of music—printed and manuscript. (A few years after Burney met him his published catalogue comprised nearly 300 pages.)

the life of a philosopher, a man of science, or an artist, would be read with as much avidity, as that of a Caesar, or an Alexander.

But though the day, and hour, are carefully consigned to posterity, when towns have been sacked, and armies defeated, yet the exact time is seldom enquired, when discoveries the most useful to human nature have been made, or the greatest productions of genius conceived.

He would, therefore, be thought a most contemptible biographer, who, in the life of a musician, should circumstantially relate the year, the day, the hour when, and place where, a particular *sonata* was composed, though, by its excellence, it should bid fair for delighting the lovers of music, as long as the present system of harmony shall subsist.

And yet an historian will be read with a kind of savage satisfaction, who in the course of events, tells us, when Kouli-kan,¹ or any other tyrant, made dispositions for a battle, in which such carnage ensued, as will make humanity shudder with horror, as long as the recital of it shall blacken the annals of mankind.

Carl Philip Emanuel Bach, second son of Sebastian Bach, music-director at Leipsic, was born at Weimar, in Upper Saxony, and territory of Thuringia, 1714.² In his youth he studied law, both at Leipsic, and at Frankfort on the Oder, having been intended for a civilian;³ but his father discovering in him such a strong propensity to music, as would prevent his applying sufficiently to any other art, indulged his natural inclination, and suffered him to make it his profession.

It was at Frankfort upon the Oder that he first turned his talents to account, by composing and directing the music, at the academy, as well as at all other public exhibitions in that city, even while he continued his studies at the university.

In 1738 he went to Berlin, not without expectation that the prince royal of Prussia, who was then secretly forming a band, would invite him to Ruppín; he was not disappointed, the fame of his performance soon reaching this prince's ears, his royal highness sent for him to his court, and heard him with so much satisfaction, that he afterwards frequently commanded his attendance; but from the circumscribed power of the prince at that time, he did not take him into actual service till his accession to the throne, in 1740, and then M. Bach had alone the honour to accompany his majesty upon the harpsichord in the first flute-piece that he played at Charlottenberg, after he was king.

During his residence at Berlin, M. Bach does not seem to have enjoyed that degree of favour to which his merit entitled him; for though music was extremely cultivated by his Prussian majesty, who supported operas with great expence and magnificence, and who had in his service musicians of the

¹ *Kouli-kan*. Presumably Kublai Khan, Mongol Emperor, ruling (1259-94) over great parts of Asia and of Russia.

² At this point the German editor substitutes for Burney's account of C. P. E. Bach's life a version as recounted by the composer himself, followed by a long list of works.

³ *Civilian*. Practitioner of the civil law.

first abilities, yet he honoured the style of Graun and Quantz more with his approbation, than that of any other of his servants, who possessed greater originality and refinement; but his majesty having early attached himself to an instrument which, from its confined powers, has had less good music composed for it, than any other in common use, was unwilling, perhaps, to encourage a boldness and variety in composition, in which his instrument would not allow him to participate.

But though Bach's style did not insinuate itself into the favour it deserved at the court of Berlin, it has been imitated and adopted by the performers upon keyed instruments in every other part of Germany. How he formed his style, where he acquired all his taste and refinement, would be difficult to trace; he certainly neither inherited nor adopted them from his father, who was his only master; for that venerable musician, though unequalled in learning and contrivance, thought it so necessary to crowd into both hands all the harmony he could grasp, that he must inevitably have sacrificed melody and expression. Had the son however chosen a model, it would certainly have been his father, whom he highly revered; but as he has ever disdained imitation, he must have derived from nature alone, those fine feelings, that variety of new ideas, and selection of passages, which are so manifest in his compositions.

The works which he produced, during his residence in Berlin, are so numerous, and, in general, so unknown in England, that I shall specify the principal of them here, for the satisfaction of those who may wish to procure them.

- I. *Six Sonatas for the Harpsichord*, dedicated to the King of Prussia. Published by Schmidt, at Nuremberg, 1742.
- II. *Ditto*, dedicated to the Duke of Würtemberg, published the same year, and in the same city, by Windter. Many of his admirers look upon this as the best of his works.
- III. *Two Trios for Violins, and a Base*, with remarks by the author. Printed by d°. In these pieces, the composer has endeavoured to support a dialogue between two persons of different characters.
- IV. *Three Harpsichord Concertos*. Printed separately, by d°.
- V. *An Essay on the Art of Playing the Harpsichord*, with examples, on twenty-six copperplates, written in the German language, and printed for the author, 1753.
- VI. *Ten Sonatas for the Harpsichord*, printed by Hafner, at Nuremberg, in his Miscellanies, from 1755, to 1765.
- VII. *Two Sonatas for the Harpsichord*, with some detached pieces, and a *Fugue*, in Breitkopf's Collection, Leipsic, 1757.
- VIII. *Melodies to Gellerts Hymns*, by Winter [Windter], at Berlin, 1759.
- IX. *Twelve Short Pieces for two and three Voices*, in a pocket form. d°.
- X. *Six Sonatas, with his own Graces*, book first: this work has been printed in London, by the late Mr. Walsh.
- XI. Second Part of d°. 1761.
- XII. *Essay upon the Art of Playing the Harpsichord*, vol. II. which treats of accompaniment, and voluntary playing, Berlin, d°.
- XIII. *A Collection of Odes* d°.
- XIV. *Six Sonatas for the Harpsichord*, d°. 1762.

He has likewise composed a great number of symphonies, many of which have been printed separately. The whole of his works, include thirty trios for the harpsichord, and other instruments; eighteen solos, for different instruments; twelve sonatines, of which some are for two harpsichords, with accompaniments; forty-nine concertos for the harpsichord; a hundred and seventy lessons for d°. besides smaller pieces, and single fugues.¹

* * * *

It must be owned, that the style of this author is so uncommon, that a little habit is necessary for the enjoyment of it; Quintilian made a relish for the works of Cicero the criterion of a young orator's advancement in his studies; and those of C. P. E. Bach may serve as a touchstone to the taste and discernment of a young musician. Complaints have been made against his pieces, for being *long, difficult, fantastic, and far-fetched*. In the first particular, he is less defensible than in the rest; Yet the fault will admit of some extenuation; for *length*, in a musical composition, is so much expected in Germany, that an author is thought barren of ideas, who leaves off till every thing has been said which the subject suggests.

Easy and difficult, are relative terms; what is called a hard word by a person of no education, may be very familiar to a scholar: our author's works are more difficult to *express*, than to *execute*. As to their being *fantastical*, and *far-fetched*, the accusation, if it be just, may be softened, by alledging, that his boldest strokes, both of melody and modulation, are always consonant to rule, and supported by learning; and that his flights are not the wild ravings of ignorance or madness, but the effusions of cultivated genius. His pieces, therefore, will be found, upon a close examination, to be so rich in invention, taste, and learning, that, with all the faults laid to their charge, each line of them, if wire-drawn, would furnish more new ideas than can be discovered in a whole page of many other compositions that have been well received by the public.

Though M. Bach continued near thirty years at Berlin, it cannot be supposed that he was perfectly contented with his situation. A style of music prevailed, totally different from that which he wished to establish; his salary was inconsiderable, and he ranked below several that were greatly inferior to him in merit.

Frequent opportunities offered, during this period, for his establishing himself very advantageously elsewhere, some of which he wished to accept; but he could not obtain his dismissal: however, his salary, after many years services, was augmented.

Indeed as M. Bach was not a subject of Prussia, it seems as if he might have quitted Berlin whenever he pleased; but as he had married during his residence there, and had issue by that marriage, it is supposed that his wife and children, being all subjects of his Prussian majesty, could not retire out of his dominions without his permission.

¹ For a complete list of C. P. E. Bach's works see Grove.

But in 1767, being invited to succeed Telemann, as music-director at Hamburg, after repeated solicitations and petitions, he was allowed to go thither with his family, where he has continued ever since.

* * *

A day with C. P. E. Bach

When I went to his house, I found him with three or four rational, and well-bred persons, his friends, besides his own family consisting of Mrs. Bach, his eldest son, who practises the law, and his daughter.¹ The instant I entered, he conducted me up stairs, into a large and elegant music room, furnished with pictures, drawings, and prints of more than a hundred and fifty eminent musicians:² among whom, there are many Englishmen, and original portraits, in oil, of his father and grandfather. After I had looked at these, M. Bach was so obliging as to sit down to his *Silbermann clavichord*, and favourite instrument, upon which he played three or four of his choicest and most difficult compositions, with the delicacy, precision, and spirit, for which he is so justly celebrated among his countrymen. In the pathetic and slow movements, whenever he had a long note to express, he absolutely contrived to produce, from his instrument, a cry of sorrow and complaint, such as can only be effected upon the clavichord, and perhaps by himself.

After dinner, which was elegantly served, and cheerfully eaten, I prevailed upon him to sit down again to a clavichord, and he played, with little intermission, till near eleven o'clock at night. During this time, he grew so animated and *possessed*, that he not only played, but looked like one inspired. His eyes were fixed, his under lip fell, and drops of effervescence distilled from his countenance. He said, if he were to be set to work frequently, in this manner, he should grow young again. He is now fifty-nine, rather short in stature, with black hair and eyes, and brown complexion, has a very animated countenance, and is of a cheerful and lively disposition.

His performance to-day convinced me of what I had suggested before from his works; that he is not only one of the greatest composers that ever existed, for keyed instruments, but the best player, in point of *expression*; for others, perhaps, have had as rapid execution: however, he possesses every style; though he chiefly confines himself to the expressive. He is learned, I think, even beyond his father,³ whenever he pleases, and is far before him in

¹ He has two sons, the youngest of whom studies painting, at the academies of Leipsic and Dresden (B).

² C. P. E. Bach apparently made a practice of acquiring whenever possible portraits of his distinguished musical visitors; in this he seems to have followed a custom begun by his father. In 1790 his widow published a catalogue of the portraits, which by that time numbered nearly 400. Gerber, in his *Lexicon* of the same year, has a valuable series of appendixes of musical portraits, in which there is frequent mention of C. P. E. Bach's collection.

³ It is not only the modern reader who is brought up short by this bold assertion: the German translator adds to this passage the note that he has 'more than once heard from Herr Bach's own lips that no-one could have been more learned in music than his father was'.

variety of modulation; his fugues are always upon new and curious subjects, and treated with great art as well as genius.

He played to me, among many other things, his last six concertos, lately published by subscription, in which he has studied to be easy, frequently I think at the expence of his usual originality; however, the great musician appears in every movement, and these productions will probably be the better received, for resembling the music of this world more than his former pieces, which seem made for another region, or at least another century, when what is now thought difficult and far-fetched, will, perhaps, be familiar and natural.

There are several traits in the characters of the younger Scarlatti and Emanuel Bach, which bear a strong resemblance. Both were sons of great and popular composers, regarded as standards of perfection by all their contemporaries, except their own children, who dared to explore new ways to fame. Domenico Scarlatti, half a century ago, hazarded notes of taste and effect, at which other musicians have but just arrived, and to which the public ear is but lately reconciled; Emanuel Bach, in like manner, seems to have outstript his age. M. Bach shewed me two manuscript books of his father's composition, written on purpose for him when he was a boy, containing pieces with a fugue, in all the twenty-four keys, extremely difficult, and generally in five parts, at which he laboured for the first years of his life, without remission. He presented me with several of his own pieces, and three or four curious ancient books and treatises on music, out of his father's collection; promising, at any distant time, to furnish me with others, if I would only acquaint him by letter, with my wants.¹

Organs and churches

Tuesday 13th. This morning was entirely employed in visiting churches, and hearing organs, to which M. Bach was so kind as to conduct me. The first instrument we heard, was at the new church of St. Michael, which is an elegant and magnificent building.

The late Mr. Mattheson, who was secretary of legation many years to the English Resident at Hamburg, and who has written so many treatises on music, bequeathed all his possessions to that republic, on condition that an organ should be built for this church, such as he described in his will. It has not been long finished, and is, I believe, the largest and most complete in Europe. It cost upwards of 4000*l.* ster*l.* was built by Hildebrand, is of thirty-two feet, has four sets of keys, long compass, up to F in altissimo, and with the pedals goes down to double double C. The keys are covered with mother of pearl, and tortoise-shell; the front is curiously inlaid, and the case richly ornamented, though it is not, I think, of the most elegant form.

There are sixty-four stops in this instrument, among which the German

¹ Since that time Mr. Bach has obliged me with several of his own and his father's most curious compositions (B).

flute is composed of as many real flutes as there are notes. The other stops are good of the kind, and the chorus is the most noble that can be imagined; but it is more striking by its force, and the richness of the harmony, than by a clear and distinct melody, which fashion makes it necessary to load with a crowd of accompaniments in all the German churches. M. Hartmann, a *dilettante*, was so obliging as to play on this instrument a considerable time, in order to let me hear all its powers. M. Bach has so long neglected organ-playing, that he says he has lost the use of the pedals, which are thought so essential throughout Germany, that no one can pass for a player worth hearing, who is unable to use them. A swell has been attempted in this instrument, but with little effect; only three stops have been put into it, and the power of *crescendo* and *diminuendo* is so small with them, that if I had not been told there was a swell, I should not have discovered it.

M. Mattheson's picture is placed in the front of the organ, and in the front of the gallery there is a fine old fashioned Latin inscription, giving an account of his benefaction: this good man had more pedantry and nonsense about him, than true genius. In one of his vocal compositions for the church, in which the word *rainbow* occurred, he gave himself infinite trouble to make the notes of his score form an *arch*. This may serve as a specimen of his taste and judgment, with respect to the propriety of musical expression and imitation.

By his last will and testament, an anthem was performed, which he had composed himself for the occasion; but it was fairly laughed at, when heard in its old fashioned guise. However, he possessed a large share of musical erudition, and was of great use to his countrymen in his younger days, by bringing them acquainted with the music of other parts of the world, and by introducing a better style among them than their own: he was less fond of fugues than his cotemporaries, but in his latter days he became a mere theorist, without taste or feeling.¹

Hamburg has no less than five organs of thirty-two feet; three of them made by Splitger, about the latter end of the last century, which are excellent for well-toned pipes, and noble chorusses: these are to be found in the churches of St. John, St. Nicholas, and St. James.

The organ of St. Peter's church is the most ancient in the town; it is not known when it was originally built, but the two last manuals, it has four, were made at Hartzogenbuch, in Brabant, by *Mister Nargenhof*, in 1548, and sent hither by sea: this, the organist, M. Pfiffer, told me, is upon record. Some of the stops are excellent, particularly the *vox humana*, which, though not like a human voice, resembles, in tone and in sweetness, a better kind of clarinet. M. Pfiffer is in years, but must have been a very brilliant performer in his youth, and he still retains his powers of execution, both with hands and feet, beyond any one I ever heard, at his time of life.

In the afternoon, I was introduced to Signor Anfani, a first-rate Italian

¹ A note in the German translation points out that as Mattheson was deaf during the years when he would have been at the height of his powers, it is not surprising that he lost touch with changing taste.

singer, who had been two or three years at Copenhagen, and was now going to Amsterdam. He has an excellent tenor voice; is tall, thin, and of a good figure; he accompanied himself on the harpsichord, in several songs, in which he manifested not only great taste and expression, in slow movements, but great neatness in the quick; for he is able to execute, in *bravura* airs, the most rapid passages. His style is serious, and I never heard a better singer of his sort. He has a great compass of voice, with much strength and sweetness; his shake is a little too close, otherwise I should venture to pronounce him, a perfect tenor singer.

Having been assisted in my musical enquiries, at Hamburg, with such friendly zeal, and treated with so much kindness and hospitality, it gave me great concern that I was unable to remain longer in that city; but the time being elapsed, which I had allotted to myself for visiting those parts of Germany where music has been most cultivated, I was now under a necessity of turning my face towards England.

Bremen

In my way from Hamburg to Amsterdam, I stopt only a few hours in this city, as it contained no musical incitements sufficiently powerful to encourage a longer residence.

However, I visited the *Thumfirthe* or cathedral, belonging to the Lutherans, where I found the congregation singing a dismal melody, without the organ. When this was ended, the organist gave out a hymn tune, in the true dragging style of Sternhold and Hopkins. The instrument is large, and has a noble and well-tuned chorus, but the playing was more old-fashioned, I believe, than any thing that could have been heard in our country towns, during the last century. The interludes between the line of the hymn were always the same, and of the following kind:



After hearing this tune, and these interludes, repeated ten or twelve times, I went to see the town, and returning to the cathedral, two hours after, I still found the people singing all in unison, and as loud as they could, the same tune, to the same accompaniment. I went to the post-office, to make

dispositions for my departure; and, rather from curiosity than the love of such music, I returned once more to this church, and, to my great astonishment, still found them, vocally and organically performing the same ditty, the duration of which seems to have exceeded that of a Scots Hymn, in the time of Charles I.¹

This may give some idea how necessary a quality *length* is, in the musical performances of some parts of Germany. In this city, as there is neither court nor theatre, it is natural to suppose that music cannot have been much cultivated, or refined.

¹ If Dr. Burney tells us this we must believe it, but what is the explanation? Possibly that the service was broken at intervals by a verse or two of a hymn and its tune (a hymn, perhaps, of some special relevance to the nature of the service, to the day, perhaps) and that Burney's returns to the church happened to coincide with the hymn's return.

XIII

Holland

LOW COUNTRIES

Groningen

I little expected to find any thing interesting here concerning music; but, upon enquiry after the organist of the principal church of St. Martin, I was told, that his name was Lustig; I then remembered to have seen, many years ago, some suites of lessons by one of that name, for the harpsichord, full as good as any of the time; and at Antwerp I had purchased a musical treatise in Dutch, with the same name prefixed to it; but I little suspected these to have been the productions of the organist of Groningen. However, upon my calling at his house, to beg his permission to see the organ, I soon discovered that he was the author of the above, and of several other works, of which he not only furnished me with a catalogue, but made me a present of a new edition of his treatise.

The organ of St. Martin's church was originally built by the famous Rodolpho Agricola;¹ but it has received several additions since; however, that part which was of his construction is far the best, particularly several reed stops. The *vox humana* is very sweet, but resembles a fine hautbois or clarinet, more than a human voice; there are four sets of keys, with 54 stops; a few pipes of the pedals are 32 feet long, and upon the whole, it is one of the most pleasing instruments I ever met with.

M. Lustig, who is a Hamburger, and was a scholar both of Mattheson and Telemann, has been 44 years organist of this church: he is an intelligent well-bred man, and has been a very useful professor; he still retains his hand, and a few allowances made for change of taste, he is a very able and good organist.

Here I again found myself in a country of *carillons*; I had indeed heard some slight attempts made at Bremen, but in this place every half hour is measured by chimes.

Amsterdam

In my way from Groningen hither, having crossed the *Zuider-Zee*, I approached this city by water, which affords one of the finest spectacles that

¹ *Rodolpho Agricola*, was born at Basslon, a village near Groningen, 1442; if we may believe his historian, Melch. Adami, Agricola was possessed of universal knowledge; he does not, however, tell us, that he was an *organ builder*, though he makes him an excellent musician. *Canebat voce, flatu, pulsus*. Vitae Philos. (B).

can be imagined; such a noble port, and so crowded with ships of all sizes and countries I had never before seen at one glance; I entered the town in great tranquility, without a single question concerning myself or baggage. The streets through which I passed to the Bible, in the Warmor-straat, were narrow, but clean, and well-paved, with a brick footpath, though not raised, as in London; the shops were well furnished, and there was all the appearance of a brisk commerce and an affluent people.

Upon the day of my arrival, October 20, I went to the new church, just at the time when the afternoon service was beginning; the building is lofty and noble; the organ which is partly gilt, has a fine appearance, but no other use of it was made now, than to accompany the congregation in two long and tiresome Psalms, without either prelude or interlude, nor was the Psalm given out, as is usual in other places.

The chorus and tone of this instrument are very fine; it is well kept in tune, but no reed-stops were used this evening. I could not only distinguish the *bordun*, or double base stop in the pedals, but, in the treble parts; which, though it enriched the harmony, gave a heaviness, and, if I may so call it, a clumsiness to the melody, that should predominate, and had the same effect, as if the treble part in a concert were played by double bases, with violins and violoncellos. It is the custom here for the male part of the congregation to keep their hats on during the whole service, except when the Psalm is singing.

There has been no theatrical exhibition in this city, since the play-house was burnt down, except at the fair, in an occasional booth; nor is the theatre likely to be soon rebuilt, as the ground is not yet fixed upon, where it is to be constructed. Perhaps the fatal accident by which the former playhouse was burnt down, is regarded by the magistrates, as a *warning*; for, many years ago, when the steeple of the New Kerk was destroyed by lightning, before it was near finished, supposing that heaven was averse to steeples, they would never resume the work.

The inhabitants at present seem to have no places of amusement in the evening, except their shops and counting-houses; but as I had neither of my own, I went to those of the famous bookseller, Rey, and the music-seller Hummel, where having lightened my purse, and loaded my servant, I retreated to the first bed which I had seen since my departure from Hamburg.

This is truly the country of chimes; every quarter of an hour a tune is played by them at all the churches, but so indistinctly, on account of the confluence of sounds, that I was seldom able to discover what was playing.

Pothoff, a blind organist

M. Renard, his majesty's agent, to whom I am indebted for all the information I acquired during my residence in this city, did me the favour to carry me to the organist of the Old Kerk, M. Pothoff, who is blind; he was deprived of his sight, at seven years old, by the small pox; and this misfortune first suggested to his friends the thought of making music, which hitherto

had afforded him no pleasure, his profession; and it afterwards became his darling amusement.

The organ of the Old Kerk was completed twelve years ago, by Batti, of Utrecht, after having been begun in 1725, taken down in 1738, and attempted to be finished by several bunglers, without success: it is only what is called a sixteen feet instrument. It is very full of work, and of stops, to the amount of sixty-four. It has three sets of keys, from double C to c, *in alt.* both in the manuals and pedals,¹ with nine pair of bellows.

M. Pothoff was organist of the Wester Kerk twenty-two years before he obtained this place. His hand, taste, and abilities in every particular, are truly astonishing; the touch of this instrument is the heaviest I ever felt, each key requiring almost a two-pound weight to put it down; and, to play it full, there is a spring of communication, by which the keys of the great and choir organ are moved, at the same time, which likewise adds very much to the stiffness of the touch; however, such is the force of M. Pothoff's hand, that he plays this organ with as much lightness and rapidity, as if it were a common harpsichord.

This admirable organist was never out of Amsterdam except for a few days at the Hague, many years ago; and yet his taste is of the best modern kind; his appoggiaturas are well taken, and admirably expressed, his fancy is extremely lively, and though he plays very full, seldom in less than five parts, with the manuals and pedals together, yet, it is neither in the dry nor crude way, which I had so frequently heard in Germany. He discovered, though not injudiciously, by many of his passages, that he was a harpsichord player; but so well is he acquainted with the different genius of the organ, that his most rapid flights, of which he had many, occasioned none of those unpleasing vacuities of sound, which so commonly happen, when this instrument is touched by *mere* harpsichord players.

M. Pothoff played two fugues in a very masterly manner, the subjects of which he reversed, and turned to a thousand ingenious purposes; they were something like the following:



¹ Surely a slip on Burney's part. The pedal compass could not possibly be of the same extent as the manual compass.

He received instructions, when young, from Vetvogle and Unhoorn, both organists at Amsterdam; but his taste is of so delicate a kind, that I could not easily imagine it to have been acquired in a place where little other music is encouraged or attended to, than the jingling of bells, and of ducats. However, he told me, that Locatelli,¹ the famous violin player, who lived many years in this city, and died here about eight years since, used to give him instructions, and to encourage his musical studies by allowing him the advantage of being always a hearer at his public concerts, as well as private performances. This, in some measure, helped me to account for his taste and fancy, for Locatelli was possessed of a great deal of both: and though he delighted in capricious difficulties, which his hand could as easily execute as his head conceive, yet he had a fund of knowledge, in the principles of harmony, that rendered such wild flights agreeable, as in less skilful hands, would have been insupportable.

M. Pothoff seems not only to have greatly profited from the instructions and example of Locatelli, but to have kept pace, in point of taste and refinement with more modern performers; however, neither imitation nor study could form such a musician as M. Pothoff, who is possessed of a large portion of that divine enthusiasm, which alone can transport an artist beyond the bounds of mediocrity, and, by making him feel strongly himself, can enable him to communicate his feelings to others.

He is married, and has children; and though not young and totally blind, he runs up and down the narrow steps of the organ loft, as nimbly as if he were but fifteen, and had the perfect enjoyment of his sight: he likewise pulls out, and puts in the stops of the organ himself, with wonderful dexterity, which, from their being so numerous, would be a difficult task, and require practice, in one that could see.

When he was a candidate for the organ, at the *Wester Kerk*, he obtained victory over twenty-two competitors, who all played against him.² Upon this occasion, in order to preclude all partiality in the judges, who were professors, they were not allowed to know who had played, till they had given their opinion of each performance, in writing; a precaution which is thought necessary at Amsterdam, lest compassion, friendship, or powerful recommendation should warp the judgment of those that are invested with the power of determining the question. If this method were always practised on such occasions, there would not be so many bad organists, or such a number of good performers unemployed; but, in general it is in vain to play for a place, be a candidate's talents ever so great, as the matter is often determined before it comes to a hearing, and almost always by incompetent judges.

Friday, 23rd of October. At nine o'clock this morning, I went by appointment, to the *Wester Kerk* to hear the organ; it is not so large as that of the

¹ *Locatelli, Pietro* (1695-1764). He was a pupil of Corelli who settled in Amsterdam and enjoyed a high reputation as a performer and composer of sonatas, concertos, &c.

² Our Stanley, in 1726, at the age of fourteen, was in like manner elected organist of St. Andrew's church, Holborn, in preference to near as many candidates (B).

Alte Kerk, but greatly superior in tone; the *vox humana* is the worst stop in this instrument: the rest are sweet, even, and mellow; the touch, though by no means so light as that of the instruments made lately in England, is yet far less heavy and laborious to the performer, than that of the Old Kerk. M. Stechwech, the organist, is a neat performer; but not possessed of that fire and invention, which characterise the voluntaries of M. Pothoff. This instrument was built in 1687; the organists here have just heard of such a thing as a swell in an organ, but it is difficult to make them comprehend, by description, its construction, and effect.

Carillons

At noon I attended M. Pothoff to the tower of the *Stad-huys*, or town-house, of which he is *carillonneur*; it is a drudgery unworthy of such a genius; he has had this employment, however, many years, having been elected to it at thirteen. He had very much astonished me on the organ, after all I had heard in the rest of Europe; but in playing those bells, his amazing dexterity raised my wonder much higher; for he executed with his two hands passages that would be very difficult to play with the ten fingers; shakes, beats, swift divisions, triplets, and even *arpeggios* he has contrived to vanquish.

He began with a Psalm tune, with which their High Mightinesses are chiefly delighted, and which they require at his hands whenever he performs, which is on Tuesdays and Fridays; he next played variations upon the Psalm tune, with great fancy, and even taste: when he had performed this task, he was so obliging as to play a quarter of an hour extempore, in such a manner as he thought would be more agreeable to me than psalmody; and in this he succeeded so well, that I sometimes forgot both the difficulty and defects of the instrument; he never played in less than three parts, marking the base and the measure constantly with the pedals. I never heard a greater variety of passages, in so short a time; he produced effects by the *pianos* and *fortes*, and the *crescendo* in the shake, both as to loudness and velocity, which I did not think possible upon an instrument that seemed to require little other merit, than force in the performer.

But surely this was a barbarous invention, and there is barbarity in the continuance of it; if M. Pothoff had been put into Dr. Dominicetti's hottest human cauldron for an hour,¹ he could not have perspired more violently than he did after a quarter of an hour of this furious exercise; he stripped to his shirt, put on his night-cap, and trussed up his sleeves for this *execution*; and he said he was forced to go to bed the instant it is over, in order to prevent his catching cold, as well as to recover himself; he being usually so much exhausted, as to be utterly unable to speak.

By the little attention that is paid to this performer, extraordinary as he is,

¹ *Dominicetti, Bartholomew*. An Italian quack who in 1765 settled in Chelsea, where he treated invalids with 'baths, fumigatory stoves and sweating chambers'. See Boswell, 26 October 1769, where Burney's friend Johnson expresses himself scornfully as to the value of this treatment.

it should seem as if some hewer of wood, and drawer of water, whose coarse constitution, and gross habit of body, required frequent sudorifics, would do the business, equally to the satisfaction of such unskilful and unfeeling hearers.

I have described the kind of keys to *carillons* and manner of playing them, in speaking of those at Ghent; these at Amsterdam, have three octaves, with all the semitones complete, in the manual, and two octaves in the pedals; each key for the natural sound, projects near a foot; and those for the flats and sharps, which are placed several inches higher, only half as much. All the keys are separated from each other, more than the breadth of a key, which is about an inch and a half, to enable the player to avoid hitting two at a time, with one hand.

Besides these *carillons à clavier*, the chimes here, played by clock-work, are much celebrated. The brass cylinder, on which the tunes are set, weighs 4474 pounds, and has 7200 iron studs fixed in it, which, in the rotation of the cylinder, give motion to the clappers of the bells. If their High Mightinesses' judgment, as well as taste, had not failed them, for half the prime cost of this expensive machine, and its real charge for repairs, new setting, and constant attendance, they might have had one of the best bands in Europe: but those who can be charmed with *barrel music*, certainly neither want, nor deserve better. There is scarce a church belonging to the Calvinists, in Amsterdam, without its chimes, which not only play the same tunes every quarter of an hour, for three months together without being changed; but, by the difference of clocks, one has scarce five minutes quiet in the four and twenty hours, from these *corals for grown gentlemen*. In a few days I had so thorough a surfeit of them, that in as many months, I really believe, if they had not first deprived me of hearing, I should have hated music in general.

The *vox humana*, in the organ of the New Church here, has been so much celebrated by travellers, that I determined not to quit Amsterdam without hearing it; and the organist, M. Linzen, was so obliging as to satisfy my curiosity. This is one of the largest and most ancient instruments in the city. The chorus is a very noble one, as I had before observed, in hearing it during the church service, accompany the congregation in their psalmody. The *vox humana*, it must be owned, is one of the best stops, of that kind, which I have ever heard.

Jewish music

As every species of national music seemed to merit my attention, I went to the synagogue of the German Jews, in this city, to hear what the musical performance, during their religious rites, was, and how far it differed from that of other synagogues where I had heard singing in different parts of Europe. At my first entrance, one of the priests was chanting part of the service in a kind of ancient *canto fermo*, and responses were made by the congregation, in a manner which resembled the hum of bees.

After this, three of the sweet singers of Israel, which, it seems, are famous here, and much attended to by Christians as well as Jews, began singing a kind of jolly modern melody, sometimes in unison, and sometimes in parts, to a kind of *tol de rol*, instead of words, which to me, seemed very farcical. One of these voices was a falset, more like the upper part of a bad *vox humana* stop in an organ, than a natural voice. I remember seeing an advertisement in an English newspaper, of a barber, who undertook to dress hair in such a manner as exactly to resemble a peruke; and this singer might equally boast of having the art, not of singing like a human creature, but of making his voice like a very bad imitation of one. Of much the same kind is the merit of such singers, who, in execution, degrade the voice into a flute or fiddle, forgetting that they should not receive law from instruments, but give instruments law.

The second of these voices was a very vulgar tenor, and the third a *baritone*. This last imitated, in his accompaniment of the falset, a bad bassoon; sometimes continued one note as a drone base, at others, divided it into triplets, and semiquavers, iterated on the same tone. But though the tone of the falset was very disagreeable, and he forced his voice very frequently in an outrageous manner, yet this man had certainly heard good music and good singing. He had a facility of running divisions, and now and then mixed them with passages of taste, which were far superior to the rest. At the end of each strain, the whole congregation set up such a kind of cry, as a pack of hounds when a fox breaks cover. It was a confused clamour, and riotous noise, more than song or prayer. However, this is a description, not a censure of Hebrew music, in religious ceremonies. It is impossible for me to divine what ideas the Jews themselves annex to this vociferation, I shall, therefore, neither pronounce it to be good or bad in itself, I shall only say, that it is very unlike what we Christians are used to in divine service.

I must not quit Amsterdam, without observing, that though, on account of the theatre being burnt down, and the time of year, there was now neither play nor concert to be heard, yet in winter there are, as I was informed, several public and private concerts in this city. Signor Raimondi,¹ an Italian, and M. Esser,² a Dutchman, have been the principal violins here, since the death of Locatelli. There is also an Italian merchant, Signor Sarti,³ who is said to be an admirable performer on the German flute. The French company of comedians, who acted here while there was a theatre, are not yet dismissed, but are kept on half pay. Upon the whole, Amsterdam does not seem to be a very amusing residence for idle people; there is so little for them to see in the way of pleasure, and so much for the mercantile part of the inhabitants to do in the way of business, that they seem very unfit company for each other.

¹ *Raimondi, Ignazio* (c. 1737–1813). An able violinist and composer of string music who settled successively in Amsterdam, Paris, and London.

² *Esser*. Possibly the allusion is to Karl Michael, Ritter von Esser (born at Aachen in 1736; date of death uncertain). But this Esser was not 'a Dutchman', and did he ever settle in Amsterdam?

³ *Sarti*. It seems to be impossible to trace this flautist.

Haarlem

There were few things that I was more eager to see, in the course of my journey, than the celebrated organ in the great church of this city. Indeed, it is the *lion* of the place; but to hear this lion roar, is attended with more expence than to hear all the lions and tygers in the Tower of London. The fee of the *keeper*, or organist, is settled at half a guinea; and that of his assistant keeper, or bellows-blower, at half a crown. Expectation, when raised very high, is not only apt to surpass probability, but possibility. Whether imaginary greatness diminished the real, on this occasion, I know not, but I was somewhat disappointed upon hearing this instrument. In the first place, the person who plays it is not so great a performer as he imagines; and in the next, though the number of stops amounts to sixty, the variety they afford is by no means equal to what might be expected. As to the *vox humana*, which is so celebrated, it does not at all resemble a human voice, though a very good stop of the kind: but the world is very apt to be imposed upon by names; the instant a common hearer is told that an organist is playing upon a stop which resembles the human voice, he supposes it to be very fine, and never enquires into the propriety of the name, or exactness of the imitation. However, with respect to my own feelings, I must confess, that of all the stops I have yet heard, which have been honoured with the appellation of *vox humana*, no one, in the treble part, has ever reminded me of any thing human, so much as of the cracked voice of an old woman of ninety, or, in the lower parts, of Punch singing through a comb.

As this organ is not only said to be the largest, but the best in Europe, that is, in the world, I shall here insert a list of the stops it contains, with equivalent English names, to such as are used in England, and short explanations of the rest. But as technical terms will be unavoidable in this description, I advise my miscellaneous readers to pass it over, for it can interest none but organ-players, or persons not wholly unacquainted with the construction of that instrument.

CATALOGUE of the Stops in the great Organ at HAARLEM
built by Müller, 1738.

Great Manual

<i>No.</i>	<i>Names.</i>	<i>Length of longest pipe.</i>	<i>English equivalents:</i>
1.	<i>Prestant,</i>	16 feet.	Open double diap.
2.	<i>Bourdon,</i>	16.	Stopt ditto.
3.	<i>Octave,</i>	8.	Open diapason.
4.	<i>Viol da Gamba,</i>	8. A narrow pipe which imitates the whistling of the bow.	Unison with ditto.
5.	<i>Roer Fluit,</i>	8. With a funnel, or small pipe upon the top.	Diap. half stopt.
6.	<i>Octave,</i>	4.	Principal.
7.	<i>Gem's-Hoorn,</i>	4. A kind of flute, the pipes narrow at the top.	Unison with ditto.

Great Manual (cont.)

No.	Names.	Length of longest pipe.	English equivalents.
8.	Roer-Quint,	6.	Twelfth half stopt.
9.	Quint,	3.	Fifth.
10.	Tertian,	2 ranks.	Tierce or 17th.
11.	Mixture,	6, 8, and 10 ranks.	Furniture or mixture.
12.	Wood Fluit,	2 feet. Stopt pipe, unison with the	Fifteenth, or octave flute.
13.	Trumpet,	16.	{ Double trumpet. Trumpet. Clarion. Hautbois.
14.	Trumpet,	8.	
15.	Trumpet,	4.	
16.	Hautbois,	8.) reed stops	

Upper Manual

No.	Names.	Length.	English name.
1.	Prestant,	8 feet.	Open diapason.
2.	Quintadeena,	16. Breaks into a 5th which predominates.	Double diapason.
3.	Gem's Hoorn,	8.	Unif. with stopt-diap.
4.	Baar pyp,	A muffled pipe used with the <i>vox humana</i> .	Bear pipe.
5.	Octave,	4.	Principal.
6.	Flag Fluit,	4. Reed-flute.	Flute.
7.	Nassat,	3.	Stopt twelfth.
8.	Nagt-Hoorn,	2. <i>Night-horn</i> ; but why so called, no reason can be given.	Flute.
9.	Flageolet,	1½	Octave twelfth.
10.	Sesquialter,	2 ranks. Tuned octave and 12th to the diap.	Sesquialter.
11.	Cimbaal,	3 ranks.	Octave to mixture.
12.	Mixture,	4 and 6 ranks. A series of eight notes repeated through the instrument.	Mixture.
13.	Schalmay,	8. Reed stop.	Bagpipe.
14.	Dulcian,	8. A narrow delicate pipe, unison with the diap.	Dulcian.
15.	Vox humana,	8. An imitation of the human voice.	

Positif, or small Organ.

No.	Names.	Length.	English names.
1.	Prestant,	8 feet.	Open diapason.
2.	Holfluit,	8.	Diapason half stopt.
3.	Quintadeena,	8.	Ditto.
4.	Octave,	4.	Principal.
5.	Flute,	4.	Flute.
6.	Speel Fluit,	3.	Twelfth.
7.	Sesquialter,	2, 3, and 4 ranks.	
8.	Super-Octave,	2 feet.	Fifteenth.
9.	Scherp,	6 and 8 ranks.	High mixture.
10.	Cornet,	4 ranks.	

No.	Names.	Length of longest pipe.	English names.
11.	<i>Cimbaal</i> ,	3 ranks.	Octave mixture.
12.	<i>Fagotte</i> ,	16 feet.	Double bassoon.
13.	<i>Trumpet</i> ,	8.	
14.	<i>Regaal</i> ,	8. Formerly a portable organ used in processions, was called a <i>regal</i> ; the stop in this organ is entirely composed of reeds.	Regal.

Pedals.

No.	Names.	Length.	English names.
1.	<i>Principal</i> ,	longest pipe 32 feet.	Octave below the double diap.
2.	<i>Prestant</i> ,	16.	Double diap. open.
3.	<i>Subbas</i> ,	16.	Ditto, stopt.
4.	<i>Roer Quint</i> ,	12.	Fourth below the diap. stopt.
5.	<i>Holffluit</i> ,	8.	Diapason half stopt.
6.	<i>Octave</i> ,	8.	Open diap.
7.	<i>Quint-Prestant</i> ,	6.	Fifth.
8.	<i>Octave</i> ,	4.	Principal.
9.	<i>Ruisch-Quint</i> ,	3. rush or reed	Twelfth.
10.	<i>Holffluit</i> ,	2.	Fifteenth.
11.	<i>Bazuin</i> ,	32. By the Germans called <i>Posaune</i> , a reed stop.	Double Sacbut.
12.	<i>Bazuin</i> ,	16.	Sacbut.
13.	<i>Trumpet</i> ,	8.	Trumpet.
14.	<i>Trumpet</i> ,	4.	Clarion.
15.	<i>Cink</i> ,	2. A cornet, horn or shawm.	Octave Clarion.

This organ has 60 stops, 2 tremulants, 2 couplings, or springs of communication, 4 separations or valves to close the wind-chest of a whole set of keys, in case of a *cipher*,¹ and 12 pair of bellows.

Upon the whole, it is a noble instrument, though I think that of the New Church at Hamburg is larger, and that of the Old Kerk, in Amsterdam, better toned; but all these enormous machines seem loaded with useless stops, or such as only contribute to augment noise, and to stiffen the touch.

Leyden

In this city, which is one of the best built and most agreeable of the Low Countries, there is not only a celebrated university, but a theatre, where Dutch plays are exhibited two or three times a week. As there is no great commerce carried on here, it is the place to which the rich citizens of Amsterdam retreat, as well when their *plumb* is full grown, as when age and infirmities have deprived them of the power of longer pursuing the mammon of unrighteousness.

¹ A cipher in an organ is a distressing accident which sometimes occurs—the persistent sounding of a note without its key being touched.

The plays and players of this theatre are not of the most refined sort; farce has not yet quitted tragedy, nor has Punch quitted farce; however, these exhibitions amuse persons, whose taste has not been formed upon refined models, and perhaps come more home to their business and bosoms, than the tragedies of Sophocles, or comedies of Menander, would do, if they were now to be represented in the original Athenian manner.

As to music, mechanical chimes, every quarter of an hour; *carillons* at noon, two or three times a week; and huge organs, coarsely played, to more coarse psalmody, constitute all that Apollo and the Nine Muses have given to this place, in the way of harmony and melody, as far as I was able to discover.

However, I was told, that in this city, during term time, there is a very able performer on the violin, M. Vermeullen, who gives lessons to the students of the university, among whom there are frequent private concerts; but he was absent when I was at Leyden, so that I had no opportunity of hearing him.

Hague

Though Amsterdam is the capital of the United Provinces, yet this being the residence of the Stadtholder, and the place where his court is constantly kept, it should, of course, be likewise the seat of the polite arts.

The musical establishment of his serene highness consists chiefly of German musicians. The chief director and composer, is M. Graaf, of whom several works are printed in France and Holland. The names of the rest are Keller, Gundlach, Muller, Halfschmid, Rohling, Weis, Keller jun. and J. A. Dambach. Besides these *fixtures*, there are messrs. Malherbe, of Liege, and Just,¹ a young German, and scholar of Schwindl, who is author of some pretty pieces for the harpsichord. M. Schwindl, himself, whose name is well known in the musical world, by his admirable compositions for violins, which are full of taste, grace, and effects, resided a considerable time at the Hague, but was gone from thence before my arrival.

M. Spandau,² who has been since heard with such satisfaction in England, I found at the Hague. In his performance upon the French horn, he has contrived, by his delicacy, taste, and expression, to render an instrument, which, from its coarseness, could formerly be only supported in the open air, or in a spacious building, equally soft and pleasing with the sweetest human voice.

Here are two theatres, one for German, and the other for French plays, and comic operas. I saw the little opera of *Toinon et Toinette*,³ in the French theatre, which is small, as was the company, and the merit of the performers.

¹ *Just*, J. A. A. (born at Groningen about 1750). He composed harpsichord music, string music, operas, &c. He settled in London and there published a quantity of compositions.

² *Spandau*. He was, says the horn authority R. M. Pegge, in Grove, s.v. 'Horn', 'one of the most distinguished of the early hand-horn virtuosos'. He visited London in 1773.

³ *Toinon et Toinette*, by Gossec. It was first performed in Paris in 1767. It was translated into German, Dutch, Danish, and Swedish.

The Hague seems more calculated for musical birds of passage than natives. The want of variety in the company, and in the performers, makes them soon mutually tired of each other. It is common for German and Italian musicians, in their way to or from England, to visit, and stop a short time at the Hague, where, by concerts, they usually gain money sufficient to enable them to pursue their journey; but they seldom remain here longer than a ship which enters a port merely to wood and water.

Here are four churches, three belonging to the Calvinists, and one to the Lutherans, in all which there are large organs; but neither the instruments, nor those who perform upon them, are much celebrated.

If my musical acquisitions and discoveries received but small augmentation at the Hague, I was amply rewarded for the trouble of going thither, by the notice with which I was honoured by his excellency, Sir Joseph Yorke,¹ and the pains he kindly took with design to render me service.

Delft

There are two handsome churches in this town, and organs in both. M. Berguys, the organist, and *carillonneur* of one of them, is, M. Pothoff excepted, the best performer I met with in Holland, particularly on the *carillons*, which he plays with astonishing dexterity.

Rotterdam

M. Van Hagen, a German, who is the principal organist here, is likewise an excellent performer on the violin, of which he convinced me by playing one of his own solos. He was a scholar of Geminiani,² and he not only plays, but writes very much in the style of that great master of harmony. His daughter has a fine voice, and sings with much taste and expression. His son has been under M. Honaür, at Paris. Except these particulars, the only discovery which I was able to make, relative to music, in this large and populous city, was, that it contained nothing more to be discovered: but this negative kind of knowledge is not without its use, as it assuages curiosity, and precludes all self-reproach on the score of negligence.

* * * *

Here ends my second Tour. With respect to Germany, If I have been unable to penetrate into several parts of it which were well entitled to my attention, or have omitted to mention musicians of abilities in others, I hope it will be remembered, that to have visited every province, court, and city, of this vast empire, and to have staid as long in each as would have been necessary to hear *all* the best performers, during carnival time, as was frequently recommended to me, would have required the life of a Patriarch. However, if the reader will take the pains to trace my route in a map, he will find that

¹ Yorke, General Sir Joseph. He held diplomatic positions in Paris and then at The Hague, 1761-80.

² Geminiani. See p. 194.

I visited almost every capital; and that, from my first landing on the continent, steering from west to east, and from south to north, I made an angle through Flanders, Brabant, and the German empire, of near two thousand miles, before I entered Holland, in my way back to England.

To compensate, however, in some degree, for the length of the way, and the shortness of my time, I shall here, as an appendix, subjoin a few particulars, which I have obtained from good authority, relative to the state of music, in such parts of Germany as it was not in my power to visit.

Father Martin Gerbert, of the congregation of Benedictines, at the abbey of St. Blaise, in the Black Forest, near Friburgh, in Brisgaw [Freiburg i/ Breisgau], about thirty miles from Strasburg,¹ published in 1763, the Plan of a *History of Church Music* from the first century, to the present time.² After this publication, he travelled thro' Germany, and a great part of France and Italy, in order to collect materials in the several convents and public libraries of those countries; and in 1765 he printed his *Itinerary*, informing the public of the success of his researches.³

When I arrived at Manheim, my curiosity was so much excited by a perusal of this Itinerary, and the reports concerning the materials which M. Gerbert has been long accumulating for his projected History, that I determined to visit his convent, though it was situated very wide of my intended route; but after preparing for this deviation from my first plan, and obtaining the necessary information for finding my way thither, I had the mortification to hear, that this great and valuable collection of materials for the history of sacred music had been destroyed, not long since, by a fire, together with the convent in which they were deposited. I had nothing but patience to comfort me under this disappointment; however I was glad to hear, that the reverend and learned compiler of all these treasures of antiquity had lately had the consolation of being exalted to the head of his society, under the denomination of *prince-abbot* of St. Blaise.⁴

The duke and sovereign of FÜRSTENBURG [Fürstenberg], is a great musician and encourager of music; all the performers of Germany are sure of an asylum at his court, of being well heard, and, if excellent, well rewarded.

¹ *Gerbert von Hornau, Martin* (1720–93). He was a Benedictine, of the monastery of St. Blasien, in the Black Forest, of which in 1764 he became Abbot. He devoted himself largely to research into the history of church music and maintained relations with Burney's friend Martini of Bologna (see *Italian Tour*). Two years after Burney met him (1774) he published his great two-volume history, and other works preceded and followed this.

² *De Cantu & Musica Ecclesiastica a prima Ecclesiae, Ætate usque ad presens Tempus* (B).

³ *Martini Gerberti Iter Allemanicum, accedit Italicum et Gallicum. Sequuntur Glossaria ex codicibus Manuscriptis, a Seculo 9 usque 13. Typis San Blasiani, 1765* (B).

⁴ Since the first publication of this tour, an intercourse has been opened between this learned prelate and myself, by means of a German gentleman of great merit and learning, resident in London; to whom the prince-abbot has applied for books and information, relative to the history of church music in England: and it not only afforded me great pleasure, to find that he had resumed the work, which had been so unfortunately interrupted by the fire, but in the opportunity it gave me of shewing my zeal, for satisfying his enquiries in the best manner I was able. A considerable part of his work which was printed before the accident, and several valuable materials, it seems, were fortunately preserved from the flames (B).

M. Riepel¹ at RÄTISBON is esteemed one of the best theorists, and most intelligent Musicians of that place; I had formed the design of going thither from Munich in my way to Vienna, but was discouraged from putting it into execution, by hearing that M. Riepel, as well as all the chief musicians of Ratisbon, were then with the prince of Tour-Taxis at Tischengen. However, I should have gone to Tischengen in search of them, had not an excellent judge of music assured me, that he had often visited the Prince of Tour-Taxis, for a month or six weeks at a time, both there and at Ratisbon, but was never charmed by his concerts, though he had a numerous band; as the music was performed in an inelegant and inexpressive manner, with an almost total neglect of *piano* and *forte*, and of light and shade; so that the pieces which they executed, however good in themselves, afforded him but very little pleasure.

M. Riepel has written several ingenious tracts mentioned in Marpurgh's and Hiller's collections; and, in a curious composition, much celebrated in Germany, he has found the means of imitating almost every species of military noise, by musical instruments.

At GOTH A there is a good band, over which M. George Benda presides, as *maestro di capella*. The principal performers are M. Hattasch, on the violin; Kramer, on the harpsichord; and Boehmer on the bassoon. I have seen in different musical collections, some pleasing productions by M. Gräfe, a *dilettante* of this city. The chapel-master is author of a great variety of works for the church, stage, and chamber. His compositions are in general new, masterly, and learned; but his efforts at singularity, will by some be construed into affectation.

There was no place in Germany which I left unseen with more regret than BRUNSWIC, as that city seems to be in possession of several musicians of distinguished abilities. At the head of these must be ranked M. Schwanberger,² who is author of several serious operas, which are composed in a most refined and pleasing taste; his melodies are graceful and natural, his accompaniments ingenious and judicious, and the clearness and facility with which he writes, manifest great experience, and a happy selection; his harpsichord pieces, as well as those written for violins, are full of pleasing effects, produced by fair and warrantable means.

M. Fleischer³ is another Brunswic composer of great merit, whose church-music, comic operas, and harpsichord lessons, are all written in an elegant and pleasing style.

The reigning duke's first violin and concert-master is M. Pesch,⁴ who is

¹ *Riepel, Joseph* (1709-82). He was Kapellmeister at the court of the Prince of Thurn and Taxis. He published theoretical works and composed church music, &c.

² *Schwanenberger, Johann Gottfried* (1740-1804). He had been trained in Italy (a pupil of Hasse) and in 1762 became Kapellmeister at the court of Brunswick.

³ *Fleischer, Friedrich Gottlob* (1722-1806). He was a harpsichordist, pianist, organist, and one of the court musicians of Brunswick. He composed piano music, collections of songs, light operas, &c.

⁴ *Pesch, Karl August* (c. 1750-93). He was a member of the court musical staff. He spent some time in London in 1767 (though Burney does not seem to have been aware of this), and some of his music was published there.

also author of several agreeable pieces for his instrument, which have been printed at Leipsic, by Breitkopf.

This city is at present likewise in possession of M. J. C. Frederic Bach,¹ eldest son of the celebrated Sebastian Bach, and concert-master of the court of Bückeburg; he is an able mathematician, and regarded as the greatest fugist, and most learned professor in Germany. He was born in 1710, and was several years organist and music-director at Hall, in Saxony, before he entered into the service of the court at Bückeburg.

Music is cultivated in few places more successfully than at Brunswic, to which the passion of the reigning duke for operas, and the taste and discernment of the hereditary prince, have greatly contributed.

The archbishop and sovereign of SALTZBURG is very magnificent in his support of music, having usually near a hundred performers, vocal and instrumental, in his service. This prince is himself a *dilettante*, and good performer on the violin; he has lately been at great pains to reform his band, which has been accused of being more remarkable for coarseness and noise, than delicacy and high-finishing. Signor Fischietti, author of several comic operas, is at present the director of this band.

The Mozart family were all at Saltzburg last summer; the father has long been in the service of that court, and the son is now one of the band; he composed an opera at Milan, for the marriage of the arch-duke, with the princess of Modena, and was to compose another at the same place for the carnival of this year, though he is now but sixteen years of age. By a letter from Saltzburg, dated last November, I am informed, that this young man, who so much astonished all Europe by his premature knowledge and performance, during infancy, is still a great master of his instrument; my correspondent went to his father's house to hear him and his sister play duets on the same harpsichord; but she is now at her summit, which is not marvellous; 'and', says the writer of the letter, 'if I may judge of the music which I heard of his composition, in the orchestra, he is one further instance of early fruit being more extraordinary than excellent.'²

The music-shops of NUREMBERG are the most remarkable in Germany. It is in this city only, that musical compositions are engraved;³ in other parts of the empire, they are all printed with types. Hasner, Winterschmidt, and Schmid are proprietors of the principal shops. M. Agrell⁴ is the only musician

¹ Burney has here jumbled into one paragraph information on two of Bach's sons. Wilhelm Friedemann (1710-84) had been employed in Halle, and his half-brother Johann Christoph Friedrich (1732-95) was *Konzermeister* of Bückeburg.

² Mozart. 'Early fruit being more extraordinary than excellent'. Burney must surely have come to regret this reflection on the value of the young Mozart's productions. It is odd, by the way, that he does not allude to the child Mozart's performances in London in 1765. (See *Italian Tour*, p. 162, for Burney's meeting with Mozart and his father.)

³ 'Much engraving is also carried on in Brunswick, Hamburg, Leipzig, and many other places. The beautiful typeset music of Breitkopf is much more convenient, somewhat cheaper, and nearly always more readable than engraved music, so that the engravers, who cannot do much else, are in difficulties.' (Note in German edition.)

⁴ Agrell, Johan Joachim (1701-65). He was an appreciated composer. Amongst his works published at Nuremberg are symphonies and sonatas.

residing at Nuremberg, who has distinguished himself as a composer; his pieces for the harpsichord were once in vogue, but though faultless as to counterpoint, they never, with respect to invention, seemed to surpass mediocrity.

At ZERBST, M. Heock [Hoeck, or Hoeckh], has the reputation of being a great performer on the violin; M. Krebs¹ of ALTENBURG, scholar of Sebastian Bach, has been very much admired for his full and masterly manner of playing the organ, and M. Kunzen,² whose performance must be still remembered with great pleasure by those who heard him in England, is at present the worthy organist of LUBEC.

Besides M. Hiller, four composers reside at Leipsic, with whom I had not time to cultivate a personal acquaintance; these are M. Doles,³ cantor, and composer of church music; M. Löhlein,⁴ a harpsichord player, and composer; M. Neefe,⁵ author of some pretty sonatas for that instrument, and M. Reichard, a composer of comic operas, by no means devoid of genius.

M. Rolle,⁶ music-director of MAGDEBURG, is a spirited and ingenious composer, who has distinguished himself by productions for the church; but I have seen some of his pieces for the harpsichord, which have pleased me more than his other works, particularly, in the Berlin collections, where there are lessons by this author, full of fire, and in which pleasing effects are produced, by the introduction of old passages, in a new manner.

M. Müller the court organist at DESSAU, is possessed of considerable abilities; his compositions discover taste, fancy, and a powerful hand; but his ambition to produce *new* passages, upon all occasions, renders his pieces frequently laboured, unnatural, and affected; and to this vice may be added, that, so common to his countrymen, of spinning his subjects and movements to a tiresome length.

M. Wolf,⁷ at WEYMER [Weimar], is a natural and pleasing composer of comic operas, in the German language; a species of composition become very prevalent in the northern parts of the empire, since the year 1750, when M. Hiller set to music the first drama of that kind, which was brought upon

¹ *Krebs, Johann Ludwig* (1713-c. 1779). He was a pupil of Bach at the Thomas School, Leipzig. (Bach's famous and flattering pun refers to him: 'He was the best crayfish [Krebs] in all the brook [Bach].') He held various important positions and published various compositions.

² *Kunzen, Adolph Karl* (1720-81). He was a virtuoso keyboard player and as such several times appeared in London, there publishing some harpsichord sonatas.

³ *Doles, Johann Friedrich* (1715-97). He was a pupil of Bach at Leipzig and in 1756 became one of his successors as cantor of the Thomas School.

⁴ *Löhlein, Georg Simon* (1727-81). On account of his tall stature he was, when on a journey, captured and pressed into the famous Potsdam guards. Being wounded in battle he was released from service and settled at Leipzig as violinist and keyboard player. He compiled important tutors for violin and piano.

⁵ *Neefe, Christian Gottlob* (1748-98). Composer of many operas, &c. Court organist at Bonn to the Elector, the Archbishop of Cologne. A few years after Burney visited Leipzig Neefe left the city for Bonn, where he became the boy Beethoven's teacher.

⁶ *Rolle, Johann Heinrich* (1718-85). For a time he was a viola player at the court of Frederick the Great. In 1746 he migrated to Magdeburg. He composed many works of an oratorio nature.

⁷ *Wolf, Ernest Wilhelm* (1735-92). He was court *Kapellmeister* at Weimar, an active composer, and an author of two or three books on musical subjects.

the stage. It gained great applause against the opinion of the critics, by whom it was much decried, on account of the lowness of the subject, which was *the Merry Cobler*, imitated from our farce of the Devil to Pay. Before this period the Germans had only serious operas and *intermezzi*, in their own language, upon the stage: but the present rage for burlettas is so strong, that persons of judgment think it will destroy all true taste for music of a higher class.

M. Richert, of KONINGSBERG, is a great voluntary-player on the violin, and particularly remarkable for the truth and facility with which he plays *double stops*.

M. Fr. Xav. Richter¹ should have been distinguished among the musicians of Mannheim; his works, of various kinds, have great merit; the subjects are often new and noble; but his detail and manner of treating them is frequently dry and steril, and he spins and repeats passages in different keys without end. The French and Italians have a term for this tediousness, which is wanting in our language, they call it *Rosalie*, or *Rosalia*:² an Italian cries out, upon hearing a string of repetitions, either a note higher, or a note lower, of the same passage or modulation, *ah, santa Rosalia!* Indeed this species of iteration indicates a want of invention in a composer, as much as stammering and hesitation imply a want of wit or memory in a storyteller.

Father Schmidt,³ a monk of the Cistercian order, at the abbey of Eberbach, in Rheingau, is author of trios for violins, that are not only full of taste and fancy, but composed with a boldness, spirit, and accuracy, which *dilettanti* seldom arrive at.

M. Johann Gottfried Mützel,⁴ of Riga, being by birth and education a German, deserves a place here, though he is at present established in a city which appertains to Russia. When a student upon keyed instruments has vanquished all the difficulties to be found in the lessons of Handel, Scarlatti, Schobert, Eckard, and C. P. E. Bach; and, like Alexander, laments that nothing more remains to conquer, I would recommend to him, as an exercise for patience and perseverance, the compositions of Mützel; which are so full of novelty, taste, grace, and contrivance, that I should not hesitate to rank them among the greatest productions of the present age. Extraordinary as are

¹ *Richter, Franz Xaver* (1709-89). He was a vocalist, violinist, and composer, who was long active in Mannheim but a few years before Burney's journey had become *Kapellmeister* of the Minister at Strasbourg. His compositions (chamber music, orchestral music, and church music) are voluminous.

² The term is derived from the name of a female saint remarkable for repeating her *Pater noster*, and stringing her beads more frequently even than St. Dominic himself, or than any other pious person that has merited a place in the *Golden Legend* (B).

³ *Schmitt, Joseph*. He later abandoned his orders, married, and started in business in Amsterdam as a music publisher. Later he became musical director of the theatre at Frankfurt a/M.

⁴ *Mützel, Johann Gottfried* (1718-88). In Bach's last year of life Mützel lived in Bach's house at Leipzig and studied with him. From 1753 he was organist of a church at Riga. None of his works seem to be in print nowadays, which is probably regrettable. The great *cheval de bataille* of Burney's pianist daughter Esther and her cousin-husband was 'Mützel's Duet' (apparently the one for two pianos of which a copy can be seen in the British Museum). The German translator of Burney's *Tour* considerably augments this account of Mützel.

the genius and performance of this musician, he is but little known in Germany, and all I could gather there concerning him is, that he received instructions from Sebastian Bach, and lived some time at Schwerin, before he settled in Riga. The first of his works, which I can trace to have been published, were *Odes*, printed at Hamburg, 1759. The rest, which are all for the harpsichord, appeared in the following order: three *Sonatas*, and two *Airs*, with twelve variations, Nuremburg, 1760. Two *Concertos*, printed by Hartknock, Riga, and Mittau, 1767. *Duetto* for two clavichords, two harpsichords, or two *forte pianos*. d^o. Riga, 1771.

The style of this composer more resembles that of Emanuel Bach, than any other. But the passages are entirely his own, and reflect as much honour upon his head as his hand. Indeed his writings abound with difficulties, which to common hearers, as well as common players, must appear too elaborate; for even his accompaniments are so charged as to require performers, for each instrument, of equal abilities to his own, which is expecting too much, in musicians of this nether world.

It is generally allowed that the northern parts of Germany have made a greater progress in literature and the sciences than Bavaria, Austria, Swabia, the Circle of the Rhine, and Westphalia, some single men of genius and erudition excepted. Franconia has done something in learning; nothing in the arts and *belles lettres*: Austria begins indeed to shine with great lustre in literature as well as sciences.

If my leisure and abilities would have sufficed for so extensive a plan, I should have been glad to have made the journal of this tour, *the present state of arts and sciences, in general*; however, *poetry* is so nearly connected with *music*, that I could not help making some enquiries after the most eminent poets now living in Germany, and I shall here present my readers with what I found to be the general opinion there of men of taste and learning, with respect to their abilities.

M. *Klopstock* has been already mentioned, and Madame Karsch, the poetess of Berlin, may be ranked next to him for original genius. This lady is quite a meteor, and surprises the more by the elevation and beauty of her poems, on account of her low origin, she being descended from parents who were unable to afford her a liberal education, and married very young to a serjeant, in a regiment quartered at Glogau. When she arrived, first at Berlin, a few of her verses were handed about, which were so much approved, that a subscription was opened for printing a collection of them: since that time she has supported herself with dignity, by the productions of her pen.

The works and character of *Wieland* are equally various: *aliusque & idem*. He spent his youth in piety and flights of enthusiasm, composing nothing but *Sympathies*, *Moral tales*, *Letters from the Dead*, and a poem *on Nature*, and *Christian Hymns* and *Psalms*. At a different period of his life, his muse passing to another extreme, he wrote tales of a different kind, which not only surpassed those of La Fontaine, in simplicity and beauty, but in looseness and immorality. He wrote two poems called *Idris* and *Amadis*, in stanzas, like

those of Ariosto, with *Don Sylvio de Rosalva*, a romance, in the style of Cervantes; all full of wit and humour.

His master-piece is said to be *Agathon*, a romance in the ancient Greek manner. He is likewise author of a poem called *the Graces*; of *Musarion*, and *Diogenes*, the first a poem, the other written in prose, and with the humour of Sterne. His last work is called *the Golden Mirror*, and abounds with severe strictures on princes and priests.

This writer is a wonderful example of contradiction in human nature. His philosophy is calculated for persons in the great world. The Germans frequently compare his genius with that of Voltaire, and even carry their admiration so far, as to say, that he excels him in all but his dramatic pieces; both have written much, and both have repeated themselves.

M. *Lessing*, of Wolfenbüttele, is a man of universal knowledge and genius, having succeeded equally well in *Lyric Poems*, *Fables*, *Remarks on Critics*, *Satires*, *Dramas*, and *Discoveries in Antiquity*.

Haller's poems are chiefly on philosophical subjects. Those *On the Origin of Evil*, *on Reason*, *Infidelity*, *Superstition*, *The Vanity of Human Virtue*, *The Alps*, and an unfinished ode *On Eternity*, are accounted the best.

Rammeler, of Berlin, holds a distinguished rank among German poets. His odes are said to have too much of Greece and Rome. *Glaucus* is his last poem.

Gleim, is called the Anacreon of modern times.

Gellert's Fables and Tales are much admired.

Gesner is a pastoral poet of great reputation.

Dr. Cramer's Odes on the Resurrection, his *Luther*, and *Melancthon*, are very much esteemed.

Rabner is a celebrated satirist; and *Hagedorn*, *Utz*, *Gisecke*, *Gerstenberg*, *Schweibeler*, *Jacobi*, *Weise*, and *Lichtwehr*, are poets whose productions are much esteemed by their countrymen.

Germany contains thirty-six universities, of which there are seventeen catholic, seventeen protestant, and two, as those of Erfurt and Heidelberg, where students of both religions are admitted. If I were to enumerate all the men of genius and learning, in these seminaries, who are labouring for the advancement of science, the list would doubtless be too considerable for my work: however, M. *Zacheriä*, of Brunswick, and M. *Krause* of Berlin, are entitled to a place here for their musical talents.

M. *Zacheriä*, besides being a poet of first rank, and celebrated for the wit and humour of his mock-heroic poems, is likewise a good practical musician, and an excellent theorist and critic of musical productions.

And M. *Krause*, of Berlin, who has acquired great reputation, by his admirable work upon the subject of *German Lyric Poetry*, is likewise author of several musical compositions, which are much esteemed by connoisseurs.

Having now laid before the reader such information as I have been able to obtain, concerning the present state of music in the countries through which I have travelled in this Tour, I have only to add, that, besides the many excellent musicians which I found in my route, Germany has furnished a

great number of professors of uncommon talents, whose productions and performance, have both charmed and astonished the rest of Europe; and it is hardly too much to say, that the best German musicians, of the present age, with a few exceptions, are to be found *out* of the country. Indeed, it has been observed, that, from whatever cause, transplanted Germans, *caeteris paribus*, surpass, in most of the fine arts, those that remain in their original soil.

By travelling, musicians lose, among other local partialities, that veneration for a particular style, which so much encreases the number of imitators, and keeps them in such subjection, that, like the writers of modern Latin, they dare not hazard a single thought for which classical authority cannot be produced.

The musicians of almost every town, and every band in the service of a German prince, however small his dominions, erect themselves into a musical monarchy, mutually jealous of each other, and all unanimously jealous of the Italians, who come into their country: for my own part, as a bystander, who had no share in these quarrels, and was not in the least interested in the event, I thought I could see prejudice operating strongly on both sides. As to the Italians, however, it must be acknowledged that they are caressed, courted, and frequently rewarded with double the salary that is paid even to such natives as have the claim of superior merit. The Germans, therefore, under such provocation, must not be too severely censured for under-rating the talents of many great Italian masters, and treating them with a contempt and severity which is due only to the grossest ignorance and stupidity.

My intention was neither to write a panegyric, nor a satire, on the music of Germany, but to describe its effects on my own feelings. I set out with a desire to be pleased; and if I have been sometimes dissatisfied, and my disappointment has produced censure, I hope it will not draw upon me the charge of wanting either impartiality or candour.

Praising all is praising none—and I have sometimes had my doubts concerning such ideal beauties of particular styles as are supported by exclusive admiration.

I will not say that the Germans have no national music; they have had many men of great abilities, who have never been in Italy, and who have disdained to pillage the works of their neighbours; but the present cast of German melody can as easily be traced from the opera songs of the Italians, as the taste of most German composers and performers from that of the best singers of Italy.

Indeed, many favourable circumstances have contributed to facilitate their acquiring this taste; particularly their intercourse with the natives in the great possessions they have beyond the Alps; and even at home, the inhabitants of Vienna, Munich, Dresden, Berlin, Manheim, Brunswick, Stutgard, and Cassel, where there is, and has long been, an Italian opera, have not listened to Italian singing in vain.

Setting however, particular distinctions aside, the result of all my enquiries and observations, is the establishment of two facts; the first, that there is very

little good singing, by the natives, in any part of Europe, except Italy; the second, that though the Italians excel the people of all other nations in vocal music, yet the Germans, with a few exceptions, excel even the Italians in the construction and use of most instruments; and perhaps it is not difficult to account for the different musical excellence of these two nations. The language of the Italians is more favourable to music than that of any other people, and the custom of performing almost continually, the most refined and expensive compositions in their churches and theatres, cannot but produce a general rectitude of taste among all ranks of people, and afford a most perfect model of imitation, to all who have a distinguishing ear, and flexible voice. On the contrary, the language of the Germans is among those that are the least favourable to music; and very little vocal music is performed among them, except to Italian words, even in their operas: it was therefore natural, that instrumental music should become the general object. The number of schools that have been mentioned in this Journal, where instrumental music is taught, increases the number of competitors; and the munificence of the German princes, who keep numerous bands of performers, not only for the service of the court, but the field, cannot but incite the most vigorous efforts to excel.

Upon the whole, with respect to the fine arts, it seems as if every school, and every country, had its peculiar vices, as well as virtues. In music, it has been shewn in my former tour, that the Lombard, Venetian, and Neapolitan schools, have characteristic distinctions; the same might be proved of the several styles of composition and performance in the principal cities of Germany; Vienna being most remarkable for fire and invention; Mannheim, for neat and brilliant execution: Berlin, for counterpoint; and Brunswick, for taste. But, without opposing town to town, and state to state, it may be said of Germany in general, that the musical virtues of its natives, are *patience* and *profundity*; and their vices, *prolixity* and *pedantry*. The Italians are apt to be *too negligent*, and the Germans *too elaborate*; in so much, that music, if I may hazard the thought, seems *play* to the Italians, and *work* to the Germans. The Italians are perhaps the only people on the globe who can trifle with grace, as the Germans have alone the power to render even labour pleasing.

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